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April 9, 1938

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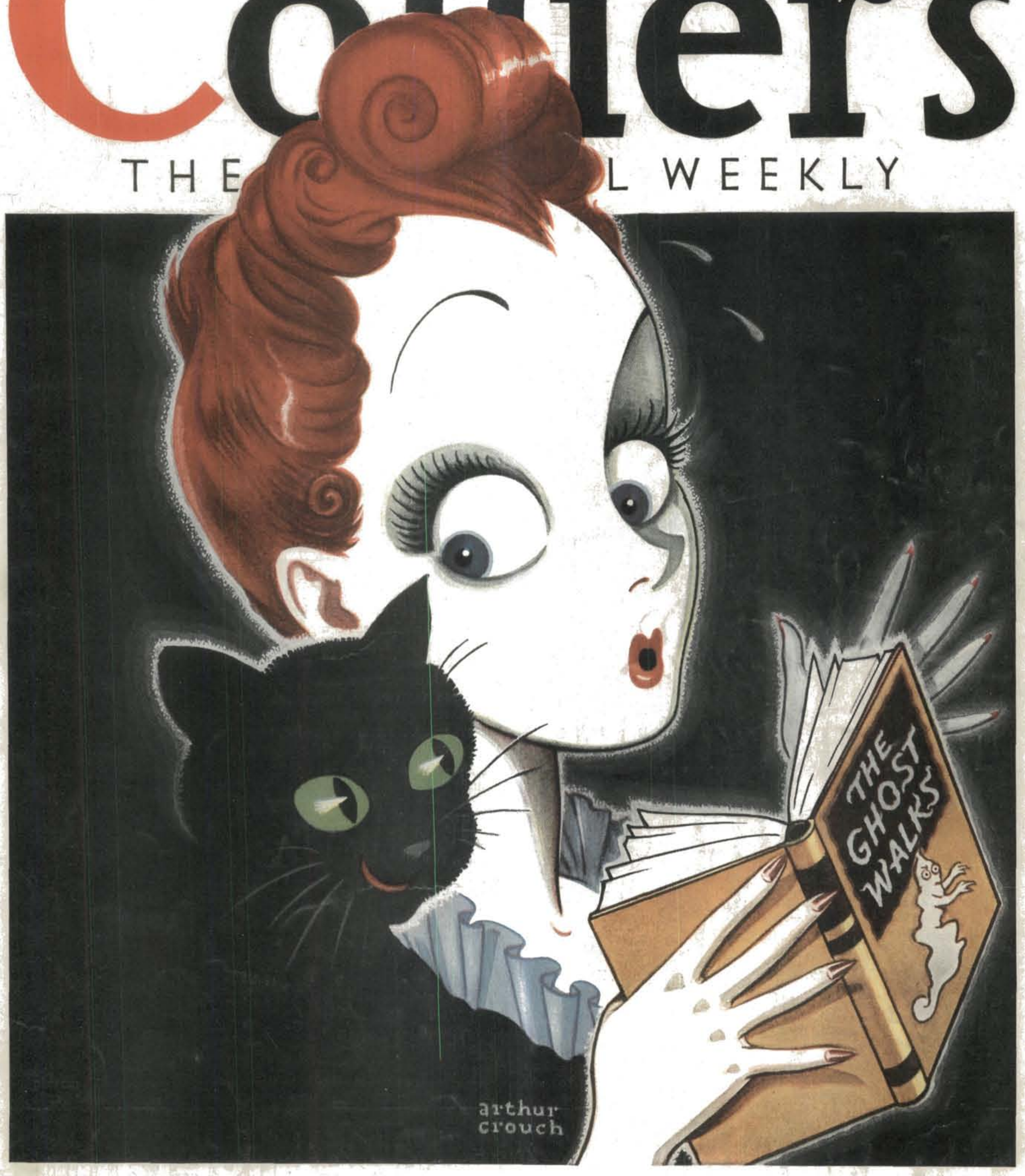
Collier's

THE L WEEKLY



TWENTY-HOUR PASSAGE • BY W. B. COURTNEY

NEAT STRIP • BY DAMON RU

MRS JOAN ....HARGROVE 121
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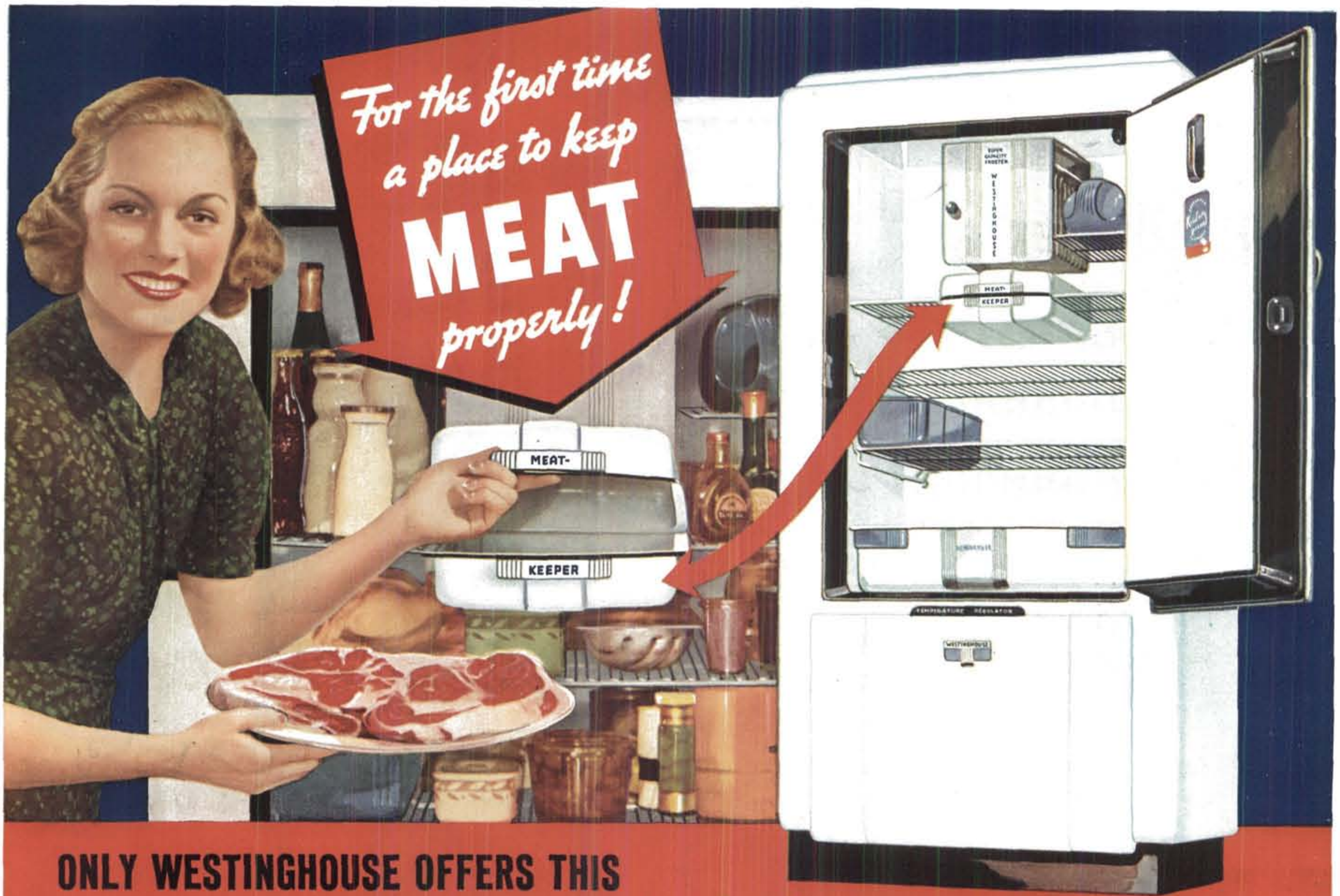

For the first time a place to keep MEAT properly!
MEAT-
KEEPER

ONLY WESTINGHOUSE OFFERS THIS

Kitchen-proved MEAT-KEEPER

Greatest improvement in years! A big, covered, ventilated, all-porcelain meat compartment that keeps your steaks, chops, and roasts *fresher* for days *longer*. It conserves needed moisture at Safety Zone temperature. Gives the new 1938 Westinghouse Kitchen-proved Refrigerator the *most complete* food storage facilities ever developed. Together with the new glass-top Humidrawer for vegetables, the new Super-capacity Froster, Zoned Temperature Regulator, and improved Economizer Mechanism it makes possible Kitchen-proved Savings in *food, time,* and *money* like these:

1 *Saves* FOOD

Big food savings plus the low prices of the 1938 Westinghouse make it your budget's best friend. $1.07 on leftovers, $1.03 on quantity buying... these weekly average savings in 102 Proving Kitchens amount to

$9.10 a month

Kitchen-proved

2 *Saves* TIME

Ice cubes frozen in 56 minutes! That's average fastest time in 102 Westinghouse Proving Kitchens! Frozen desserts in 65 minutes! And a whole week's food shopping in one or two trips to the store.

SHOPPING TRIPS CUT IN HALF

Kitchen-proved

3 *Saves* MONEY

Operating cost amazingly low! Average, 62 cents a week less than previous methods of refrigeration in 102 Proving Kitchens! Only 4/5 of a kilowatt-hour daily average current consumption.

10 HOURS OUT OF 12 IT USES NO CURRENT AT ALL

Kitchen-proved

Get Personal Proof: Your nearest Westinghouse dealer can give you facts and figures on Kitchen-proved Savings in homes like yours. Find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Mansfield, Ohio

Westinghouse *Kitchen-proved* Refrigerator

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS WESTINGHOUSE

OF THE 3 LEADING LOW-PRICED CARS:

WHICH GIVES THE MOST

IN COMFORT?
IN BEAUTY?
IN ECONOMY?
IN LONG LIFE?

"Are the leading low-priced cars about the same?" In price—Yes. But there are many important points of difference that should be weighed carefully by any one interested in buying a new car... and in getting the most for his money.

PLAIN FACTS ABOUT PLYMOUTH

PUT the 3 leading low-priced cars side by side. Compare the 4 main points. Here's what you'll find:

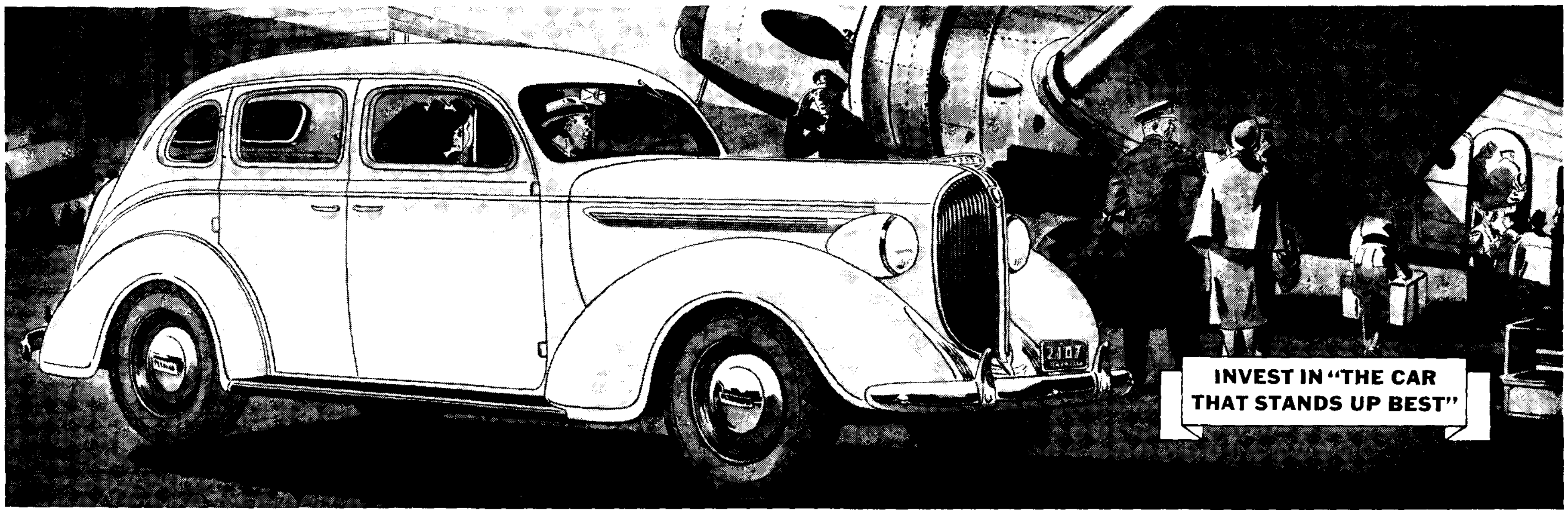
Plymouth leads in *Comfort*—with airplane-type shock-absorbers—"live" rubber body mountings..."radio studio" soundproofing...and Floating Power engine mountings.

The new 1938 Plymouth is bigger, roomier...more *beautiful* than ever.

Plymouth *costs less to run*...on gas, oil, tires—every item of upkeep!

Plymouth "stands up best," thanks to many *"long-life"* features. Plymouth's resale value is consistently highest.

Try Plymouth's amazing new ride. Telephone any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer today. No obligation. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

MOST FOR LOW PRICE

Detroit delivered prices start at $645—model illustrated, the 1938 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with trunk, is only $815. Plymouth prices *include all* Federal taxes. State, local taxes not included.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

April 9, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

Next Week

THEY named him Oscar while they were still able to joke. Later they sat helpless and cursed him in hoarse, croaking voices while he circled round their boat and watched them with small, appraising eyes. The boat was fourteen feet long; Oscar was sixteen. As one sun-tortured day merged into another, the three men could see that Oscar's appetite was making him impatient.

Out of this hopeless situation comes a fine story of the stubborn defiance of fate. It is "Shark Meat," by Will F. Jenkins.

OLD-AGE assistance was designed, oddly enough, to help the aged. It has turned into a political gold mine. The system is as simple as even the dullest ward leader could wish. The money, though contributed in part by the federal government, is distributed by the states and, in some cases, by the counties. Those who hand out the checks have had their training, usually, in the political rather than the social service school. They see to it that their dear, dear friends and constituents get on the rolls. Which would be just another ingenious form of graft if it didn't mean that the eligible and needy aged are cut short as a result. In "Dear Pensioner," John T. Flynn exhibits this rapidly blossoming national scandal.

TERESA DUNN was a heavy and rather dowdy-looking girl. You would have had to know her very well, as Elizabeth did, to realize that she was on her way to shoot a man. Anyone who had so much trouble controlling her hat oughtn't to be allowed out with a gun, and Elizabeth got ready for trouble. It all happened at a "Party on the Stage," reported by Margery Sharp.

"OPERATIVE Seven reporting," but he is not reporting to Dr. Fu Manchu. He is just one of Jimmy Fidler's twenty-four paid Hollywood snoopers whispering the latest juicy item from the studio where he works. And Jimmy Fidler is just one of Hollywood's three-hundred-odd purveyors of gossip. "Knights of the Keyhole" is what Grover Jones calls them.

NAOMI LANE BABSON contributes the story of Kei-ling, a Chinese girl so far infected with modernism that she dared to look at her betrothed before marriage. It turned out badly—for the betrothed.

A. D. MORFORD writes the Short Short Story. Frank Condon, J. D. Ratcliff, Ernest Haycox, Lawrence G. Blochman and others contribute stories and articles. All aces.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

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Keep Up with the World. Swallow these. Page 6

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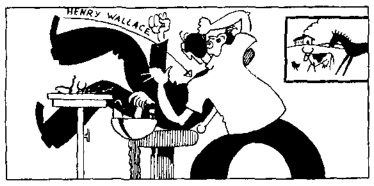
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

FEELING pretty reckless, we visited our dentist. After he had battered us for at least an hour, he told us about his farm: Fifty acres, three riding horses, three overstuffed cows and a few silly-looking chickens. A government gentleman visited him, anxious that our dentist raise no grain on his acres. So anxious was Washington that our dentist raise no grain that it was eager to pay him seven hundred and fifty dollars not to. And he a Hoover Republican. Our dentist never had raised any grain and hadn't planned to. But to show you what a sap he is, he got angry, chased the government gentleman out, refused the money. But it reminded him of something—that his feed supply for the horses and chickens was running a bit low. So he called up the village feed merchant. "Sorry," said the feed merchant, "I can't let you have much. Enough to hold you over, though, until next Wednesday when my shipment of South American grain arrives." We publish this merely to warn Henry Wallace and his boys to stay out of our dentist's chair.

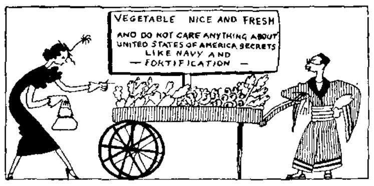


IF WE had our way we'd send our dentist to Omaha, Nebraska, to take a course in something under Mr. L. U. Ralston. Come to think of it we're ready to join a Ralston-for-President movement. Says he: "Almost everyone who compliments you on your magazine seems to want something in return. I have a wife, two boys, a shack of my own, a job, a cow, a heifer, some chickens and a car that will run sometimes. So I have no desire to acquire your job or your possessions. But I want you to know that I like your magazine from front cover to the last page even when the writers express opinions different from my own."

"THIS is to let you know," writes Mr. John S. Boduspopper of New Lebanon Center, New York, "that soon my short short story will be finished. No one knows that I have written it. They will be surprised when they read it except you who hereby I am telling first. The story will be a revelation to many who doubt these things. In it are many great events: to wit, the assassination of Lincoln, the Chicago White Sox alleged scandal (which I will disprove), the abdication of Edward as well as minor events such as Brooklyn's failure to win a pennant. Please, though, do not think this is an epoch. Everything is interwoven around a character from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, who knows about these things. Maybe I can finish the story by Easter if I get laid off as I might."

AND here's an idea from Mrs. Carrie Wentzell of Pasadena, California. Offhand we'd say that it will not be adopted without some small debate. Yet we've beheld whole conventions of bulge-brows exploring less fertile fields. Says Mrs. Wentzell: "It is a sin and a shame the way the world is acting, carrying on wars and stealing whole nations right out from under the feet of peaceful citizens. I am writing to Senator McAdoo to pass a law compelling all nations to hold a meeting where all the land in all countries will be thrown into one heap and redistributed equally among all nations. Everybody must agree that they will be satisfied including England and Russia and from now on there will be no such actions as Hitler's."

WHILE that's being done we might as well remember that Mrs. George W. Sipple of Seattle, Washington, recently saw a Japanese writing a notice and tacking it on his vegetable stand. It read: "Vegetable nice and fresh and do not care anything about United States of America secrets like navy and fortification."


VEGETABLE NICE AND FRESH
AND DO NOT CARE ANYTHING ABOUT UNITED STATES OF AMERICA SECRETS LIKE NAVY AND — FORTIFICATION —

THE moment we finish this we're going to grapple with an idea submitted by Mr. Dick Neill of Kentfield, California, who thinks that we publish the best serials in any magazine. However: "How about one in which the girl falls in love with some nice old gentleman with a grandson who falls in love with the girl?"

SO WE telephoned the Chinese Consulate to inquire about a visa for our Mr. W. B. Courtney, who was about to take off for the Far East that you readers may be kept advised about conditions there. A most courteous voice told us what we wanted to know. "Sir," said he, "it will be precisely two dollars and sixty-four cents. But if you are a missionary it will be ten dollars, thank you."

AND well worth it. W. D.

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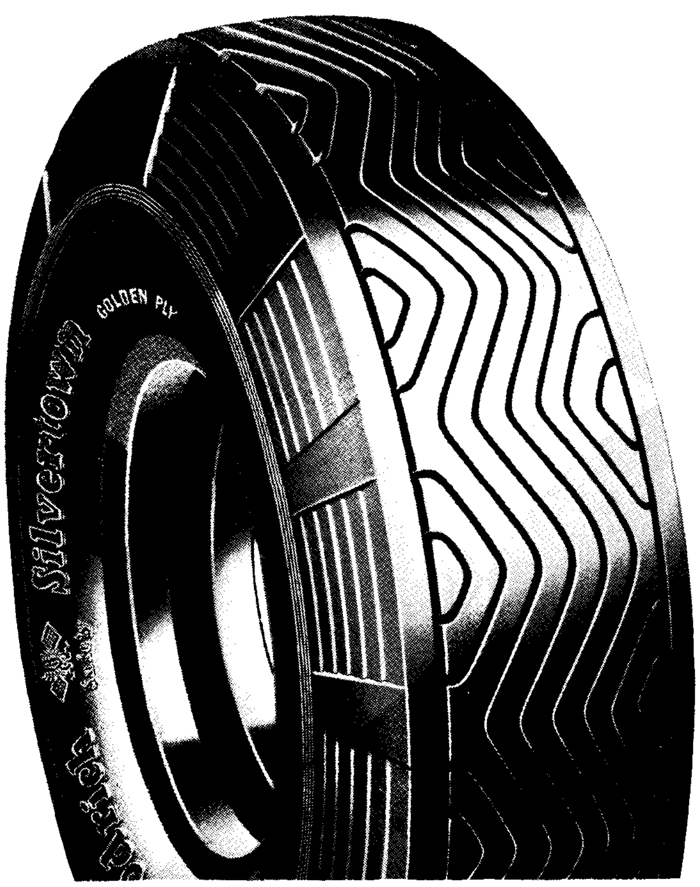


NEW TIRE SENSATION

REDUCES DANGER OF SKIDDING AS NEVER BEFORE—*Here's the evidence*

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including those tires listed from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

A. R. ELLIS, Pres.
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

Amazing Life-Saver Tread Gives You Quickest, Safest Stops on Wet, Slippery Roads

PEDESTRIANS darting in front of you! Cars coming from every angle! Hairpin curves looming ahead! When you're driving on slippery, rain-drenched roads think what you'd give to turn the wet road under your car into a "dry" track. That's exactly what this new Silvertown Life-Saver Tread does . . . because every inch of this new wider, flatter tread is specially designed to DRY the road . . . give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever seen!

In exhaustive road tests by the impartial Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, largest independent testing laboratory in the country, against regular and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, *no tire tested,* regardless of price, came up to the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown in non-skid action!

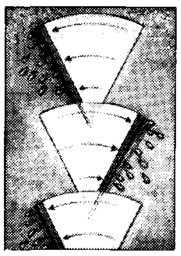
Go to your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a *free* demonstration that will give you one of the greatest motoring thrills you've ever had.

No Extra Cost

And remember, this new skid-protected Goodrich Silvertown also has the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection. Thus you get *two* great life-saving features—AT NO EXTRA COST!—to say nothing of 19.1% greater non-skid tire mileage—which is the same as saying you'll get EVERY 6TH MILE FREE!

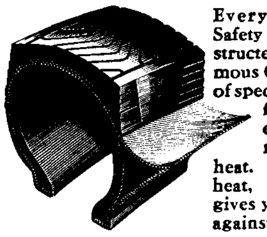
2 LIFE-SAVING FEATURES . . . *AT NO EXTRA COST!*

ACTS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS



The never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread, found *only* on the new Goodrich Silvertown, act like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

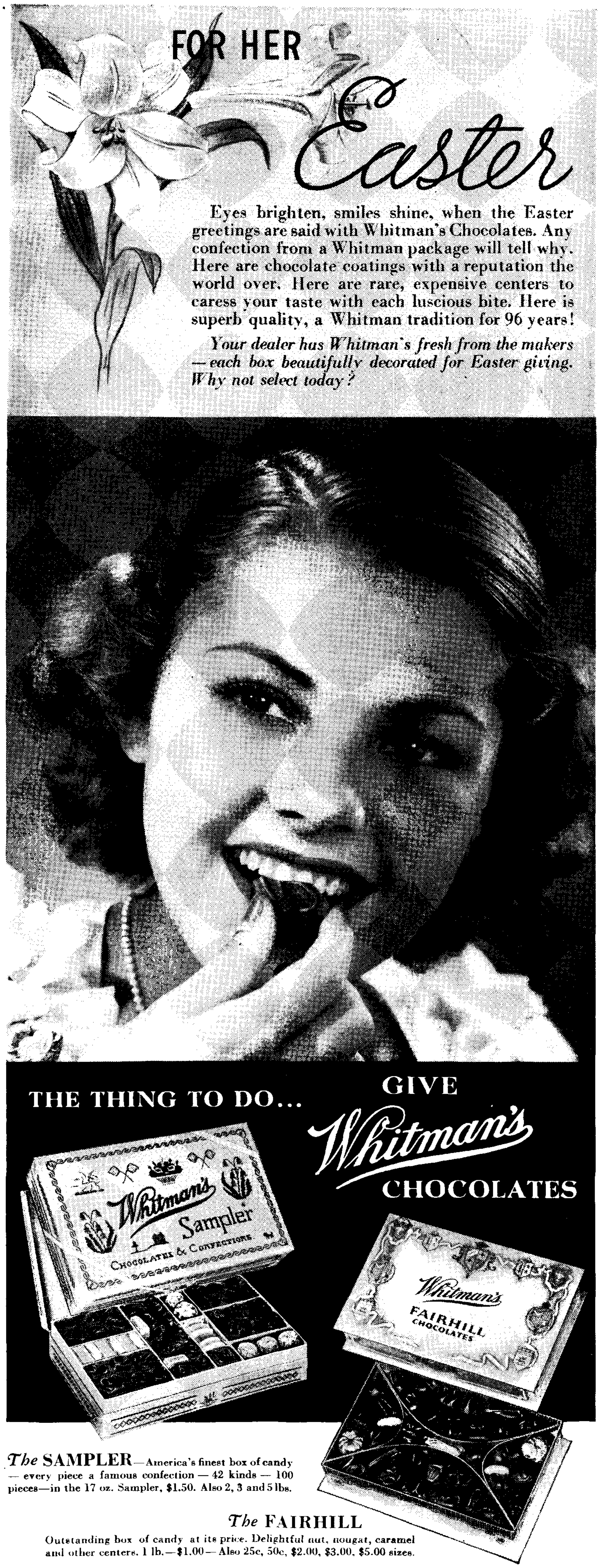
GIVES YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



Every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown is constructed with the now famous Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply gives you *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



Eyes brighten, smiles shine, when the Easter greetings are said with Whitman's Chocolates. Any confection from a Whitman package will tell why. Here are chocolate coatings with a reputation the world over. Here are rare, expensive centers to caress your taste with each luscious bite. Here is superb quality, a Whitman tradition for 96 years!

Your dealer has Whitman's fresh from the makers — each box beautifully decorated for Easter giving. Why not select today?

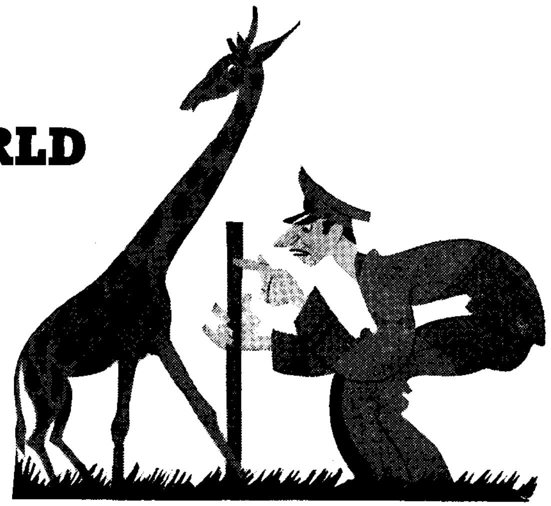
THE THING TO DO... GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES

The SAMPLER—America's finest box of candy — every piece a famous confection — 42 kinds — 100 pieces—in the 17 oz. Sampler, $1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5 lbs.

The FAIRHILL
Outstanding box of candy at its price. Delightful nut, nougat, caramel and other centers. 1 lb.—$1.00—Also 25c, 50c, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00 sizes.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



During the first few hours after its birth, a giraffe goes through a "stretching period" while its legs are falling into place. One recent arrival at the London Zoo was 62 inches tall when born and increased to 75 inches by the following afternoon.—*By Eleonora Shute, New York City.*

More than 1,500,000 commercial motor vehicles in this country now are equipped with "governors" that limit drivers to a maximum speed of forty miles an hour. One trucking company has used them on over 2,000,000 miles of night driving and has not only saved much gasoline and oil and excessive wear on its vehicles but has had only four minor accidents since the installation.

The most profitable professional tennis on record was played during the Perry-Vines tour of the United States in 1937, during which the total gate receipts for 61 matches were $412,181, some of the seats selling for as much as $9.90. Vines won 32 matches and received $34,000, while Perry won 29 matches and received $90,000.

The first Protestant Church service held in the New World took place in the year 1555 in a settlement of French Huguenots on what is now known as Villegaignon Island in the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

In Vienna recently, a burglar, after serving a sentence for attempted robbery, sued the owner of the house because the watchdog had bitten him while he was opening the safe. When the defendant admitted his dog was dangerous, the court awarded damages on the ground that the animal should have been muzzled.—*By B. R. Hopkins, Prague, Czechoslovakia.*

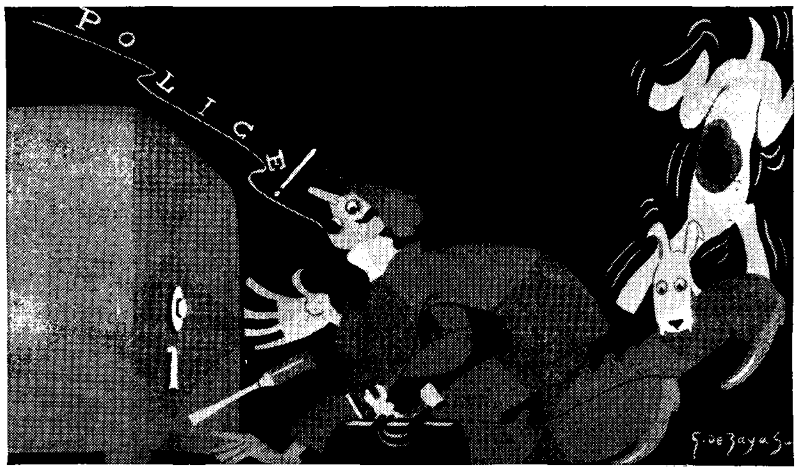
A gem dealer in Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, owns a set of diamonds in thirty-five different shades, which is said to be the only collection of the entire range of diamond colorings in existence.

A most profitable transaction in the World War was the purchase of a German register by the British Secret Service in Belgium in 1917. It contained far more information about the German military forces than had been secured in the previous three years from an army of spies. The seller accepted $500 for it when he could have successfully demanded several hundred times as much money.—*By P. J. Dimond, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Irrespective of country, the Koran is never read in a Moslem temple in any language but Arabic, and the Jewish Roll of the Law, or the Biblical books of the Hexateuch, the Hagiographa and the Prophets, is never read in a synagogue from anything but hand-lettered parchment.

Snoring, which results from disturbances in the breathing apparatus, is a chronic condition of at least 15,000,000 Americans. Among its many direct causes, the most unusual is the eating of certain foods that affect the membranes of the nose.

The 1925 edition of The White House Cook Book, written by a former steward of the presidential mansion, contains many unusual "Health Suggestions." Earache, it states, is cured by tobacco smoke, bleeding wounds are stopped by cobwebs and brown sugar, asthma is relieved by muskrat fur on the chest and cod-liver oil is delicious when taken with rust-laden water. —*By Bettie D. Murdock, Bakersfield, California.*



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4,000,000 obsolete cleaners can now be replaced

THE HOO
HOOVER
THE HOOVER

For the price of a pair of silk stockings a week, you can now own the most modern home-cleaning equipment. Thousands of women are giving themselves new freedom with new Hoover Cleaning Ensembles.

● Isn't it about time you checked up on that old cleaner of yours?

Maybe it seems to be getting the dirt. But unless it contains the modern features shown here you're spending twice as much time as you should and getting about half as much dirt.

Is it made with magnesium? Has it instantly attached tools? Has it Positive Agitation to remove embedded grit? Does it have a Dirt Finder?

Every modern woman is entitled to the work-saving efficiency of the new Hoover Cleaning Ensemble which has these and other features. Every woman today *can* have a Hoover Ensemble at Hoover's new low price and on Hoover's extended payment plan.

Plug tools in—You can change from rug cleaning to furniture cleaning instantly, while motor still runs. (Patented feature.)

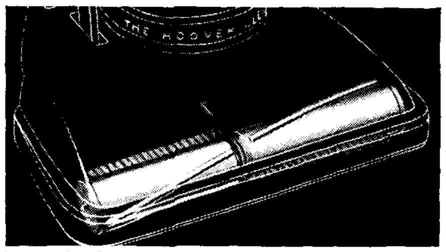
Super-Light—Magnesium, ⅓ lighter than aluminum, makes the Hoover Cleaner easy to use and carry. This is an exclusive Hoover convenience feature.

Ask the representative of your Hoover dealer about the three Hoover models. Model 25 Cleaning Ensemble (*illustrated*)—Cleaner alone, $65.00; Cleaning Tools, $14.50; $1.25 a week, payable monthly, small carrying charge. Also the One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble, finest cleaner made, and the sensationally low-priced Model "300."

HOOVER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cleaning Ensembles

Cleaning's play with the feather light Hoover Cleaning Tools. No stooping—no reaching. Lightweight brushes for heavy fabrics, for linoleum or hardwood floors, for upholstery, cushions, clothing and inside the motor car.

Enjoy modern color—use the light, bright color notes that are so smart today. You can keep them fresh and new with the highly efficient Hoover Cleaning Tools. They snap on instantly—clean gently or briskly, as each job demands.



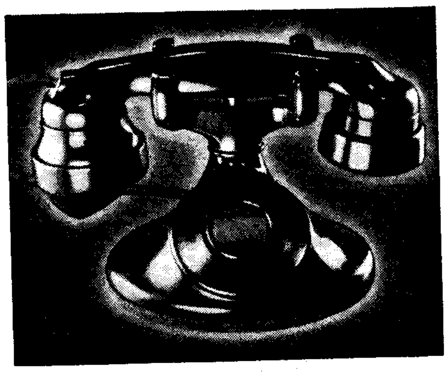
Hoover's Agitator, (patented, exclusive) dislodges cutting grit—guards against moths. *Guaranteed to prolong rug life.*

Sleep SOUNDLY, LITTLE LADY

"Mother and Daddy are near and the telephone is always close by. It doesn't go to sleep. All through the night it stands guard over you and millions of other little girls and boys."

• • •

Each night about 11,000,000 telephone calls are made over the Bell System. Many are caused by sudden, urgent needs. Great in its every-day values, the telephone becomes priceless in emergencies. The constant aim of the Bell System is to give you, at all times, the best and the most telephone service at the lowest possible cost.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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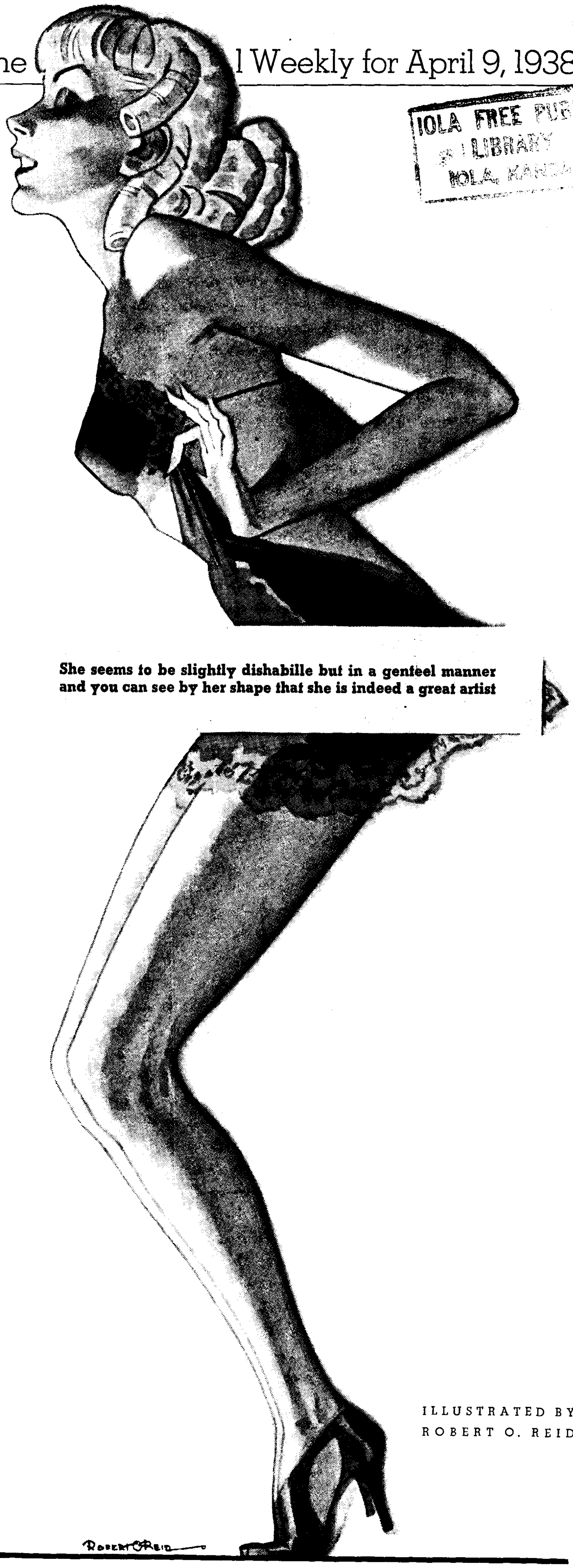
Neat Strip

By Damon Runyon

Citizens who see Rose Viola at work hate to go home and gaze upon their ever-loving wives. But it worries Daniel Frame to think of her out there on the stage exposed to the danger of catching cold



She seems to be slightly dishabille but in a genteel manner and you can see by her shape that she is indeed a great artist

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

NOW this Rose Viola is twenty years old and is five feet five inches tall in her high-heeled shoes, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, net, and has a twenty-six waist, and a thirty-six bust, and wears a four and one-half shoe.

Moreover, she has a seven-inch ankle, and an eleven-inch calf, and the reason I know all these intimate details is because a friend of mine by the name of Rube Goldstein has Rose Viola in a burlesque show and advertises her as the American Venus, and he always prints these specifications in his ads.

But of course Rube Goldstein has no way of putting down in figures how beautiful Rose Viola is, because after all any pancake may have the same specifications and still be a rutabaga. All Rube can do is to show photographs of Rose Viola and after you see these photographs and then see Rose Viola herself you have half a mind to look the photographer up and ask him what he means by so grossly underestimating the situation.

She has big blue eyes, and hair the color of sunup and furthermore this color is as natural as a six and five. Her skin is as white and as smooth as ivory and her teeth are like rows of new corn on the cob and she has a smile that starts slow and easy on her lips and in her eyes and seems to sort of flow over the rest of her face until any male characters observing same are wishing there is a murder handy that they can commit for her.

Well, I suppose by this time you are saying to yourself, what is such a darberoo doing in a burlesque turkey, for burlesque is by no means an intellectual form of entertainment, and the answer to this question is that Rube Goldstein pays Rose Viola four hundred dollars per week, and this is by no means tin.

And the reason Rube Goldstein pays her such a sum is not because Rube is any philanthropist but because Rose Viola draws like a flaxseed poultice, for besides her looks she has that certain something that goes out across the footlights and hits every male character present smack-dab in the kisser and makes him hate to go home and gaze upon his ever-loving wife. In fact, I hear that for three weeks after Rose Viola plays a town the percentage of missing husbands appalls the authorities.

It seems that the first time Rube Goldstein sees Rose Viola is in the city of Baltimore, Md., where his show is playing the old Gaiety, and one of Rube's chorus Judys, a sod widow who is with him nearly thirteen years and raises up three sons to manhood under him, runs off and marries a joskin from over on the eastern shore.

Naturally, Rube considers this a dirty trick, as he is so accustomed to seeing this Judy in his chorus that he feels his show will never look the same to him again; but the same night the widow is missing, Rose Viola appears before him asking for a situation.

Rube tells me he is greatly surprised at such a looking Judy seeking a place in a burlesque show and he explains to Rose Viola that it is a very tough life, to be sure, and that the pay is small, and that she will probably do better for herself if she gets a job dealing them off her arm in a beanery, or some such, but she requests Rube to kindly omit the alfalfa and give her a job, and Rube can see at once by the way she talks that she has personality.

SO HE hires her at twenty-five slugs per week to start with and raises her to half a C and makes her a principal the second night when he finds eighteen blokes lined up at the stage door after the show looking to date her up. In three weeks she is his star and he is three-sheeting her as if she is Katharine Cornell.

She comes out on the stage all dressed up in a beautiful evening gown and sings a little song, and as soon as she begins singing you wonder, unless you see her before, what she really is, as you can see by her voice that she is scarcely a singer by trade.

Her voice is not at all the same as Lily Pons' and in fact it is more like an old-fashioned coffee grinder, and about the time you commence to figure that she must be something like a magician and will soon start pulling rabbits out of a hat, Rose Viola begins to dance.

It is not a regular dance, to be sure. It is more of a hop and a skip and a jump back and forth across the stage, and as she is hopping and skipping and jumping, Rose Viola is also feeling around for zippers here and there about her person, and finally the evening gown disappears and she seems to be slightly dishabille but in a genteel manner, and then you can see by her shape that she is indeed a great artist.

Sometimes she will come down off the stage and work along the center aisle, and this is when the audience really enjoys her most, as she will always stop before some bald-headed old character in an aisle seat where bald-headed characters are generally found, and will pretend to make a great fuss over him, singing to him, and maybe kissing him on top of the bald head and leaving the print of her lips in rouge there, which sometimes puts bald-headed characters to a lot of bother explaining when they get home.

She has a way of laughing and talking back to an audience and keeping it in good humor while she is working, although outside the theater Rose Viola is very serious, and seldom has much to say. In fact, Rose Viola has so little to say that there are rumors in some quarters that she is a trifle dumb, but personally I would not mind being dumb myself at four hundred boffoes per week.

Well, it seems that a character by the name of Newsbaum, who runs a spot called the Pigeon Club, hears of Rose Viola, and he goes to see her one night at the old Mid Theater on Broadway where Rube's show is playing a New York engagement, and this Newsbaum is such a character as is always looking for novelties for his club and he decides that Rose Viola will go good there.

So he offers her a chance to double at his club, working there after she gets through with her regular show, and Rube Goldstein advises her to take it, as Rube is very fond of Rose and he says this may be a first step upward in her career because the Pigeon Club is patronized only by very high-class rumpots.

So Rose Viola opens one night at the Pigeon Club, and she is working on the dance floor close to the tables, and doing the same act she does in burlesque, when a large young character who is sitting at one of the front tables with a bunch of other young characters, including several nice-looking Judys, reaches out and touches Rose Viola with the end of a cigarette in a spot which she just unzippers.

NOW of course this is all in a spirit of fun, but it is something that never happens in a burlesque house, and naturally Rose is startled no little, and quite some, and in addition to this she is greatly pained, as it seems that it is the lighted end of the cigarette that the large young character touches her with.

So she begins letting out screams, and these screams attract the attention of Rube Goldstein, who is present to see how she gets along at her opening, and although Rube is nearly seventy years old, and is fat and slow and sleepy-looking, he steps forward and flattens the large young character with a dish of chicken à la king, which he picks up off a near-by table.

Well, it seems that the large young character is nobody but a character by the name of Mr. Choicer, who has great sums of money, and a fine social position, and this incident creates some little confusion, especially as old Rube Goldstein also flattens Newsbaum with another plate, this one containing lobster Newberg, when Newsbaum comes along complaining about Rube ruining his chinaware and also one of his best-paying customers.

Then Rube puts his arm around Rose Viola and makes her get dressed and leads her out of the Pigeon Club and up to Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, where I am personally present to observe much of what follows.

They sit down at my table and order up a couple of oyster stews, and Rose Viola is still crying at intervals, especially when she happens to rub the spot where the lighted cigarette hits, and Rube Goldstein is saying that for two cents he will go back to the Pigeon Club and flatten somebody again, when all of a sudden the door opens and in comes a young character in dinner clothes.

He is without a hat, and he is looking rumpled up no little, and on observing him, Rose Viola lets out a small cry, and Rube Goldstein picks up his bowl of oyster stew and starts getting to his feet, for it seems that they both recognize the young character as one of the characters at Mr. Choicer's table in the Pigeon Club.

This young character rushes up in great excitement, and grabs Rube's arm before Rube can let fly with the oyster stew, and he holds Rube down in his chair, and looks at Rose Viola and speaks to her as follows:

"Oh," he says, "I search everywhere for you after you leave the Pigeon Club. I wish to beg your pardon for what happens there. I am ashamed of my friend Mr. Choicer. I will never speak to him again as long as I live. He is a scoundrel. Furthermore, he is in bad shape from the chicken à la king. Oh," the young character says, "please forgive me for ever knowing him."

Well, all the time he is talking, he is holding Rube Goldstein down and looking at Rose Viola, and she is looking back at him, and in five minutes more they do not know Rube Goldstein and me are in the restaurant, and in fact they are off by themselves at another table so the young character can make his apologies clearer, and Rube Goldstein is saying to me that after nearly seventy years he comes to the conclusion that the Judys never change.

So, then, this is the beginning of a wonderful romance, and in fact it is love at first sight on both sides, and very pleasant to behold, at that.

It seems that the name of the young character is Daniel Frame, and that he is twenty-six years of age, and in his last year in law school at Yale, and that he comes to New York for a week-end visit and runs into his old college chum, Mr. Choicer, and now here he is in love.

I LEARN these details afterward from Rose Viola, and I also learn that this Daniel Frame is an only child, and lives with his widowed mother in a two-story white colonial house with ivy on the walls, and a yard around it, just outside the city of Manchester, N. H.

I learn that his mother has an old poodle dog by the name of Rags, and three servants, and that she lives very quietly, and never goes anywhere much except maybe to church and that the moonlight is something wonderful up around Manchester, N. H.

Furthermore, I learn that Daniel Frame comes of the best people in New England, and that he likes skiing, and Benny Goodman's band, and hates mufflers around his neck, and is very fond of popovers for breakfast, and that his eyes are dark brown, and that he is six feet even and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and that he never goes to a dentist in his life.

I also learn that the ring he wears on the little finger of his left hand is his family crest, and that he sings baritone with a glee club, and the chances are I will learn plenty more about Daniel Frame if I care to listen any further to Rose Viola.

"He wishes to marry me," Rose says. "He wishes to take me to the white colonial house outside of Manchester, N. H., where we can raise Sealyham terriers, and maybe children. I love Sealyham terriers," she says. "They are awfully cute. Daniel wishes me to quit burlesque entirely. He sees me work at the Mid the other night and he thinks I am wonderful, but," Rose says, "he says it worries him constantly to think of me out there on that stage running the risk of catching colds.

"Another thing," Rose Viola says, "Daniel wishes me to meet his mother, but he is afraid she will be greatly horrified if she finds out the way I am exposed to the danger of catching colds. He says," Rose says, "that his mother is very strict about such things."

PERSONALLY, I consider Daniel Frame a very wishy-washy sort of character, and by no means suitable to a strong personality such as Rose Viola, but when I ask Rube Goldstein what he thinks about it, Rube says to me like this:

"Well," he says, "I think it will be a fine thing for her to marry this young character, although," Rube says, "from what he tells her of his mother, I do not see how they are going to get past her. I know these old New England broads," he says. "They consider burlesque anything but a worthy amusement. Still," he says, "I have no kick coming about the male characters of New England. They are always excellent customers of mine."

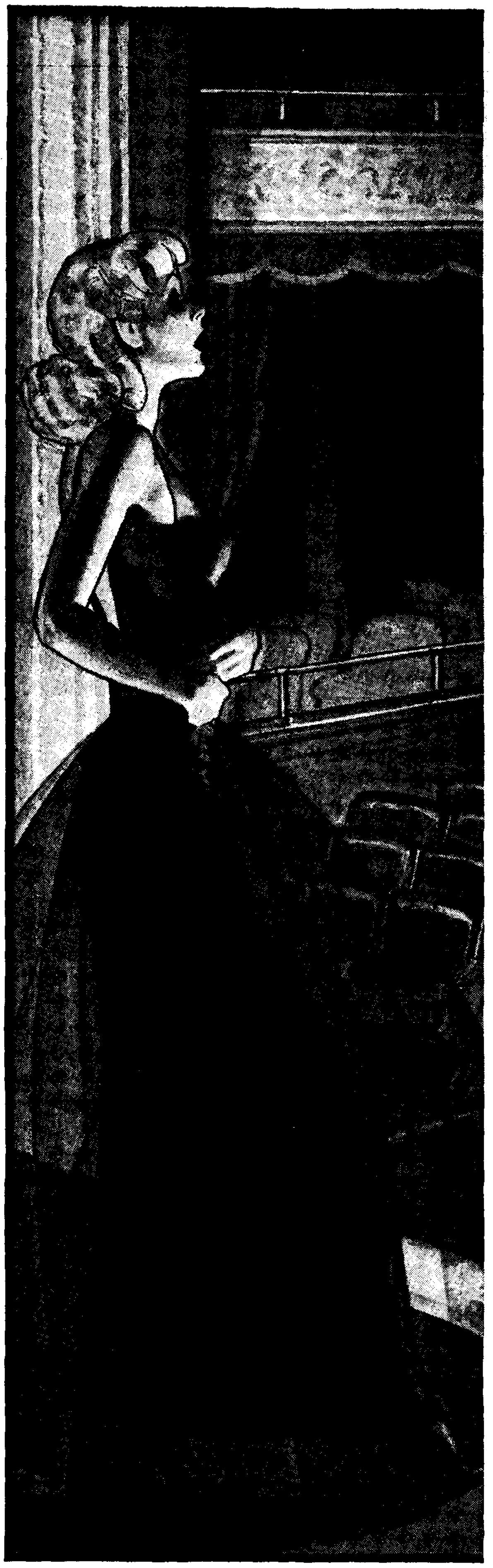
"Why," I say, "Rose Viola is a fine artist, and does not need such a thing as marriage."

"Yes," Rube says, "she is the finest artist in her line I ever see but one. Laura Legayo is still tops with me. She retires on me away back yonder before you ever see one of my shows. But," he says, "if Rose marries this young character, she will have a home, and a future. Rose needs a future.

"This burlesque business is about done around here for a while," Rube says. "I can see the signs. The blats are beefing, and the cops are complaining about this and that, and one thing and another. They have no soul for art, and besides we are the easiest marks around when the reformers start rousting the cops for anything whatever.

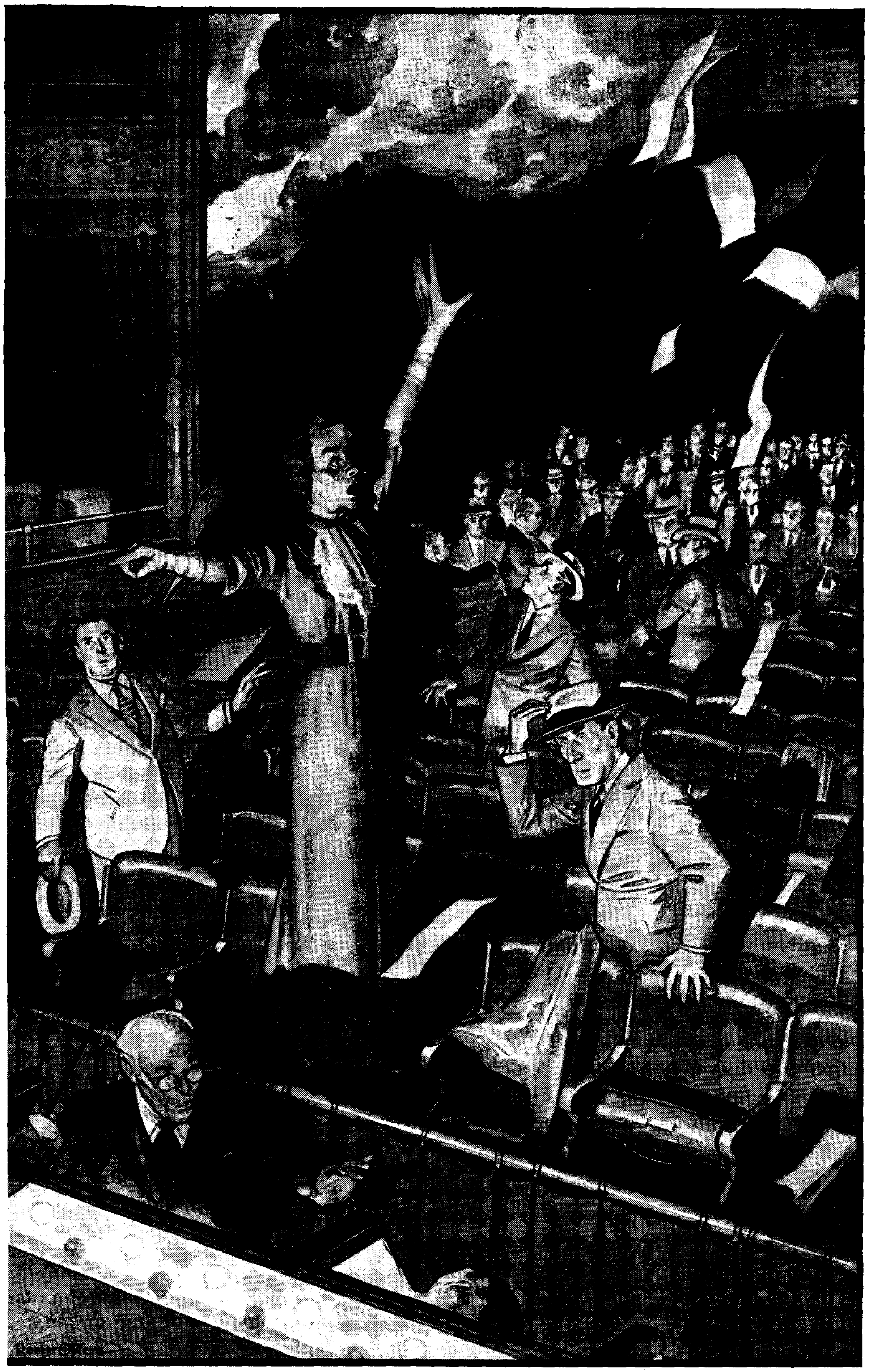
"It is always this way with burlesque," Rube says. "It is up and down. It is on the way down now, and Rose may not still be young enough by the time it goes up again. Yes," he says, "Rose needs a future."

Well, it seems that old Rube is a pretty good guesser, because a couple of nights later he gets an order from the police commissioner that there must be no more of this and that, and one thing and another, in his show, and what is more the police commissioner puts cops in all the burlesque houses to see that his order is obeyed.



At first Rube Goldstein figures that he may as well close down his New York run at once, and move to some city that is more hospitable to art, but he is wedged in at the Mid on a contract to pay rent for a few weeks longer, so while he is trying to think what is the best thing to do, he lets the show go on just the same, but omitting this and that, and one thing and another, so as not to offend the police commissioner in case he comes around looking for offense, or the cop the commissioner places on duty in the Mid, who is a character by the name of Halligan.

So there is Rose Viola out on the stage of the Mid doing her number in full costume without ever reach-



"Look, boys," she hollers. And there on the stage is Rose Viola feeling for the zippers here and there about her person, and finding same

ing for as much as a single zipper, and I can see what Rube Goldstein means when he says Rose needs a future, because looking at Rose in full costume really becomes quite monotonous after a while.

To tell the truth, the only one who seems to appreciate Rose in full costume is Daniel Frame when he comes down from Yale one week end and finds her in this condition. In fact, Daniel Frame is really quite delighted with her.

"It is wonderful," he says. "It is especially wonderful because I tell my mother all about you, and she is talking of coming down from Manchester, N. H., to see you perform, and I have been worrying myself sick over her beholding you out there in danger of catching colds. I know she will be greatly pleased with you now, because," he says, "you look so sweet and modest and so well dressed."

Naturally, as long as he is pleased, Rose Viola is pleased too, except that she suffers somewhat from the heat, for there is no doubt but what Rose is greatly in love with him and she scarcely ever talks about anything else, and does not seem to care if her art suffers from the change.

Now it comes on another Saturday night and I am backstage at the Mid talking to Rube Goldstein and he is telling me that he is greatly surprised to find business holding up so good. The house is packed to the doors, and I tell Rube that maybe he is wrong all these years and that the public appreciates art even when it has clothes on, but Rube says he thinks not. He says he thinks it is more likely that the customers are just naturally optimists.

Rose Viola is on the stage in full costume singing her song when all of a sudden somebody in the back of the audience lets out a yell of fire and this is an alarming cry in any theater, to be sure, and especially in a spot like the Mid as it is an old house, and about as well fixed to stand off a fire as a barrel of grease. Then a city fireman by the name of Rossoffsky, who is always on duty in the Mid when a show is on, comes rushing backstage and says it is a fire all right.

It seems that a cafeteria next door to the Mid is blazing inside and the flames are eating their way through the theater wall at the front of the house by the main entrance, and in fact when the alarm is raised the whole wall is blazing on both sides, and it is a most disturbing situation, to be sure.

WELL, the audience in the Mid is composed mostly of male characters, because male characters always appreciate burlesque much more than females or children, and these male characters now rise from their seats and start looking for the exits nearest to them, but by now they are shut off from the main entrance by the fire.

So they commence looking for other exits, and there are several of these, but it seems from what Rossoffsky says afterward that these exits are not used for so long that nobody figures it will ever be necessary to use them again, and the doors do not come open so easy, especially with so many trying to open them at once.

Then the male characters begin fighting with each other for the privilege of opening the doors, and also of getting out through the doors after they are opened, and this results in some confusion. In fact, it is not long before the male characters are fighting all over the premises, and knocking each other down, and stepping on each other's faces in a most discourteous manner.

While it is well known to one and all that a burlesque theater is no place to take an ever-loving wife to begin with, it seems that some of these male characters have their wives with them, and these wives start screaming, but of course they are among the first knocked down and stepped on, so not much is heard of them until afterward.

A few of the male characters are smart enough to leap up on the stage and high-tail it out of there by the back way, but most of them are so busy fighting on the floor of the theater that they do not think of this means of exit, and it is just as well that they do not think of it all at once, at that, as there is but one narrow stage door, and a rush will soon pile them up like jackrabbits there.

The orchestra quits playing and the musicians are dropping their instruments and getting ready to duck under the stage and Rose Viola is standing still in the center of the stage with her mouth open, looking this way and that in some astonishment and alarm, when all of a sudden a tall, stern-looking old Judy with white hair, and dressed in gray, stands up on a seat in the front row right back of the orchestra leader, and says to Rose Viola like this:

"Quick," she says. "Go into your routine."

WELL, Rose Viola still stands there as if she cannot figure out what the old Judy is talking about, and the old Judy makes motions at her with her hands, and then slowly unbuttons a little gray jacket she is wearing, and tosses it aside, and Rose gets the idea.

Now the stern-looking old Judy leans over to the orchestra leader, who is a character by the name of Butwell, and who is with Rube Goldstein's burlesque show since about the year one, and says to him:

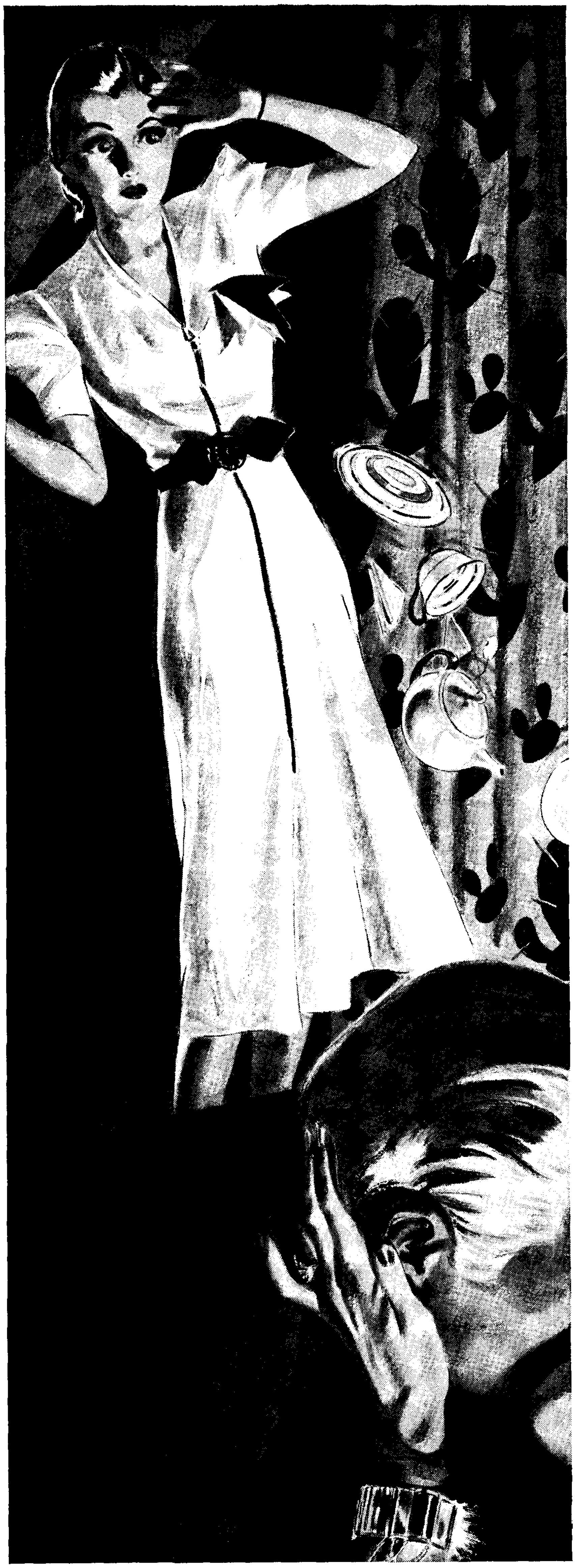
"Hit 'er, Buttsy."

Well, old Buttsy takes a look at her, and then he takes another look, and then he raises his hand, and his musicians settle back in their chairs, and as Buttsy lets his hand fall, they start playing Rose Viola's music, and the tall, stern-looking old Judy stands there on the seat in the front row pointing at the stage and hollering so loud her voice is heard above all the confusion of the male characters at their fighting.

"Look, boys," she hollers.

And there on the stage is Rose Viola doing her hop, skip and a jump back and forth and feeling for the zippers here and there about her person, and finding same.

Now, on hearing the old Judy's voice, and on observing the scene on the stage, the customers gradually stop fighting with each other and begin easing themselves back into the seats, and paying strict attention to Rose Viola's performance, and all this time the wall behind them is blazing, and it is hotter than one hundred and six in *(Continued on page 34)*



Carey's first feeling was of stark incredulity. It numbed her mind

This is Different

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

If Charles had kissed her like that to begin with—well, there wouldn't have been this story

CAREY never intended to kiss Angus Furleigh that night. She could hardly believe she had done it with her marriage to Charles only a month away. It was just one of those things that happen out of the blue. One of those things that happen when two people like each other, and are a little too tired, and stand too close together for a moment too long.

There was a directors' meeting the next morning. It had been a hard day, marked by harder moments, and Angus had not written his report. Carey knew she could help him; she knew that he was worried. Upon an impulse she walked over to his desk and said: "Want me to stay and help with that report?"

"*Would* you?" he said. Carey was touched at the gratitude that flooded through his voice. He added conscientiously: "Weren't you going out?"

"With Charles," she said. "I'll call him up. He'll be nice about it."

Charles was always nice. It was another matter with Judith. Judith Furleigh was having a party that night. Carey heard Angus explaining: "I think I can make it by ten. Miss Shield's going to help me." That showed, Carey thought afterward, that there wasn't anything underhanded about it.

It was nearer twelve than ten when they finished. It was a good report, and they both knew it. Carey did not realize how tired she was until she stopped. She gathered the papers together and carried them over to the wall cabinet.

Angus was putting away memoranda. He turned and kissed her—quickly and lightly, just where the hair sprang backward from her temple. The next instant she was in his arms.

It was like that. No thought. No reason. Surely no premeditation. It was as simple as a cosmic law: that fire burns and water flows. In the tide of emotion that rushed up in Carey she was conscious only of Angus, so that she felt the bones of his shoulders under her palms before she knew that she had stirred to meet him. Then he was straining her against him, and her lips were parting under his.

CAREY was the first to move. Angus let her go at once. They stood apart, staring. Carey saw in Angus' eyes the same surprised consternation that burned her own shamed cheeks. They did not speak. There were no words. Carey turned swiftly and fled out the office door. She heard Angus' footsteps going away from her down the corridor.

Charles was waiting downstairs in the reception room. It was somehow reassuring to Carey to find him there, so big and kind and patient; and yet it was frightening too, as if he had been waiting for something she had not brought.

"Why, Charles!" she said. "Have you been waiting all this time?"

"Not all," he said literally. "Since ten."

"It took longer than we expected. Things always do."

He nodded, crossing the room in two long strides. Carey was aware, as always, of a certain physical splendor about Charles: his bigness and his breadth; his unpretentious good looks; blue eyes so blue, tow head so tow; high forehead, long nose, stubborn triangular chin cut to Crown specifications. There was an assumption of rightness about Charles, too unconscious to be arrogance. Carey saw him tonight with a new detachment.

"You're tired," he said.

"A little," she admitted, and turned away from the light. "It's been a long day."

HIS fingers touched her arm. Through the fur jacket it was no more than pressure. "Carey," he said, "how long are you keeping on with this?"

"With what?" she said, startled. And knew she had been careless. "Another week," she said quickly. "While I break in the new girl." Charles had not minded her working—Crown Textiles was a proper background for anyone—but he did not like her keeping on now. She realized sharply that she had stayed to please Angus. Charles had been reasonable about it. Charles was always reasonable.

"Of course," he said reasonably, "there must be a lot of details to explain."

"You can't explain them all," she agreed. A desire for laughter seized her at the truth in her own words, and she pressed her hand across her mouth and strangled in the cold wind from the street.

It was raining, a harsh rain that was almost sleet. Charles tucked the robe carefully about her, and the car moved smoothly into wet black night; the street lights burned upside down in the puddles. She tried to be casual.

"What did you do?"

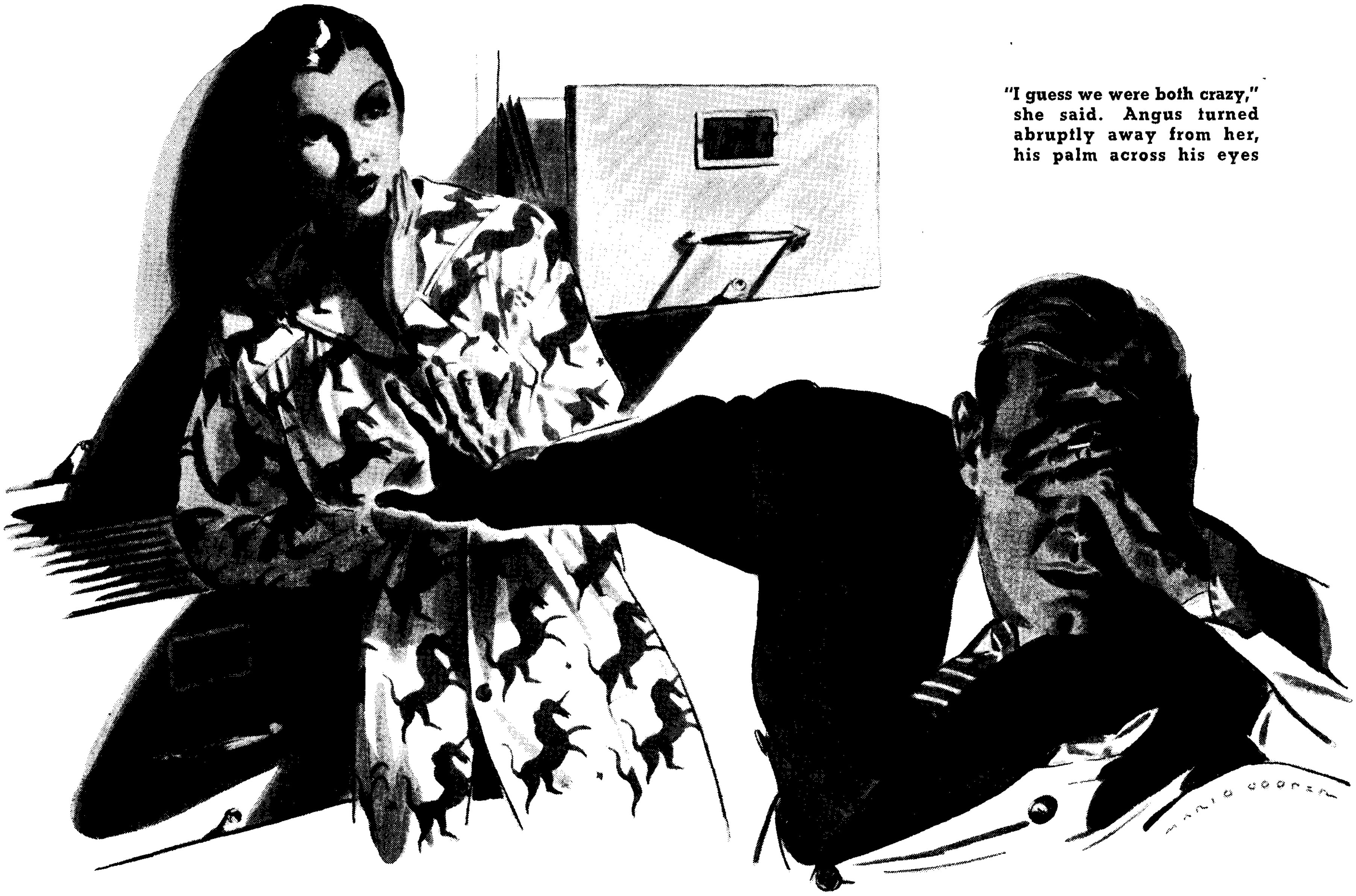
"I looked in on Judith's splurge. She was in a state because Angus hadn't come. So there were two of us."

"Who was there?"

"Same as usual. I talked a while with Skerrett about our house, and with Marcia about the curtains, and with Cobb about the shrubbery; and then Judith got me again, and then it was time to go."

"Too bad you had to leave so early, and then wait so long. Why didn't you come on upstairs?"

"I was afraid I'd interrupt," Charles said.



"I guess we were both crazy," she said. Angus turned abruptly away from her, his palm across his eyes

For her life she could not help turning to look at him; she felt the uncoördinated jerk of her body. But she could see no more than the V of Charles' chin in the V of his turned-up collar, and one composed corner of his mouth.

They fell silent after that. It was a long drive to Carey's apartment, but in Crowninshield one lived in the right part of town even though it was inconvenient. Carey had taken the apartment when she sold the old Shield house after her father's tragic, unnecessary death. She was working in Angus Furleigh's department when Charles came home—from college and technical school and two years' study of foreign methods—to take an active part in the business and become the town's most desirable bachelor. Charles and Angus played early golf three mornings a week: Charles from a sense of duty, Angus from sheer animal spirits.

Carey said once that the most exciting thing about Charles Crown was his name. It wasn't quite true. Charles worked hard. He had a flair, a genius, for color. He told Carey the reason he fell in love with her was because she was the only girl in the world with green eyes and black hair and a gold skin.

"*Did* you fall in love with me?" said Carey coolly.

"Didn't I mention it?"

"No," said Carey.

"Your eyes are so nice and crooked too," Charles added thoughtfully.

"You make me sound like a cross-eyed serpent."

"Not cross-eyed," Charles explained carefully. "Your eyes sort of tip up."

"It's my eyebrows that tip up," Carey corrected.

"Is it?" said Charles. He sat quiet, studying her. "I guess you're right. Anyhow, it's a very good effect." Charles was always an inept lover. But there was something rather endearing about his fumbling phrases.

It would have been more than human not to be pleased by the attention of one whom Angus called heir to the Crown. Carey was gratified. She was never flattered. She recognized, without vanity, the things she could give Charles. The Shield background and the Shield beauty. Carey knew the right people and did the right things well. Her work had given her the right touch with the business. She could preside beautifully over the house that Charles began to build the day the engagement was announced. These things, Carey knew, Charles would have considered.

But Charles was really very nice. The marriage was very suitable. She was very fond of Charles.

Charles brought the car to a stop and helped Carey out. He walked with her to the door.

"Come in?" Carey said automatically.

"It's late," said Charles. And as if he were himself aware of stiffness, added: "Today's another day."

Carey laughed a little too merrily, and lifted her lips to Charles' good-night kiss. Charles put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her steadily, tenderly. And took his hands away.

"Love me?" he said.

"Of course," said Carey.

"Sure?"

"Sure." It was a ritual.

The door closed smoothly between them. Carey was sure of only one thing. She had never, never once, kissed Charles as she had kissed Angus.

CAREY made the record of the directors' meeting the next morning. She went in a slim black dress, with one green leather button at the high collar, and one green leather button at the belt; she knew it would please Charles. She went straight from the coat room so she would not meet Angus. She went with her eyes as big as the big green buttons, and one eyebrow cocked up high, and her hair pulled very sleek into an amusing little chignon at the back of her head, and a great cold lump of something inside her that she thought might be terror.

The important thing, she told herself, was to act natural. But natural, Carey found, is a way you act without thinking. The minute you think about it, it isn't natural any more.

Charles met her when she went in. She knew instantly that Angus was there too. She knew it because all the emotions that she had spent the night sorting and tying in neat bundles came crashing down in one great flaming heap. "Hello, Charles," she said. And turned. And said, as if she had just discovered him: "Oh. Good morning." And knew that on any other day she would have said *hello,* very offhand, to both of them together.

"Good morning," Angus said. He shook their report at her. "Recovered?"

"Have you?" said Carey, not quite meeting the look that Angus did not quite give her, and smiling, for no reason, at Charles.

"No," said Angus soberly.

Afterward Carey understood that the directors' meeting went very well. But when she transcribed her notes, she was amazed at the things she found there: whole subjects that she had never heard mentioned. To Carey the meeting was only a background for herself and Charles and Angus.

Carey was proud of Charles that morning. You could always be proud of Charles. When he spoke it was gravely, without haste and without hesitation. There was something authentic in his manner, so that much older men gave him respectful attention.

Angus sat at the other end of the room. Carey did not look at him. Yet she knew when his hands moved on the table; knew the small impatient jerk of his shoulder, the lock of rusty hair tilting over an eye. Angus was not as big a man as Charles. But there was a compact symmetry about him, a rhythm that gave him stature. He had an impulsive mouth; an agile mind, deft as a blade. The big unshapely features might have been ugly in repose; their exciting change of light and shadow was his charm. The shadows were dark that morning.

THE meeting was over finally. "Lunch?" Charles said; and Carey nodded. "Come on, Angus. Are you ready?"

Angus stopped with his hand on the door. "Thought I'd just grab off a sandwich at the drugstore."

"That won't get you anything," said Charles, "except indigestion."

Angus hesitated. It was not like Angus to hesitate. He looked at Carey. "Get your hat," she said.

Charles stepped ahead to ring for the elevator, and for just an instant they were alone. Angus looked down at Carey.

"I'm sorry," he said desperately.

"Don't be," said Carey. She could not have told why she said it, nor what she meant. But the moment the words were out she knew that she wanted Angus to kiss her again—like that.

The elevator was crowded. Carey could feel Angus' heart thudding against her back. She slipped cold fingers into Charles' hand.

"What's the matter?" Charles said.

"It's so—close," said Carey.

Afterward Carey thought that she

(Continued on page 30)

r's Little Helper

eeler

In 1931 Estelle Lawson started out with four golf clubs and her curiosity. Today she's the leading lady of golf in America

IT STARTED one evening in 1931 at a dinner table in the comfortable home of Dr. Robert B. Lawson, physical director and associate professor of anatomy at the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

The doctor pushed back his chair and got up, regretfully.

"I've got to go out for a while," he informed Mrs. Lawson and Estelle. "It's the Country Club. There's some sort of a meeting. They asked me to attend. It seems they're in some sort of a jam."

Dr. Lawson reported to the family later.

"They want me to take charge of the golf course and try to steam up some interest in it," he announced. "Something has got to be done—a lot of things. One of those mortgages is about to be foreclosed."

"What do you know about golf?" Mrs. Lawson inquired.

"Not a blamed thing," said Dr. Lawson gloomily. "I wouldn't know which end of a stymie to take hold of. But I told 'em I'd do it. I'll say it's a jam!"

As things turned out, it was one of those jams in which Destiny has a finger. That was the beginning of golf in the Lawson family, notably for Estelle. Six years and seven months later, precisely, on the afternoon of Saturday, October 9, 1937, Estelle Lawson Page became the woman golf champion of the United States in the forty-first tournament for that title, at the Memphis Country Club, Memphis, Tennessee.

Back in March of 1931, the morning after the Chapel Hill Country Club meeting, Dr. Lawson went out and had his first look with intent at the club's golf course. The prospect was not encouraging. The layout consisted of four holes in fairly flat areas called greens, scattered somewhat aimlessly, Dr. Lawson considered, about an extremely hilly North Carolina landscape.

Dr. Lawson sighed and got busy.

First he visited a number of regular golf courses at larger country clubs in the vicinity, to see what they looked like. Next Dr. Lawson purchased a book on how to play golf, by Long Jim Barnes, former Open champion of the United States and Great Britain, and four golf clubs, as recommended by the salesman—a brassie, a No. 2 iron, a No. 5 (or mashie) and a putter. Then he broke the news to Estelle.

"You're going to play golf with me," he informed her.

Estelle was willing. She was twenty-three and liked games. She had been reared in the atmosphere of collegiate competitive sports, starting at the age of four, when she was mascot for the North Carolina football team—the Tarheels who lately beat Duke for the Southern Conference Championship. She had played basketball and tennis with the high-school teams, and her father, an accomplished gymnast in his younger days, had started her out in rompers in a little gym of her own, which he constructed in the big back yard.

She had continued tennis through her university days (from which she was graduated a Phi Beta Kappa, incidentally) and went to work in 1928 in the accounting department of a big hosiery mill at Durham, near by. She was just over five feet tall and strongly,

(*Continued on page* 43)

Mr. Whiting

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

You'll like Mrs. Fenway, perhaps because she played good bridge or, again, because she discovered a simple little thing the hard way

IN THE middle of January a bridge club was opened in the Hotel Leveridge. It was conducted by a Mr. Hesse—Mr. Hermann Hesse, a German who made a living by bridge, writing for papers and bridge journals, conducting tournaments, playing for money at a club or two where he belonged. This new bridge club Mr. Hesse endeavored to make a very exclusive affair. He began by asking together for an afternoon of bridge eight men from the clubs where he was a member. These men made the nucleus of the new organization, each of them recommending three others to whom invitations might be sent. Mr. Hesse hired three fairly small, intimate rooms at the Leveridge and these rooms were open every day from noon on. The dues were very high but no one who joined objected to them or even commented on their exorbitance. Stakes were rarely under a quarter of a cent a point, which runs into money in contract. The whole thing was kept on a very high plane. Only expert players were asked to join and the dues excluded certain other objectionable possibilities. Once a week a tournament of duplicate contract was held.

The Fenways were charter members of this club. They were a middle-aged pair, very wealthy, who were well known as members of, for instance, the City Club, the Satterly Club, the Attic Club. Mrs. Fenway was sharply handsome, erect, dark-haired, blue-eyed, extremely well-dressed. She was vivacious and played contract as well as Hesse did.

It was an understood thing that husbands and wives should not play together in the weekly tournament, though there was no worded regulation to that effect.

ONE night, about the fifth week of the club's existence, Mr. Hesse came up to Mrs. Fenway and said: "May I present Mr. Whiting, Mrs. Fenway? And would you take him on as a partner tonight?"

Mrs. Fenway smiled with a cool, meaningless graciousness, nodded, and the play began almost at once. Mrs. Fenway had not met this man at the club before and had he been there she would surely have noticed him, for he stood out in a strange manner. He was a small man, very slender. He looked not very old but he was completely bald and his head had the sharp-drawn look that indicates the bony frame of the skull and seems to forget the skin that covers it. If he had eyebrows, they were too pale to be seen, and his eyes, uncommonly light gray, uncommonly intelligent, looked out from very deep sockets.

As soon as the first hands were put back in their board, Mrs. Fenway was aware that here was a man who knew more about bridge than anyone in the room. His evaluation of his hand was made with an uncanny swiftness and sureness and, the bid falling to the opponents, he put up such clever defensive play—and all so swiftly and quietly, as if it were a matter no longer of thought to him—that Mrs. Fenway drew the next hand from the board with a slightly eager gesture.

Mrs. Fenway said, after the second round: "You haven't been here before, have you, Mr. Whiting?"

"No," he said. Then he said a strange thing: "One holds off as long as possible, isn't that so, Mrs. Fenway?"

She drew her brows together in a puzzled frown, but a new couple came and she did not answer that.

USUALLY, during a session of playing, Mrs. Fenway received commendations on her game, for she was nearly always the best woman player present, but this Mr. Whiting made no such commendations. He merely played. But his play was such a fine thing to watch and share that Mrs. Fenway noticed only slightly, if at all, the lack of admiration. They were high by a considerable margin of points. After Mr. Hesse, with his red pencil, had finished making his small neat numbers on the large score card, Mrs. Fenway, finding Mr. Whiting near her, said to him: "You play an exceptionally good game, Mr. Whiting!" He let his pale gray eyes become almost disturbingly active in their intelligent commentary on the scene and said in that thin, melancholy voice of his: "Naturally. We both do, Mrs. Fenway. We ought to, oughtn't we?" He moved away, not waiting for an answer.

On the way home, Mrs. Fenway said: "Who was that Mr. Whiting who was there tonight, George? Do you know him?"

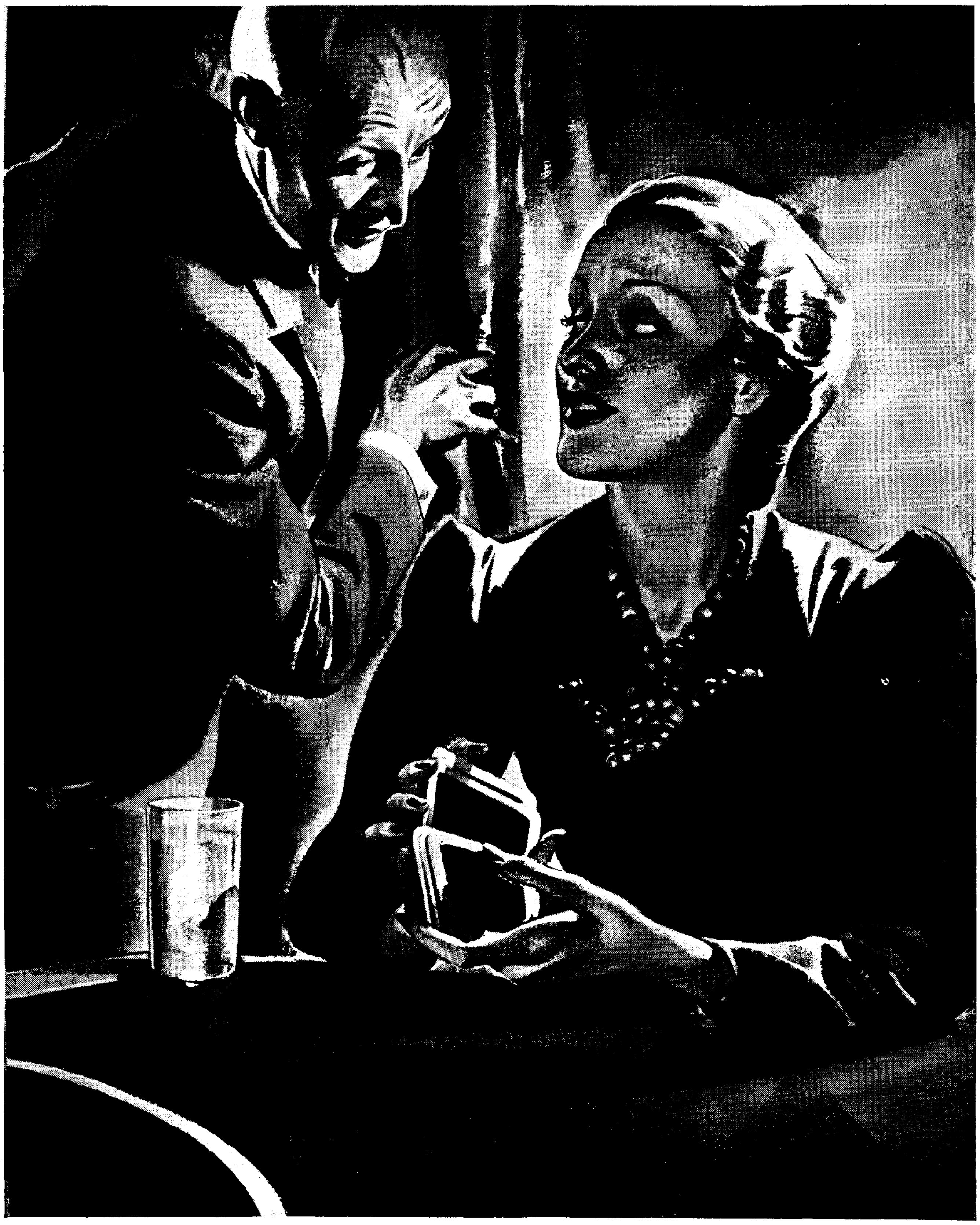
"The one with the head like an egg?"

"It looked like a skull to me."

"So it did. No, I don't know him. . . . He must play pretty well."

"Better than Hesse."

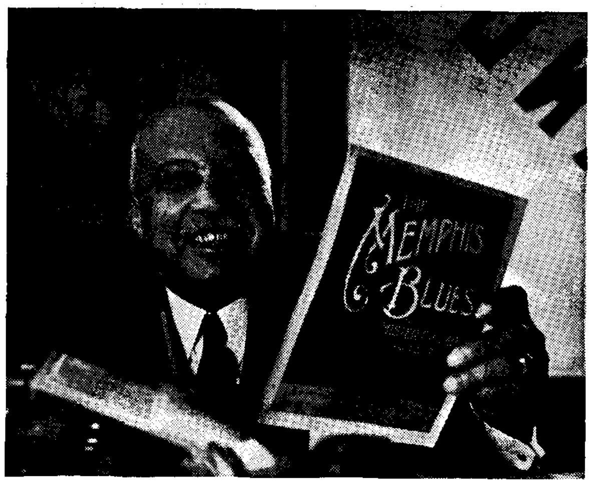
(Continued on page 65)



"Illusion of what?" she said. "Oh, of friendship—of intimacy—of belonging to someone," he replied

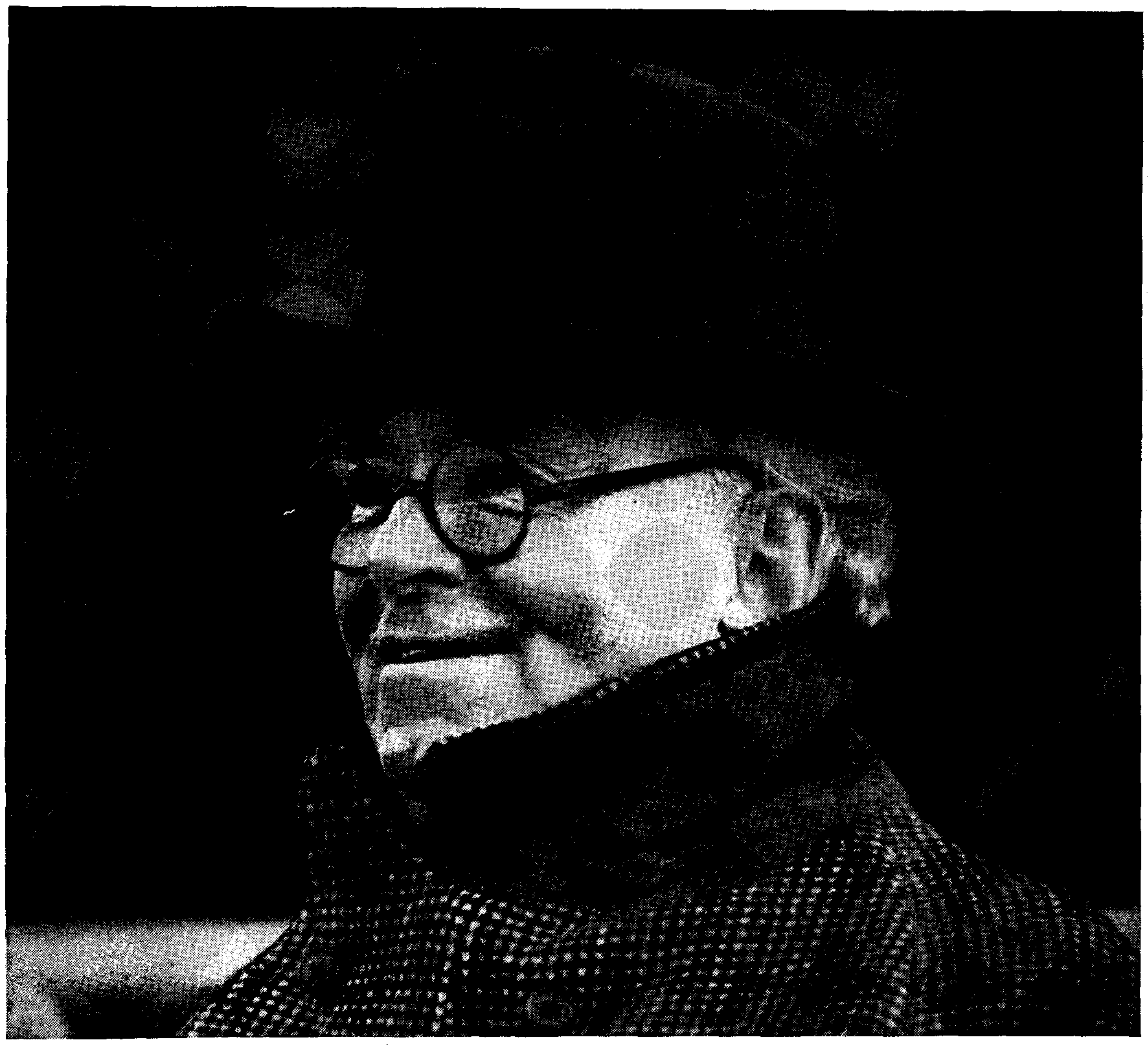
Mista Crump Keeps Rollin' Along

By James Street



IFOR THOMAS

W. C. Handy (above), king of Beale Street jazz, whose Memphis Blues became the campaign song of the Red Snapper, Edward Hull Crump (right), Memphis' beloved despot



THERE is a pungent, earthy odor of fried catfish and sweat, raw mud and raw whisky along Memphis' Beale Street. The Negro piano players in the black-and-tan honkytonks hump over the keys, stomp their yellow shoes, joree at the yaller gals and moan the original blues:

"*Mister Crump don't 'low no easy riders here,*
Mister Crump don't 'low no easy riders here,
But we don't care what Mister Crump don't 'low,
We gonna barrel-house anyhow,
'Cause Mister Crump don't 'low no easy riders here."

There is a heavy odor of oil and river mist around the edge of the Mississippi, and the workers grunt while they toil and often they straighten and stretch their black backs and chant their work song:

"*Oh, the river's up and cotton's down,*
Mister Ed Crump, he runs this town."

There is a subtle odor of lilacs and a murmur of low voices in the ballroom of the Hotel Peabody where the white folks dance the Big Apple or truck the Memphis Blues. But from Beale Street to the Peabody, from catfish to caviar, they all stay in step with their pied piper—Edward Hull Crump, the Red Snapper of Memphis—the beloved despot.

Ed Crump can lift the telephone in his insurance and real-estate company's office and with one command send sixty thousand sovereign Democrats to the secret polls to do his bidding. If they don't, he knows about it, come sundown, and if the rebels have kinfolks on the taxpayers' tab, then there are some good jobs open, come daybreak.

There was a time when he could make or break a fistful of national characters by nodding his head, or shaking it. Maybe he can't break them now, but he can still bend them, for the Red Snapper is the head man of the totalitarian capital of the Mississippi Delta, the dominion of mud, mortgages and mules.

He is a tall man, and at 62 his eyes are frosty and he can give Jim Farley a handicap of half a telephone book and beat him calling names. His bushy brows form a jagged V, and his hair, which once was pumpkin-colored, is white. He walks like a sprinter and carries a cane. He is not like the old South. He *is* the old South, the incredible South that still is a way of life and quite beyond the ken of most folks who never will understand how Dixie can produce a Huey Long, who talked and schemed himself to death, and an Ed Crump, who never has made a speech but whose political machine is a combined reaper, thresher and binder; a machine with only one weakness—it's *too* perfect.

The Red Snapper folded his hands behind him and stood by a window and looked down at the city he bosses, and beyond to the Mississippi River which no man bosses.

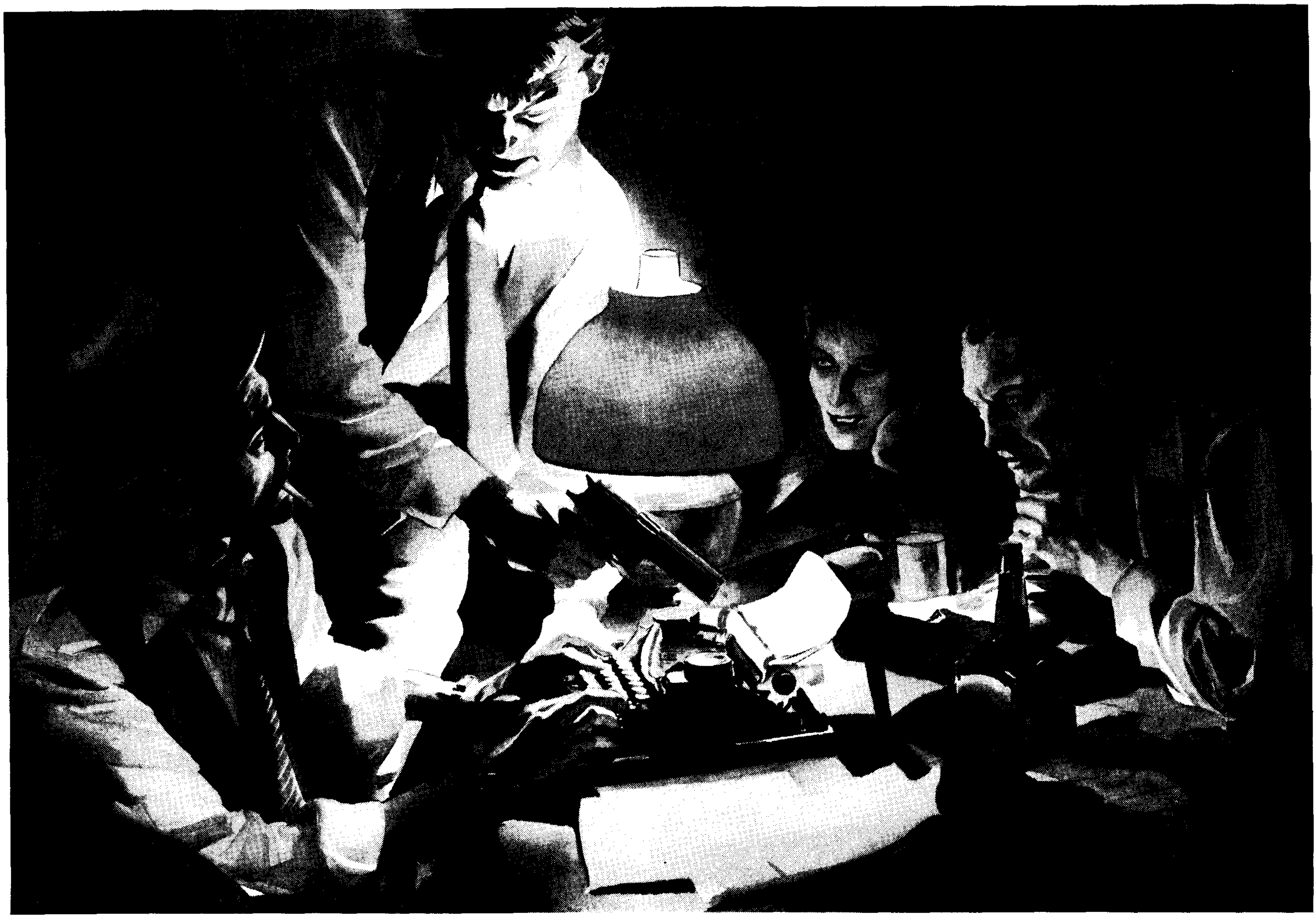
"I've never been defeated in my county of Shelby." It was not a boast. Ed Crump doesn't crow and neither does he eat crow. "I've been in politics for 37 years and have been elected 19 times and have helped in 64 other elections without a setback here at home. I'll go to the bridge with my friends, and I'll take 'em across the river, and I won't let 'em drown. Go out and ask the folks."

Out of his office, passing this framed prayer on the wall: "O Lord, keep me alive

(Continued on page 26)

WILLIAM DAY

It's heigh-de-hi and ho-de-ho, as Beale Street's belles strut their stuff for a loving-cup prize



"Now," Grimshaw said, "you write just how much you think your hide is worth to your newspaper"

Capital Offense

By Edwin P. Hicks

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Bill Partain, newspaperman, interviews a dangerous bandit. Then things begin to move faster than Partain anticipated—or wanted

THE fellow was just drunk enough to make Bill Partain wonder how drunk he really was.

He had come blundering into the newsroom thirty minutes before, while Partain was out on his night police beat, and he had inquired for Partain. When Partain had returned about 9 o'clock, the visitor in some way had got down into the composing room and was asking there for "Police Reporter Bill Partain." He had not recognized Partain on sight, and neither had Partain recognized him.

And then, back in the newsroom again, at the police reporter's desk, the stranger had talked wildly and drunkenly for a time about some petty thieves, then at large in the neighborhood.

And then, somehow, the talk had shifted to the nation's Public Enemy No. 1: at that time Baby Face Redfern, "phantom bandit killer" of the Ozark territory, which was largely served by the newspaper for which Partain worked.

Only the day before there had been a running gun fight between the officers and Redfern and his gang, near the Oklahoma-Arkansas border, up near the Missouri state line. A deputy sheriff had been wounded, probably fatally, by the bandits, who were using a tommy gun and firing through the back window of their heavy sedan.

"What do you know about Redfern?" asked Partain.

For answer the stranger swayed forward in his chair, stuck a hand deep into his trousers pocket, and pulled out a handful of empty .45-caliber cartridges.

The gesture was significant. The youth returned the empties to his pocket. The clothing he was wearing was of cheap material. A shock of whitish, yellow hair hung down under a boyish cap, a size too large for his tiny head. Pimples stuck out in angry red blotches on his nose and forehead and neck. His eyes were green and bloodshot. The boy couldn't have been over twenty.

"I'd like to see Redfern," said Partain. "It would make a reporter who could get to see him now and get a story from his lips."

"So we've heard," said the boy. "Maybe it could be arranged."

"You're pretty nervy," said Partain, "coming in here and talking to me. What if I call the police?"

"Go ahead and call. I ain't got nothing to fear more than a drunkenness hitch, I guess. I've been in the racket, all right; but I've served my stretch."

"No," said Partain, "I won't call the police. I'd like for you to get word to Redfern that I want to interview him."

"Redfern eats up publicity," said the youth. "If he could trust you, he'd let you have the story. Understand, there ain't going to be no trapping him. He won't arrange it that way."

"I know," said Partain. "I'll be at his mercy. I'll meet him any time, any place he says. He can fix it so I couldn't possibly trap him."

"And what are you going to say in that story?"

"I'll say just what Redfern tells me to say. I'll bring along my portable typewriter and some paper and I'll write—just what he says. I'll bring a camera, too, and make pictures, if he'll let me."

"All right. I ain't sayin' when, and I ain't sayin' how, but sometime within the next thirty days you'll get a call."

"Now wait a minute," said Partain. "How do I know Redfern will play fair with me? He might get sore at me or suspicious of me and knock me off."

"Baby Face wouldn't hurt a flea," said the youth, with a grin. "He's got some men with him that would kill you at the

(Continued on page 44)

King of the Firsters

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

WHY I was walking across Brooklyn Bridge that midnight is neither here nor there. The fact is I was. Midway over I met Mr. Milo Meechem. Perhaps "met" is not just the word to describe grabbing a total stranger by the seat of his pants as he is about to jump to a dank doom. He struggled in my grasp but rather perfunctorily, I thought; and his protests that I had no right to keep him from ending it all struck me as merely formal.

There is a handy tavern near the Manhattan end of the bridge, and thither I marched him, sat him down, and poured into him three inches of liquid fortitude. I examined the candidate for a watery grave and found him to be a small, sober, neat man of thirty in a good gray suit.

"I'm mighty glad you happened along," he said. "I acted on an impulse. I won't try it again. There must be some other way out of my trouble than a wet one."

"What trouble?" I asked.

"The irony of fate has stabbed me in the back," he said.

"Victim of the recession?"

"Not me," he said. "My dad left me a nice little insurance business. All I have to do is collect the commissions, and that takes only a couple of days a month. I'm sitting soft, thank you."

"You don't look sick," I observed.

"First-class risk in any company," he said. "Eat like a wolf, sleep like a babe, and can chin myself ten times."

"Nor," I went on, "do you look like a criminal fleeing from the scene of some grisly crime with his conscience and the cops at his heels."

"THANK you," he said. "I never broke a law in my life, if you don't count double parking."

"Domestic difficulties?"

"Bachelor," was his answer. And he sighed.

"Ah," I exclaimed, "unlucky in love."

"On the contrary. Marvelously lucky. I've found the one girl for me."

"But she will have none of you, is that it?"

"It is not. She thinks the sun rises and sets in my vest pocket."

I tried one last shot.

"Some men," I said, "get tired of plodding along doing nothing that amounts to anything, being nobodies—"

"I," he cut in stiffly, "am a somebody. I am Milo Meechem."

I could see he expected me to know the name. I didn't.

"Guess you don't read the papers," Milo Meechem said. "My name is in them often. In the headlines, too. With my picture, sometimes. Last time it said 'Meechem Does It Again.'"

"Does what?"

"Gets there first."

"Gets where?"

"Anywhere," he said, and into his somewhat froggish eyes came the rapt glow that radiates from a high and holy cause. "They call me the king of the firsters."

He saw my blank look.

"Who was the first man in Radio City Music Hall?" he asked me.

He had me there.

"It was yours truly, Milo Meechem," he said. "I waited at the box office twenty-one hours. I was so tired I slept through the show—but I was the first man inside when the doors opened. Who was the first passenger in the elevator to the top of the Empire State Building?"

I knew the answer this time.

"And first through the Holland Tunnel, and the Lincoln Tunnel, and across the Tri-Boro Bridge?" he rushed on, ecstatically. "I was, and I have clippings home to prove it."

The king of the firsters bought a drink.

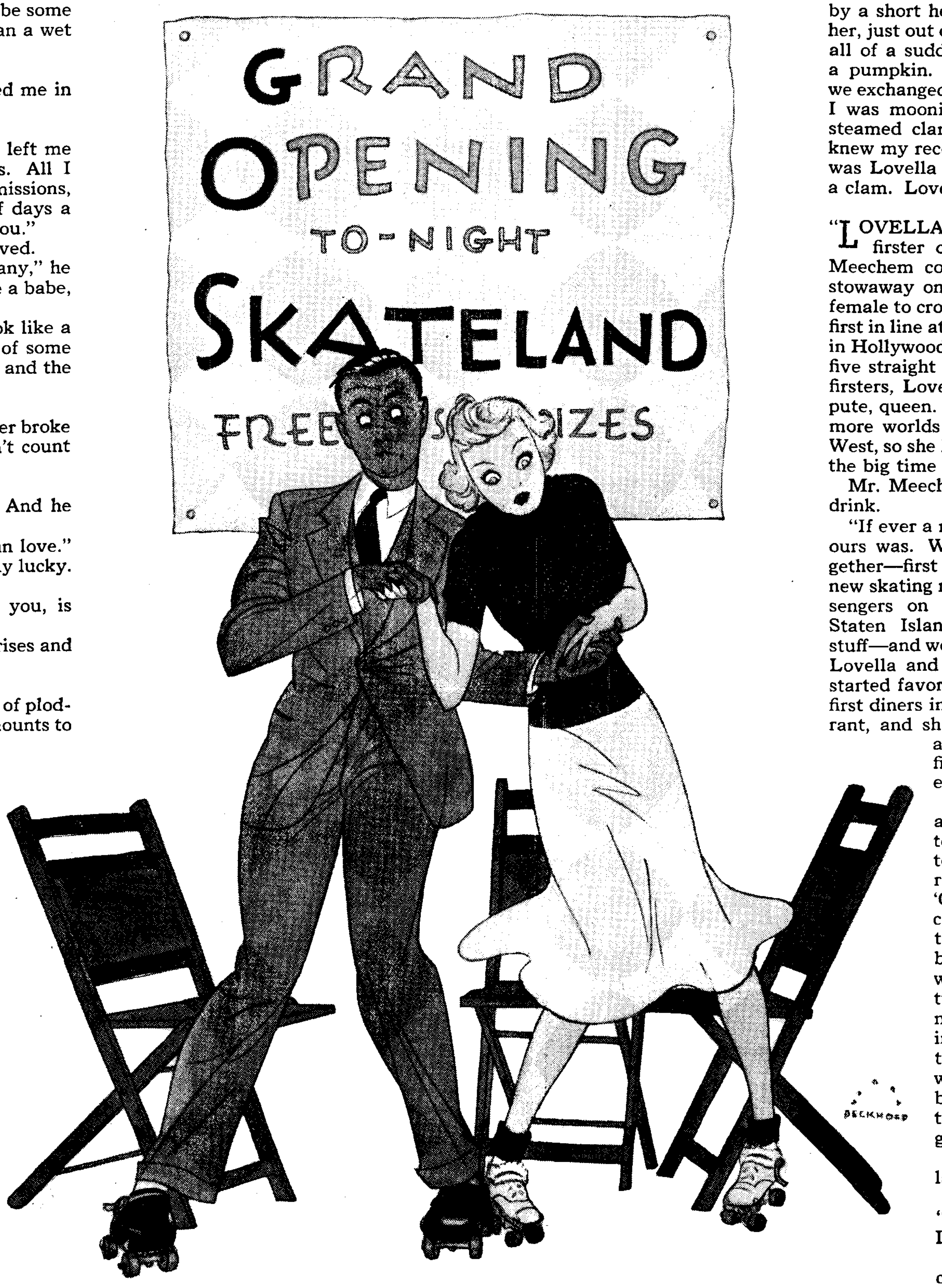
"I started in a modest way," he said. "Just being the first kid in the park when the baseball season opened. Then I branched out and was always first in line at the World Series. One year I waited forty-nine hours at the Polo Grounds' box office. I was offered all kinds of money for my place. Lots of other fellows wanted the honor. The competition among us firsters is keen. But nobody's really in my class. They're willing, but they lack my technique."

"You would not have been the first to hop off Brooklyn Bridge," I pointed out. "Steve Brodie beat you to it."

"Yes, I know," he said morosely. "But the way I felt just then I couldn't wait for 'em to build a new bridge. I'd just come from proposing to my girl—"

"She turned you down?"

"She accepted me one hundred per cent," he said.



We did a bit of firsting together—routine stuff—and we were very happy

"So you tried to jump in the river," I said. "It's a unique way of announcing an engagement."

"If you only knew—" he began.

"Knew what?"

"Things grow on you. I started being a firster for the fun of it and now it's got a grip on me, like a disease or a religion. Being first takes time and concentration, so I never bothered about women or such goings-on. I guess you'd call me career-conscious."

Again I saw that glow in those froggish eyes.

"Couple of months ago I went down to Coney Island to make the opening of a new Ferris wheel," continued Mr. Meechem. "It was a minor affair, but I'm keeping in training for the World's Fair next year. Naturally I was the first person in the first car, beating a girl to it by a short head. Naturally I looked at her, just out of professional interest, and all of a sudden my heart got as big as a pumpkin. As the wheel spun round we exchanged eyes and next thing I knew I was mooning at her over a mess of steamed clams. She knew who I was, knew my record. When she told me she was Lovella Curley I nearly choked on a clam. Lovella Curley!

"LOVELLA CURLEY is the champion firster of the Pacific Coast," Mr. Meechem continued; "the first girl to stowaway on a transpacific plane; first female to cross the Golden Gate Bridge; first in line at every big picture première in Hollywood; first in the Rose Bowl for five straight years! If I am king of the firsters, Lovella Curley is, beyond dispute, queen. She told me there were no more worlds for her to conquer in the West, so she had come east to break into the big time and cross lances with me."

Mr. Meechem pulled moodily on his drink.

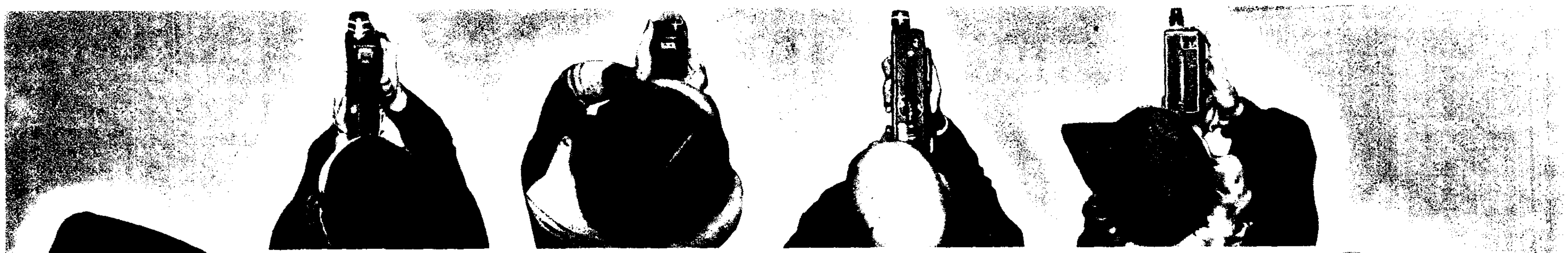
"If ever a match was made in heaven, ours was. We did a bit of firsting together—first couple on the floor at that new skating rink in the Bronx; first passengers on the maiden voyage of a Staten Island ferryboat—just routine stuff—and we were very happy together, Lovella and I. Then came tonight. It started favorably enough. We were the first diners in a new health-food restaurant, and shared a beefsteak made of acorns, and planned some firsting that would make the eyes of the world pop out.

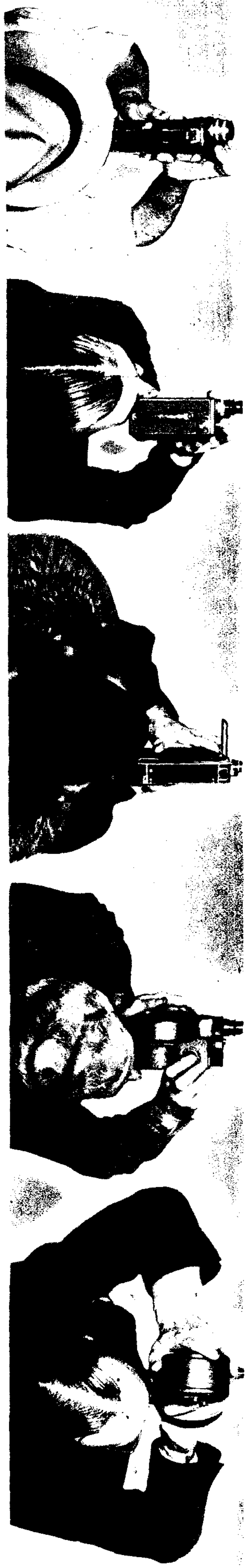
"When we got back to her apartment, I pulled myself together and asked Lovella to be my mate. She jumped right on my lap and said, 'Oh, Milo, we can be the first couple married at the church they just finished in Flatbush.' I was on top of the world, and then, kaboom, I tumbled down a million miles to the bottom of nothing. Lovella told me something — the last thing I wanted to hear. My world's been banged to bits, but I think in time I can put it together again."

He started to go. I collared him.

"No you don't," I said. "Not till you tell me what Lovella told you."

"She told me," Mr. Meechem said, "that she is a widow."





PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Homemade Hollywood

By John R. Tunis

YOU hate to have a tooth pulled—who doesn't? Most of us put it off as long as possible. A young dentist in Bowling Green, Kentucky, found this out when he couldn't get any clients. Being an amateur movie maker, he determined to put his hobby to work. Accordingly he took a complete reel of a tooth extraction showing the patient able to rise from the chair and walk unassisted from the room. Then he exhibited the movie to the farmers in the county to prove that yanking a tooth was less than a major operation.

This is merely to suggest that amateur movie makers are not, as you might imagine from watching them at large, completely whacky. They're only nuts about their own hobby. Seems as if everyone is pushing the button nowadays, and among the devotees or fans or nuts or whatever you call them are celebrities like Rudy Vallee, Postmaster General Farley, the Duke of Windsor, Gene Tunney, Leslie Howard and Bing Crosby. What's the reason for the amazing growth of the amateur picture-taking hobby?

Reason Number One: All Americans love to tinker with machinery. Another is that movie making is a quickly learned pastime, demanding no special strength, no muscular co-ordination, and no hours spent learning a technique like bridge or golf. But the chief reason is that the world is picture-conscious today. Pictures have become the universal means of communication.

Movie making often leads folks into queer places. At the age of ten, Richard L. Bare of Modesto, California, was given a toy projector by his dad. He began to hold movie shows—admission one pin. By high school he had become a movie director with a staff of ten, and produced a thriller called "West of the Rio Grande," which was shown for two nights in the school auditorium and made money. In college he majored in cinematography. "The Oval Mirror," which he adapted from an Edgar Allan Poe story, won him the Paul Muni Award for the best nontheatrical film of 1934. Today Richard is launched on a movie career.

Amateurs with Practical Ideas

When you think of movies today, what does it bring to mind? Garbo and Gable, no doubt; Joan Crawford and Freddy March. That's wrong. Because the movies are much more than professionals on the lot. They are the millions of amateur movie fiends who often use their films to advantage in many ways.

Even some of the movie stars are amateurs themselves when it comes to taking pictures. Leslie Howard has devoted much time and effort to getting good movies of his family. But you don't have to be famous to make good amateur pictures. Dr. J. R. Jarvis of Van Wert, Ohio, made a 150-foot 8mm. movie of the delivery of twins by the help of a special kind of obstetrical instrument of his own invention. This movie was the first of its kind that had ever been taken. In Flint, Michigan, police-department officials snapped drunken drivers staggering into the station house at night, and then flashed the pictures on the screen the next morning. Naturally the drivers lacked the nerve to plead not guilty. These movie makers saw life as a series of dramatic incidents that could be crystallized on the film for the benefit of humanity. Your own job may have a side light worthy of picturization.

Keep your camera handy. It may pay you a profit. The taking of amateur movies offers a field to youngsters and unemployed persons of both sexes who have intelligence and imagination. Some, like Richard Bare, have opened up careers with their cameras. An enthusiastic amateur who found his machine paid dividends was Waldo E. Austin of Richmond. Traveling about the country, he films historical and civic events for local organizations, and in one year has found two sponsors. In connection with the Richmond Bicentennial last fall, an industrial bank sponsored one of his movies on the historical and aesthetic attractions of the city. It was turned over to the Conservation Commission for distfibution and as a permanent item in the library of Virginia subjects, being available on loan to all civic bodies and free of advertising save for the photographer's credit line.

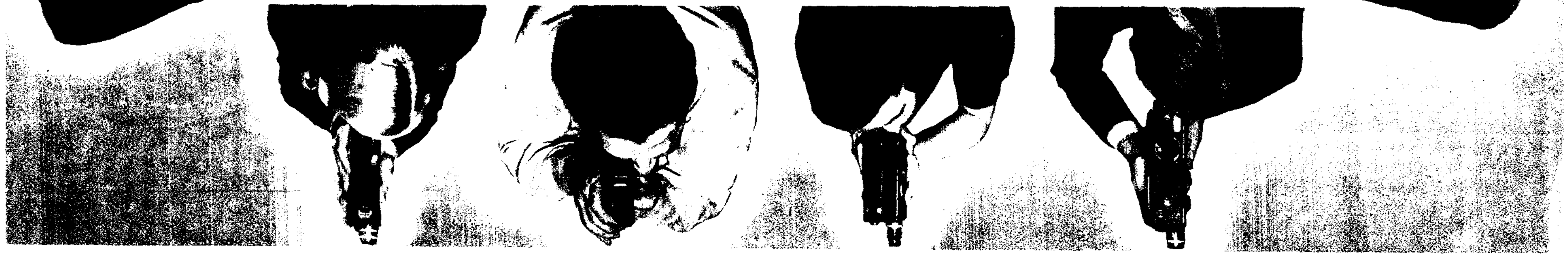
Lots of Fun at Little Expense

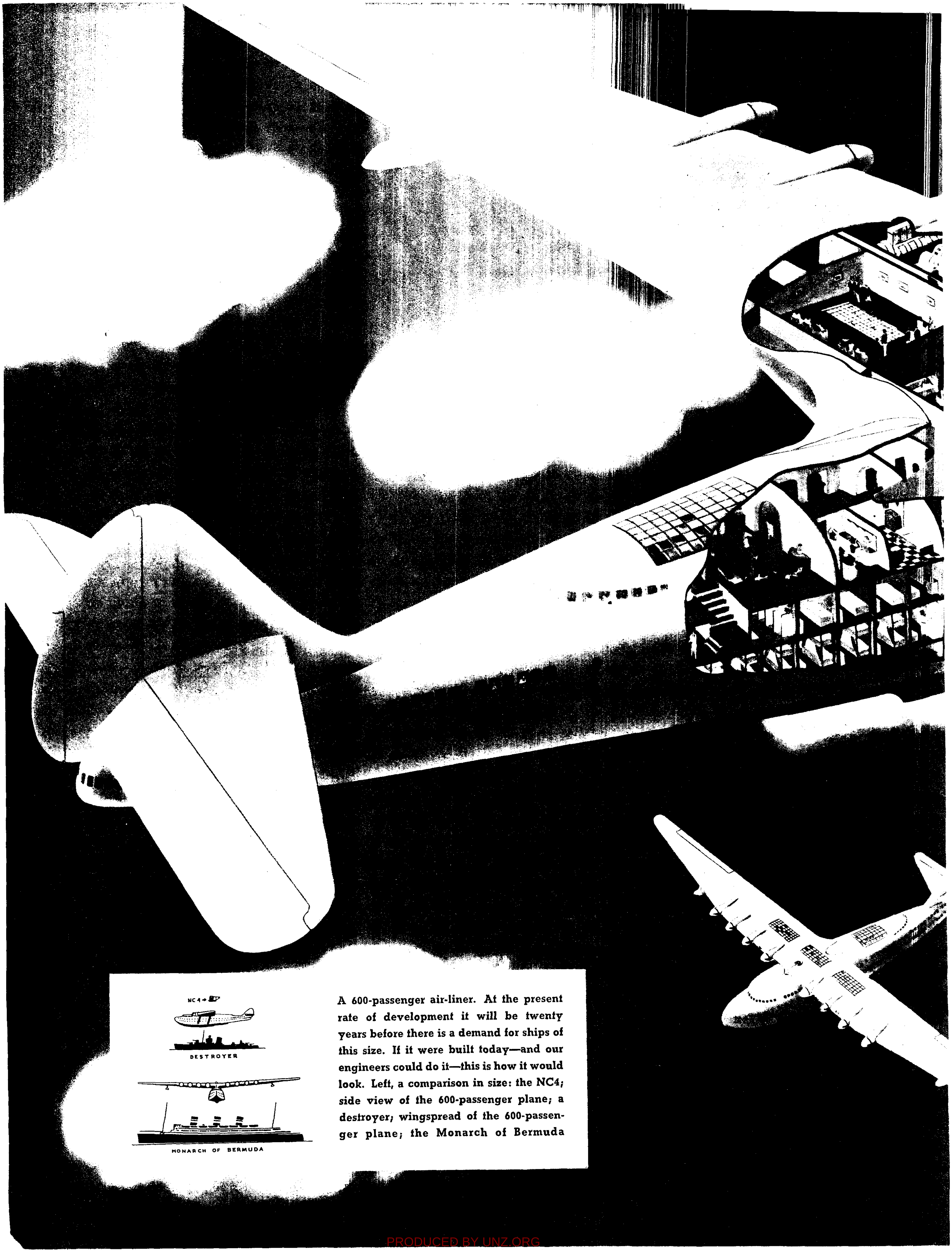
Often youngsters have picked up loose change by the ingenious use of dad's camera. Two lads living near a golf course took pictures of players unaware they were being snapped. The boys sold the developed pictures to players who were anxious to correct the faults of their swing. A couple of Rochester University scientists, Drs. Gordon Ide and Stafford L. Warren, have made a remarkable color movie of cancer by placing tiny transparent windows in the ear of a rabbit, and planting a cancerous growth in the tissue of the ear. This is the first picture ever shown the world of the spread of this disease. Magnified 150,000 times on the screen, it portrayed the particles of living cancer moving swiftly through the blood stream.

Today almost every third person appears to be an amateur movie maker. That's because prices have come down in late years, and now there's a low entrance fee for the fellow who has to watch his budget. You can get basic equipment—which means a camera, a projector and a screen—for as little as twenty-five dollars. With this outfit your pictures cost about forty cents a minute. If you're a beginner, a secondhand camera can be obtained for about twenty dollars, and will give really excellent results.

Fortunately for the amateur movie nut, modern cameras are so constructed that the problem at present is not how to take a picture but what to take. Many amateurs produce results that are excellent from the start. That's because they have mastered a few simple rules of the game. Movie making is a rapidly learned pastime; the eighth art is the art for the average man. Moreover, you get immediate results. But this simplicity is its very danger. You have to be careful about several elementary things. What are the mistakes of the beginner? To find out, ask Colonel Roy Winton of the Amateur Cinema League of New York.

The A. C. L., as it is known to its members, is a nonprofit-making organization that *(Continued on page 52)*



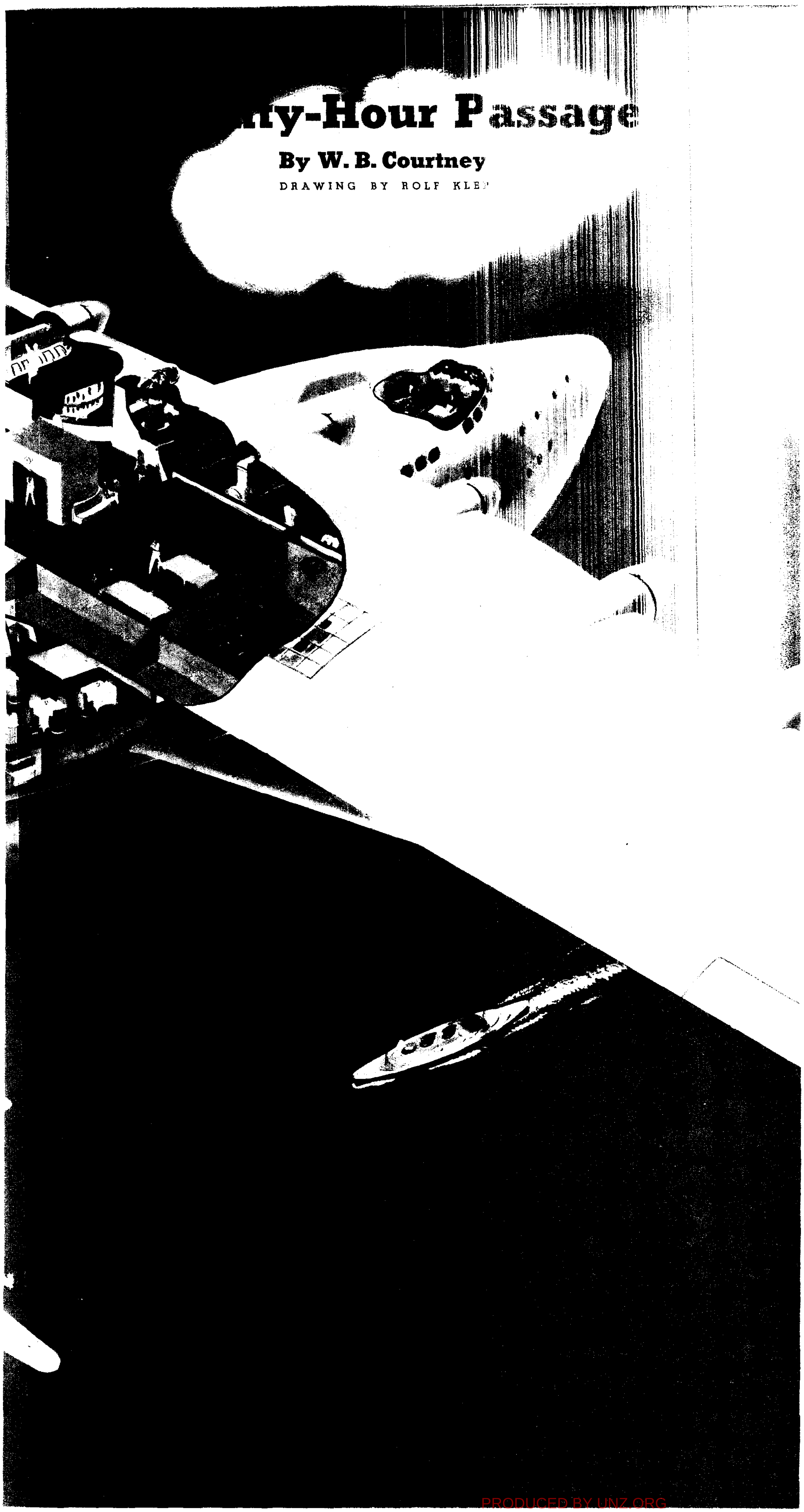


A 600-passenger air-liner. At the present rate of development it will be twenty years before there is a demand for ships of this size. If it were built today—and our engineers could do it—this is how it would look. Left, a comparison in size: the NC4; side view of the 600-passenger plane; a destroyer; wingspread of the 600-passenger plane; the Monarch of Bermuda

y-Hour Passage

By W. B. Courtney

DRAWING BY ROLF KLE



IT WAS a long, long trail from Rockaway; and while the stormy morning of May 17, 1919, wore on toward noon there were moments when six young naval men could be forgiven for expecting it to wind up in a nightmare rather than in a land of fulfilled dreams.

A thousand feet below, the cross seas of a brewing mid-Atlantic gale tumbled and spat. Closer, a thick mist boiled, through which the anxious eyes of the men in the plane glimpsed the water but seldom. Above, fog and clouds blended into a forbidding mass that defied every attempt the pilot made to find a clear level. They had pushed their ship's four Liberty motors to high speed because she felt unstable at cruising pitch; and now every wire and spar and wing joined the tumult.

This was the NC4 of the United States Navy Seaplane Division Number One: young Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Read, navigator and in charge. With him were Lieutenants Stone and Hinton, pilots; Lieutenant Breeze, engineer; Chief Machinist's Mate Rhodes, as reserve engineer; and Ensign Rodd, wireless. Somewhere, hidden by the encompassing murk, were two sister planes; the NC's 1 and 3, comprising the rest of the division, the whole in charge of Commander John H. Towers. These flying boats, largest in the world then, had been constructed for World War use; the original idea was to fly them to Europe for submarine fighting. The Armistice, that preceding autumn, robbed the project of its martial purpose; the Navy carried on in a spirit of service trial and scientific research. On the 16th they left Newfoundland for the Azores; three ships of the air eastbound for the first time in history.

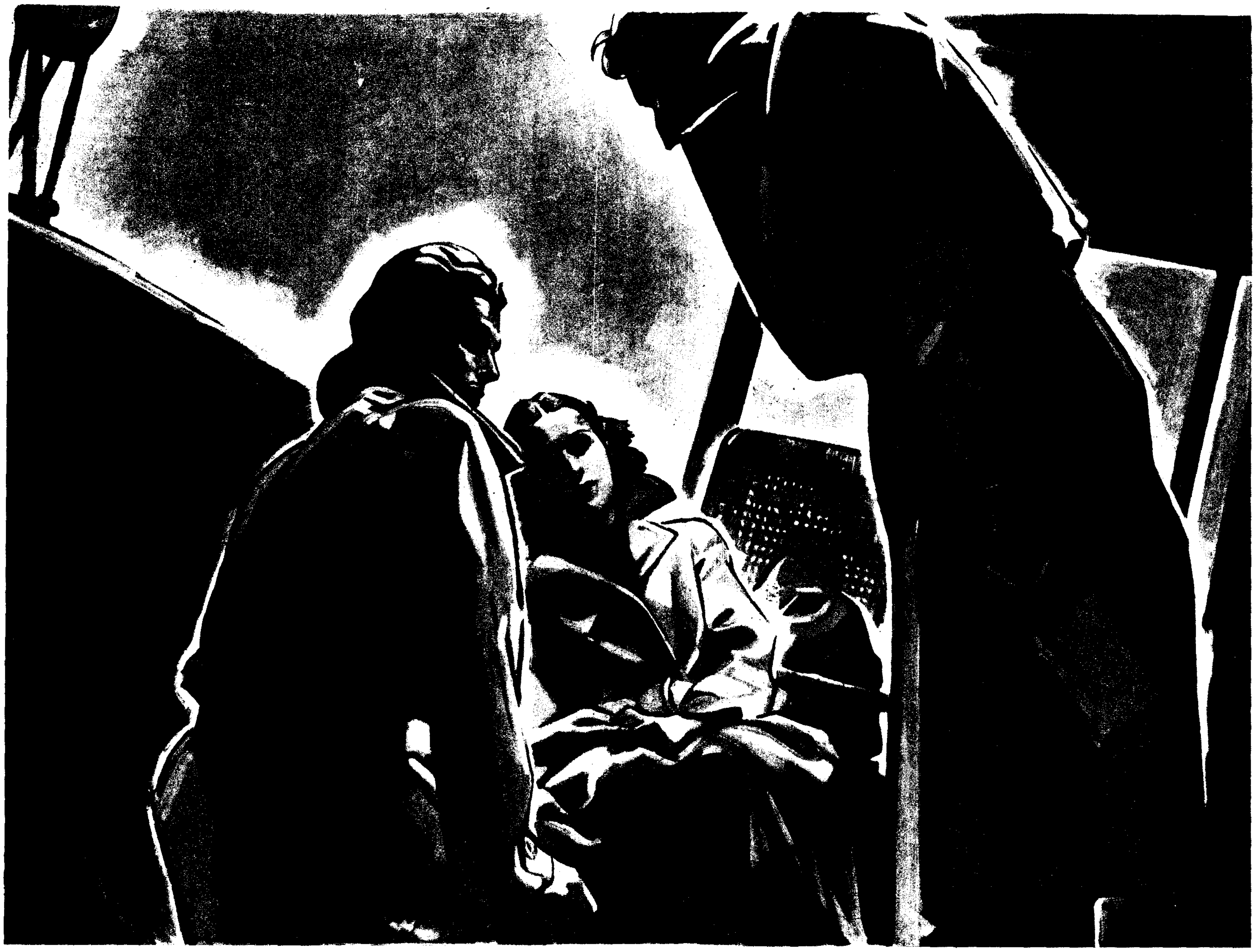
In the afternoon formation was maintained, but that night the weather closed down and each NC was on her own.

Now, in the second afternoon, Commander Read's NC4, because of her stepped-up speed, had gone far ahead. Today there was no sun; last night there had been no "stars, in borrowed light" to guide her on the dangerous way. Read snatched at every tear in the storm rack; but sextants were little more useful on the NC4 than a stove lid would have been. Teamwork and persistence, skill and brains—these were the qualities, liberally combined in that Navy crew, that finally brought them late in the afternoon of the 17th to the little port of Horta. The no less gallant men of the sister NC's, dogged by wretched luck, were out of the enterprise. Meanwhile, every factor of weather and mechanics set a tide against the NC4. Gale and fog and mountainous seas kept her in the Azores for nine days. Engine trouble downed her twice in Portugal. But Commander Read and his comrades were riding with destiny; and on the afternoon of May 31, 1919, they landed at Plymouth, England, and brought their epic adventure to an end.

The Atlantic Ocean had been flown by man in a heavier-than-air machine for the first time. Fittingly enough, the NC4 came down on the waters of the Devonshire harbor whence the Mayflower had sailed.

Thus, first wings over the Atlantic were sewn on the spangled lapels of Uncle Sam, already heavy with so many initial honors of the air. It had been a bit of a race; two British teams, with landplanes, poised in Newfoundland about the same time. Folks, therefore, on both sides of the ocean rather looked upon Read's achievement as sporting, dashing, romantic, but more interesting than important. You did not look up from your coffee-stained morning paper and exclaim, "By jeepers, m'dear, here 'tis—the first bright filament of a web that will be spun around the earth by Yankee gumption!" Certainly, if you

(Continued on page 35)



"Please don't go," said Frayle with his well-modulated sarcasm. "This is going to be fun. The more the merrier"

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN the wealthy P. G. Bonner dies, after being accused of working as a Japanese agent, his daughter, Dorothy, sails secretly from San Francisco on a Japanese boat: the Kumo-maru. Among her fellow passengers are: Charles Frayle, her fiancé; General Rodriguez, a mysterious South American; William Cuttle, who claims to be a detective; Millicent Greeve, a gay middle-aged dipsomaniac; George Willowby; Jeremy Hood; and Glen Larkin, star correspondent for a great news syndicate, who has orders to keep an eye on Dorothy Bonner.

There is also a stowaway on board—an ex-convict and a drug addict. His name is Arthur Bonner. He is Dorothy's brother. Outside the Golden Gate, strange things begin to happen. Someone attacks General Rodriguez, and steals an important contract from him. The contract, it appears, has to do with the sale of vanadium to Japan. A Mr. Shima, who is on board, is much upset by the episode; he accuses the general of "selling out" to someone.

Dorothy Bonner comes to Larkin, gives him an envelope (sealed), tells him that she will pay him five thousand dollars if, on his arrival in Japan, he will deliver it to the Naval Ministry. In love with the girl from the moment he first meets her, Larkin is nevertheless suspicious. He opens the envelope. It contains photostatic specifications for the construction of an American naval antiaircraft gun.

More shocks follow. Arthur Bonner is murdered. The ship's doctor, Bioki, is stabbed to death, with one of his own surgical instruments. Then, almost under Larkin's nose, the envelope entrusted to him by Dorothy is stolen!

Wondering what is going on around him, Larkin receives a radiogram from his San Francisco office. It informs him that Dorothy Bonner will be arrested in Honolulu.

On a quiet deck at night, Larkin and Dorothy have a long talk. The girl astounds him by telling him that she loves him! She reveals much of her past, and her father's. She asserts that General Rodriguez is trying to freeze her, as her father's heir, out of a combination that is selling Japan huge quantities of vanadium.

Larkin suggests that Dorothy and he make a call on Mr. Jeremy Hood. Before he can elaborate on the idea, he hears footsteps. Peering through the darkness, he sees a familiar form. "I imagine," he says slowly, "that it's our ubiquitous Mr. Frayle."

VII

CHARLES FRAYLE materialized jauntily out of the gloom. He chuckled as he advanced.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that I've come upon you."

"I'm afraid you haven't," said Larkin. "I'm afraid you've been standing by for some time. I hope you were edified and entertained."

"I was chagrined and heartbroken," said Frayle carelessly, "to find that you exert such romantic fascination on my fiancée."

"Your ex-fiancée," Larkin said.

"As sudden as all that?" inquired Frayle, suppressing a yawn.

"Very sudden, Charlie," Dorothy said at last. "But very real. You'll want words with me, of course. . . ."

"We'll have some light, first . . . if your hair's not too badly mussed." Frayle reached up and turned on an electric light fixed in an overhead beam. Larkin had not noticed it before. He wondered vaguely who had turned it off.

"You'll probably want to explain in private," Larkin said. "If my presence is embarrassing—"

"Please don't go," said Frayle with his disagreeably pleasant smile and well-modulated sarcasm. "This is going to be fun. The more the merrier. Unless, of course, you yourself feel embarrassed."

"My face isn't even a delicate pink," Larkin said.

Dorothy went over to Frayle and put one hand on his shoulder. She said: "Charlie, I've fallen in love with Glen Larkin—just like that."

"Congratulations," said Frayle. "You've picked a beaut."

"He's in love with me, too," Dorothy continued. "So that sort of washes us up, doesn't it, Charlie?"

"Does it?" said Frayle. His blond eyebrows went up quizzically.

"You know I've never been in love with you, Charlie," the girl said. "I've been terribly fond of you, and I still am. I've always been frank about it. I like you and I admire you, and you said that no man can ask more. But a woman can, Charlie. I didn't realize it before, but I do now. And since I've found what I must have wanted all along, you can understand that I'm going to keep it."

(Continued on page 60)

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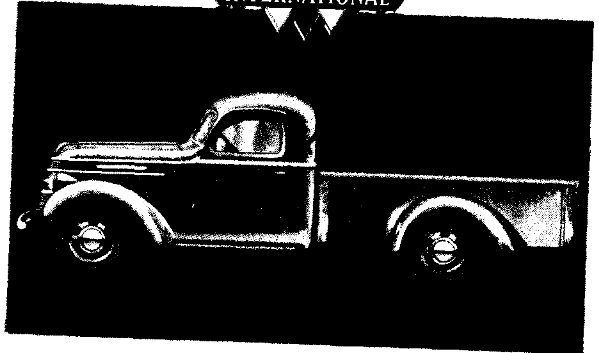

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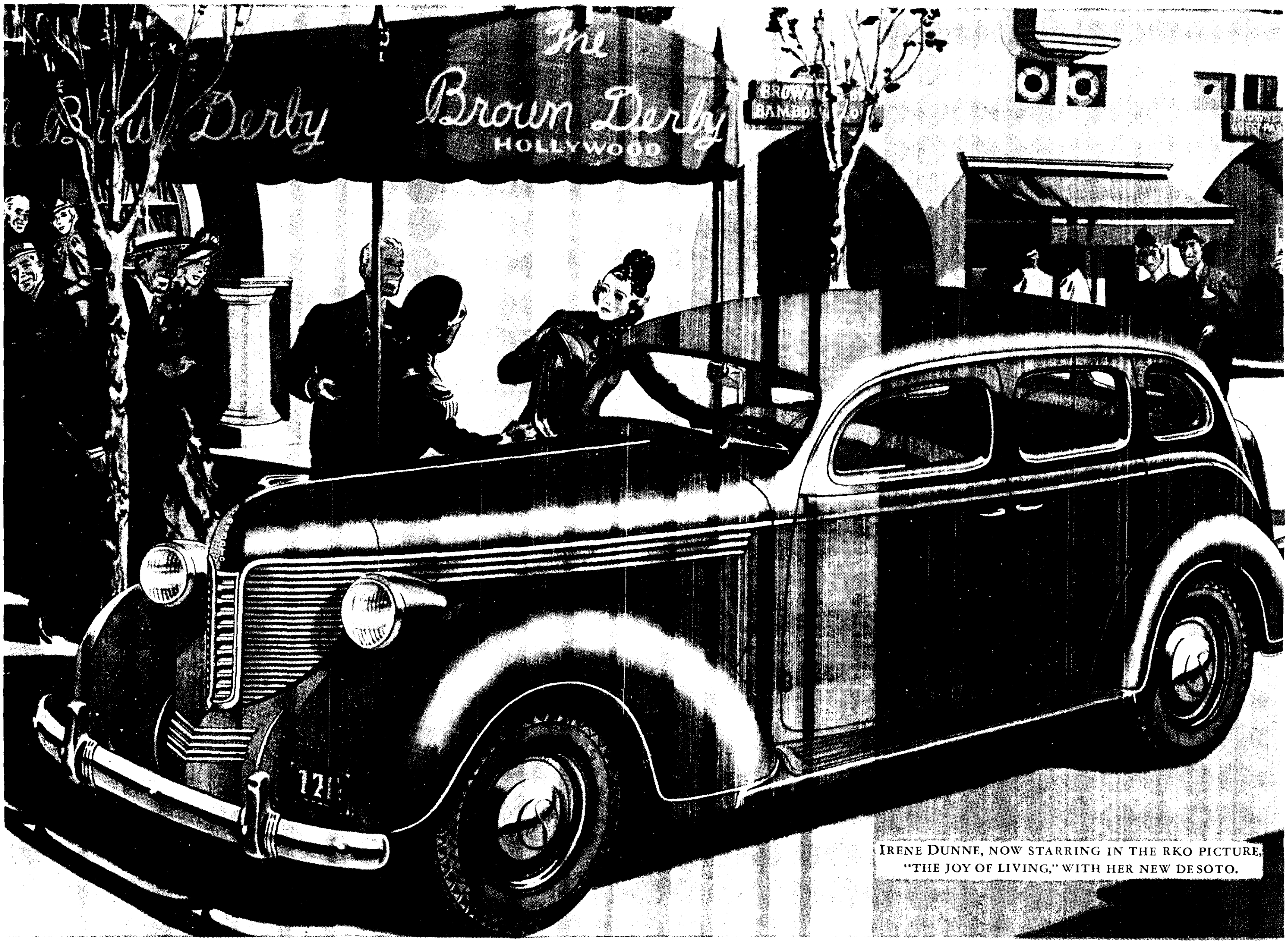

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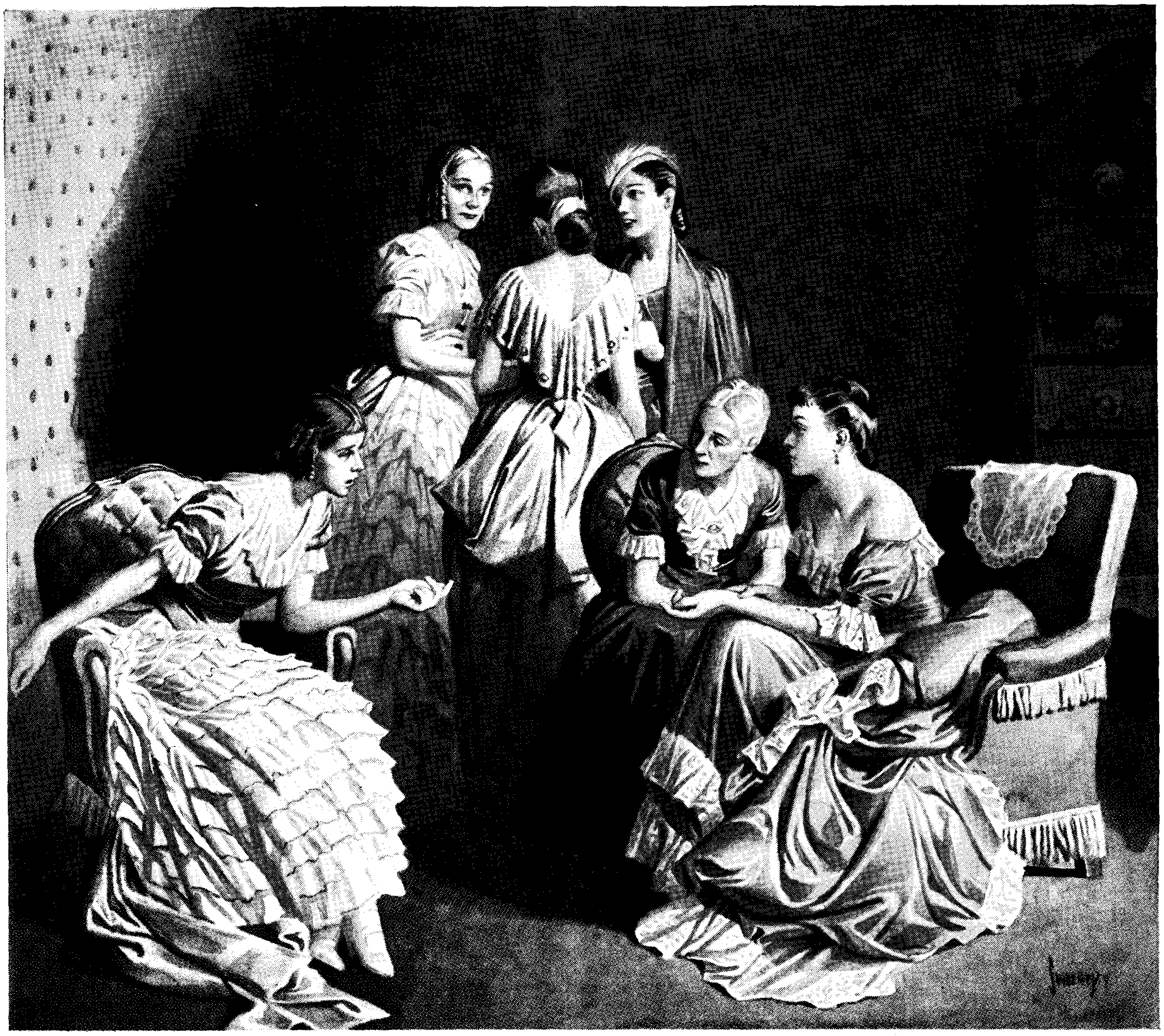


In the living room, Sally joined the women, and was careful how she treated them

Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Sally Bidwell, and certain that Sally loves him, Owen Merritt, a young cattleman in the Piute Desert country, receives a shock: Sally marries Will Isberg, owner of the Skull outfit.

Shortly before the wedding (in The Wells, a tiny cattle town), Isberg and Merritt meet. Isberg says: "If there's going to be any trouble between us, I'd like to know it now." Merritt's reply is brief: "I congratulate you, Will." But he is otherwise noncommittal.

Then, in a final talk with Sally, Merritt urges her to be sure, before it is too late, that the rich, forty-year-old Isberg will bring her happiness. The girl is adamant; her decision, she says firmly, is irrevocably made.

A few minutes later Merritt encounters Hugh Clagg, a ranchman from the Broken Buttes country. Clagg and Merritt have been enemies for years. But heretofore Clagg—who has come to The Wells to celebrate the wedding—has not been an ally of the Skull crowd. Merritt suspects that he and Isberg have come to some secret agreement.

The young cattleman's suspicions are well founded. Clagg is deep in a plot against Merritt. He is accompanied by four of his men: Ray Neale, Pete Mariels, Tempe Killeen and Lee Repp. Repp, according to a well-formulated plan, is to draw Merritt into a quarrel and, with the aid of Clagg's hirelings, kill him. But the plot miscarries—when Lee Repp, feigning drunkenness, insults Sally Bidwell in Merritt's presence, Merritt promptly knocks him down. And the gang cannot attack Merritt, since, quite by chance, two of his friends—Juke Slover and Bourke Prine—happen to be present at the time.

Merritt does not go to the wedding. Following the encounter with Repp, he mounts his horse and leaves The Wells. Bourke Prine accompanies him. No sooner have they ridden away than Clagg and his men prepare to follow them.

Moving through the darkness, Prine says: "It was a hell of a thing to happen, and you let it happen, Owen. It is none of my business, but I'd like to know *why*."

II

OWEN MERRITT let the silence drag until Prine thought his partner meant to refuse an answer. But then Merritt said, quite slowly, as if the words were hard in coming: "I went to her at the hotel. I asked her if she was sure she had figured it out right. She said she had. So that was all."

"No," answered Bourke Prine. "No, that wasn't all. You put a question to a woman just like you were pointin' a gun at her head. What the hell were you doin'—just standin' there? What sort of an answer you think a woman would make, asked that way? I never saw you back up before. You just quit."

"Woman's heart is one thing," said Owen Merritt. "Her mind is another. I told you this before. Sally had made up her mind. Suppose I argued her out of it? We'd both remember she once figured the other way. We'd remember it a long time."

Bourke grumbled, "I don't get it at all."

"All right," said Owen Merritt, "I'll make it plain, and then we'll say no more."

His words came slower and dryer and with no emphasis at all. Bourke felt the big man was pushing his explanation up through bitterness. "She's an ambitious girl, Bourke. She made up her mind long ago to be something better than her people. Look at them. Love Bidwell's a shiftless Southerner. Poor white trash. Her brother Starr ain't worth a damn. She saw her mother work like a horse to keep the family alive and decent. She saw her mother die—out of shame, mostly, for what the menfolks were. You know the kind of a shack they live in, and the hardscrabble outfit they've got. Sally had that burned into her. It left a mark. She made up her mind she wouldn't let any man pull her down like they had pulled her mother down. She's got a will and a lot of pride. You want to know what's back of all this? Well, here it is. She figured to do everything her dad didn't do. So here's Isberg and here's Skull, and now she's got her place—the wife of the Piute's richest man, who is boss of the biggest outfit in the state. That's it."

Bourke kept still, and they rode a mile or better through the black until he had digested it. Then he said, disbelief in his voice: "A woman doesn't do a thing

(Continued on page 53)

Mista Crump Keeps Rollin' Along

Continued from page 16

while I'm living," and down Main Street to the hotel where Jim Maury was lolling in an easy chair, studying his drink—a bubbling concoction of bourbon. Jim downed it and smacked his thin lips and ran his fingers through his gray hair.

"Well, *now,* I'll tell you about Ed Crump." He blinked his eyes, sucked his teeth and jerked his head when he talked. "Ed Crump is the finest bygod peckerwood in these parts."

With that off his belt and his bourbon under it, Jim Maury of the Maury County Maurys took two hours to tell why Ed Crump is the finest "peckerwood in these parts."

"A friend of mine did Ed Crump a favor a long time ago, and when my friend needed help he went to the Red Snapper, and the Red Snapper put his arm around my friend's shoulder and said he'd go to the bridge with him. Know what going to the bridge means? It means he'll go whole hog or nothing, and go all the way. That's how come Ed Crump is the boss down here, and I'd better not hear of no blue-bellied Yankee saying hard things about him."

Crump has been going to the bridge with friends for quite a spell, and the trips have paid good dividends. He never forgets a favor. And he never forgives a grudge. He'll give you the shirt off his back if he likes you, but he'll take your hide off if he doesn't.

"Messing Round" with Politics

There was the time many years ago when a loquacious young redneck in pegged pants came over from Louisiana to sell lard to the grocers along Beale Street. Crump was in a political fight, and the pegged-pants peddler let his lard melt in the sun while he went into the vineyard for the Red Snapper. He learned a heap about politics and more about folks, and then he picked up his lard buckets and went away. He never had occasion to remind Ed Crump of the favor until the Democratic National Convention in 1932 when the lard salesman was fighting for his political life. The test was whether his delegation from Louisiana would be seated, or if his enemies could douse his star forever. He needed every vote, so he went to the Red Snapper.

"Mr. Crump," he said, "I'm Huey Long. I did you a favor once."

The Memphis boss smiled. "I'll go to the bridge with you, boy."

The Long delegation was seated.

Crump was born in Marshall County, Mississippi, on October 2, 1875, on a farm "so far from town that the sun rose and set between his house and the post office." The yellow-fever epidemic of 1879 took his father, and his mother sent him through public school. He had freckles then and the boys called him Red, and he was the "swappin'est young'un that ever came down the pike."

Red could plow a straight furrow before the freckles left his face, and could make a balky mule take orders. The boy learned a valuable lesson from mules, that the best way to keep them happy and working is to feed them regularly and pat them on the back.

At seventeen, he poked an umbrella under his arm, wrapped his lunch in a paper sack and rode his mule to Holly Springs, Mississippi, and went to Memphis where he hired out as a cashier and credit man. He learned another valuable lesson then, for his section of the South always has been a land of credit and carry, and the best way to keep a fellow hitched is to keep him in debt to you, and feed him while he's tied.

He bought a buggy and saddle business and at 21 began "messing round" with politics in the old Fourth Ward, the Bowery of Memphis. There was a mannish odor of good leather and good grease around Crump's buggy and saddle store, an odor naturally conducive to good fellowship and politics. The boys reckoned Red Crump was a "right pert fellow—sharp as a brier" and they sent him to the Board of Aldermen when he was 26. He hasn't been headed since.

Memphis had a boss in those days named "Pappy" Hadden, and "Pappy" always rode to the City Hall on a mule. Crump beat "Pappy" and the mule, and in 1909 went into the mayor's office as a reformist. Memphis has never been bothered seriously with one of those things since.

When Crump became mayor he became the Red Snapper, and one of his first visitors was W. C. Handy, a Beale Street musician who had wanted to be a preacher.

"Howdy, Mister Crump," said Handy, baring his head and bowing low.

"Howdy, Bill," said the Red Snapper.

"I've written a little song for you," Handy explained, and in a melancholy, boom-boom chant he sang "Mister Crump don't 'low no easy riders here."

The Memphis Blues it became, the first of the blues, the campaign song of the Red Snapper, the battle anthem of Beale Street. Easy riders are loafers, low-down, no-count trash who spend their days barrel-housing and funning when they should be working on the levees. Handy, incidentally, later wrote the St. Louis Blues and became famous. A drummer in his band was named Jasbow, and he gave the world the new word jazz while Handy was giving us a new rhythm.

Memphis is a good-time city. It always has been. Good-timing is one of the blessings, or curses, of cotton and the river. But when prohibition came along some of the folks reckoned the Tennessee temperance law should be taken seriously. It was like trying to check the Mississippi, but a howl went up that the Crump machine was being nourished by sinners.

C. P. J. Mooney, a fighting editor, rolled up his sleeves, primed his typewriter and went out to do joust with the Red Snapper. There hasn't been a fight like that in the mid-South since Nathan Bedford Forrest and the Maury County Maurys flushed a pass'l of Yankees down at Brice's Crossroad.

Paradoxically, the city loved Mooney and Crump, but it loved a fight better. So the folks stood back, gave them air and let them go to it. The Red Snapper wanted to be sheriff and consolidate his forces in the county. Mooney blocked him because Crump had outsmarted himself and passed a reform law that a city officeholder could not announce for another office. Mayor Crump then decided to run J. A. Reichman, a businessman, and filed his candidacy. Editor Mooney waited for the deadline and gleefully rubbed his hands and pointed out that Crump had filed Reichman's candidacy with the wrong officials.

"We'll write in Reichman," snapped the Red Snapper.

Seeking Greener Pastures

The editor chuckled. He knew a name like Reichman would stump the voters because many of the Beale Street boys couldn't even mark their name with an X, and an X didn't count on a write-in. The name of Reichman simply was too much to expect the boys to spell.

Crump took a wagonload of blackboards to Beale Street, set them up and conducted a writing school.

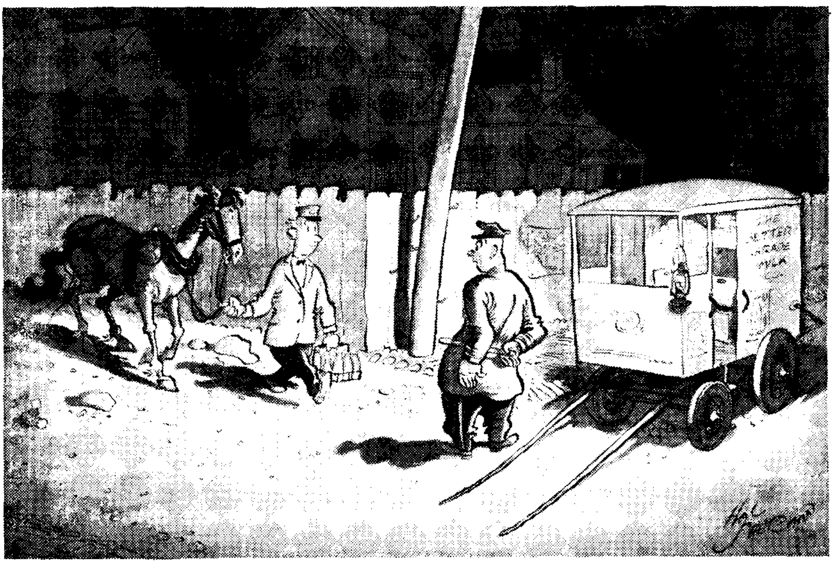
"Write it Reichman. Place the E before the I," instructors wrote over and over and drummed the name into the voters' heads. Enough of them remembered their lessons to elect Reichman, and there are Negroes today who still can spell Reichman without a bobble, although they can't spell their own names or add nine and five.

Mooney settled back and began a boring-in campaign. Crump was re-elected mayor hands-down in 1915, and the editor fired his biggest gun. There had been a heap of killings and Beale Street was wide open and roaring. A Negro's life on Beale Street was worth about three slugs of gin on weekdays, and four on holidays, or a hooker of redeye any time.

Mooney charged that a reign of terror was sweeping the city and demanded the Red Snapper's ouster. He went to the preachers for support and the pulpits echoed with damnation of the Red Snapper.

Word leaked out that Crump was going to resign, and Memphis did not know who was mayor the day of the ouster trial. Most everybody who had a stiff collar, a few free cigars and a following proclaimed himself mayor and appointed police chiefs.

The situation was a-steaming and



"He gets scared when I leave him alone!" HAL SHERMAN

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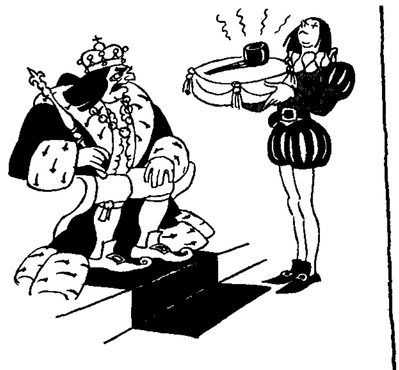


HE CALLED FOR HIS PIPE—and in it came. But nix on that stuff about "a king can do no wrong"! His Majesty smoked a stinko mixture *none* of his court could stand!

IT KNOCKED 'EM OUT. Every lord and lady went down—kerplunk! Except the jester. He could take it! He could dish it out too! He ups and says to the sour old soul:

"I'M A FOOL about most things, but if you'll clean that pipe, and switch to mild Sir Walter Raleigh, you'll discover a *much* more fragrant blend of fine, ripe burleys."

"IT DOES SMELL GOOD!" cried the king, after he lit a pipeful of Sir Walter. "Have the cashier give this jester half my kingdom, and get me *another* two-ounce tin!"

UNION MADE

Switch to the brand of grand aroma
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
CIGARETTES
Sooner or Later – Your Favorite Tobacco

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-84.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wed., 8:30 P. M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network.*

a-biling like the Robert E. Lee and was fixing to blow up when Crump, ever the master politician, resigned the mayor's office. The people loved him for that as only the South can love a sinner brought to repentance. The voters didn't take time to study the law, which said an ousted official could not stand for state office. They only saw the old Red Snapper, the martyr, the persecuted hero, surrendering his office for the good of the city on the eve of a new term.

The next day the ouster was voted, but Ed Crump hadn't been fired—he had quit. Anyway, just for precaution, the law barring ousted officials from the taxpayers' table was repealed. The county next made the Red Snapper trustee by an overwhelming majority. When the folks checked up, they discovered that Crump had an important county office he had always desired, that he had put one of his boys in the mayor's office and that he was scanning the horizon for greener pastures.

"We Get What We Pay For"

He had Shelby County, the biggest county in the state, in his hip pocket but over yonder was Nashville and the state capitol, and beyond lay the green hills of Republican eastern Tennessee. It would be nice to go to the bridge with some of those neighbors.

His absolute power at home was proved in 1922 when Crump didn't announce his candidate for mayor until the night before election. Two strong men were in the race and the Red Snapper kept his hands off until the last echo of oratory had died away. Then he released his command: "Rowlett Paine is our man."

Telephones began jangling all over Memphis. Automobiles loaded with Crump workers sped from his office. The boys passed the word down the line—waiters told their customers and from the bootleggers to the bordellos the order was given. Memphis awoke the next morning and went out and did its chores. Paine was elected.

How does he do it?

"He does it with cards," said a businessman. "He has a card index of every voter. He knows how everybody votes, and if a man doesn't vote right the machine can hit him through his kinfolks because everybody has kinfolks at the public trough. He controls every public job. The machine can even apply social pressure. A young businessman who wants to get ahead should belong to certain clubs here. Well, if he's a rebel he may find trouble joining the club he likes, then his wife can't play bridge with the right folks. So between his wife, Ed Crump, his business and his kinfolks what can a rebel do? I'm a Crump man. He's been to the bridge with me. And he gives us good government."

Memphis is one of the few cities that stay within their budgets. It never has a bread line, and at the end of the fiscal year it will have a cash surplus of $1,250,000.

"We get what we pay for," said another businessman. "The Crump machine is the board of directors of Memphis. The Red Snapper is the chairman of the board. He keeps his power by personal contact with the stockholders. He is ruthless with enemies, but a friend can always approach him and he has never refused an honest man a dollar. If we need money for taxes we know where to go."

The Red Snapper is in the loan business—insurance, real estate, mortgages. He is a rich man. His firm of E. H. Crump & Co. has its books full of business. He handles all the county's insurance business. Businessmen, those who vote right, never are nagged about taxes but are allowed to pay them quarterly.

"Many people," said Judge Camille Kelley, who always wears a fresh rose and is one of the two women juvenile judges in the nation, "make a game of life. Mr. Crump makes politics a game. He's a home-loving man. He's the guardian of our juvenile court. He's my friend. I'll go to the bridge with him."

"Look at our city and you'll see the answer," said another businessman, who talked between mouthfuls of fresh fried catfish and cornbread. "We have benevolent despotism here—totalitarianism. But we have good government. Crump has never allowed vice to dictate to his machine. He's smart enough to know that the good folks would rise in wrath if their morals or economics were threatened. The pay-off is that there never has been a revolt of the people. There is no such thing as an underworld here. You can buy all the liquor you want and this is a dry state. You can lose your shirt at any kind of gambling game you like. Law? Sure it's against the law of Tennessee, but so is throwing rocks at steamboats or wearing coonskin caps on Sunday. But vice never crosses the chalked line or gets on the right side of the tracks."

Red liquor costs $1.50 a pint, C. O. D., and the tenderloin—down the line—is one of the marvels of a grotesquely moral age. Beale Street has been WPA'd into respectability, but the national planning has not seeped down the line, down on Mulberry, although there always has been the abundant life down there where you can get the Memphis Blues played in a machine for a nickel, or a good tin-foil slug, and where liquor is a dollar a throw.

Memphis has settled its vice problem simply. The girls do not appear on the streets. Common consent has built a barrier around the tenderloin and the girls don't climb the barrier. A tiny section of town has been set aside for the prostitutes. The Negroes have their sections and the folks never meet on common ground except in politics. It's all right for the quality folks and the poor whites to go to the bordellos, but the bordellos must never go beyond the line.

"I'm a wet," said the Red Snapper, but his state is legally dry. They'll tell you that Crump simply will not tolerate a state board controlling Memphis' liquor supply. If there's to be a liquor tax, Shelby County wants it.

Going to the Bridge with Al

There is no general primary for county officials in Shelby, and frequently none for secondary state officials such as legislators. When an election is pending, the Red Snapper and his lieutenants go into the storm cellar and come out with names of the county's next officials. There's nothing else to it, because there's no serious opposition and Democratic nomination is tantamount to election.

"I wanted to go to the legislature," said Walker Leroy. "I went to see Mr. Crump. My record was good. He said he'd go to the bridge with me. I got 60,000 votes." Mr. Leroy is in the legislature.

Labor is treated no worse, and perhaps better, than in the average Southern city. It is treated paternally, patted on the back, but it mustn't chirp too loudly. Memphis is enticing industry there with the bait of reasonable, Anglo-Saxon labor. Ford and Firestone already have moved in. The American Federation of Labor is tolerated, but the machine will have none of the C.I.O. An organizer for the C.I.O. was beaten last year, and told to get on back up the road. He did.

Some home-town talent insist that if a crack ever weakens the machine it will be caused by labor. And if John L. Lewis and the Red Snapper ever square off, even Jim Maury must admit it'll be a humdinger of a scrap.

The boss went to Congress in 1930, and began going to the bridge with the boys in Washington. He retired from public life in 1934, the same year he got Memphis to vote a $9,000,000 bond issue to get TVA power. In honor of the victory, a street was named "November 6"—the day of the triumph.

The only man Ed Crump has helped knock down who didn't stay down is the Honorable Luke Lea, formerly of Tennessee's countinghouses but more recently of the North Carolina penitentiary. Luke Lea was the editorial dictator of the state back in 1928 when he knocked the Red Snapper back on his heels.

They had been brawling for quite a spell over state politics, but their feud became a national issue when Al Smith took his brown derby and East Side accent to Andrew Jackson's state and asked the Democrats to stay put. Lea turned his back and the folks snickered, but the old Red Snapper thundered from over on the Mississippi:

"I'm no snob! I'm a Democrat. We'll go to the bridge with Al."

A Good-Timing Town

At the election, some of Lea's reporters tried to get pictures of Negroes voting the Crump ticket. The reporters got kicked around, and were shoved in jail. It's a rule of law down there that "threatened breach of the peace" is a nonbailable offense. The reporters had threatened the peace by taking pictures. It's a swell law, because a rebel might threaten the peace by jaywalking or whistling. The only way he can get out of jail, unless the machine says so, is on a writ of habeas corpus. But there's a joker there, too, because the machine elects the judiciary.

Anyway, when the Hon. Mr. Lea's reporters got out they filed suit and the Hon. Mr. Lea was very irked with the Red Snapper. But before the trial was called, Mr. Lea and Mr. Crump had got together and the reporters got nothing, except the glory of going to the jug for doing their job.

That was the last roughhouse election in Memphis. Another hasn't been necessary.

The Red Snapper has helped elect the last three governors. He has broken with all of them. One he tried to impeach, and the governor died a brokenhearted, discredited old man who couldn't stand the pace. Luke Lea went to prison after Tennessee's banking debauchery, and the Red Snapper had the promised land to himself.

He went to the bridge from the mountains to the rivers, and two years ago he took Gordon Browning across the creek and gave him a 60,000-vote majority for governor. Then his man jumped the traces and loped across the cotton patch, wrecking the crop and "just playing plumb by-god hell," as Jim Maury says so succinctly.

And so at the age when most men are willing to call it a day and knock off, the Red Snapper is back on the barricades. The first shot was fired when Governor Browning appointed George Berry, head of the powerful Pressmen's union, to the United States Senate.

"The governor told me he would not appoint George Berry," Crump said. "Luke Lea dictated that appointment. Lea is back at the wedding feast in Nashville."

Browning never has denied that he offered to send Crump to the Senate this year, if Crump would back him in 1940 against Senator K. D. McKellar. But "Kay Dee" is one of the boys Crump has been going to the bridge with for many years. The trade collapsed and Governor Browning went to the high roads and back up the forks of the creek and began shelling the woods.

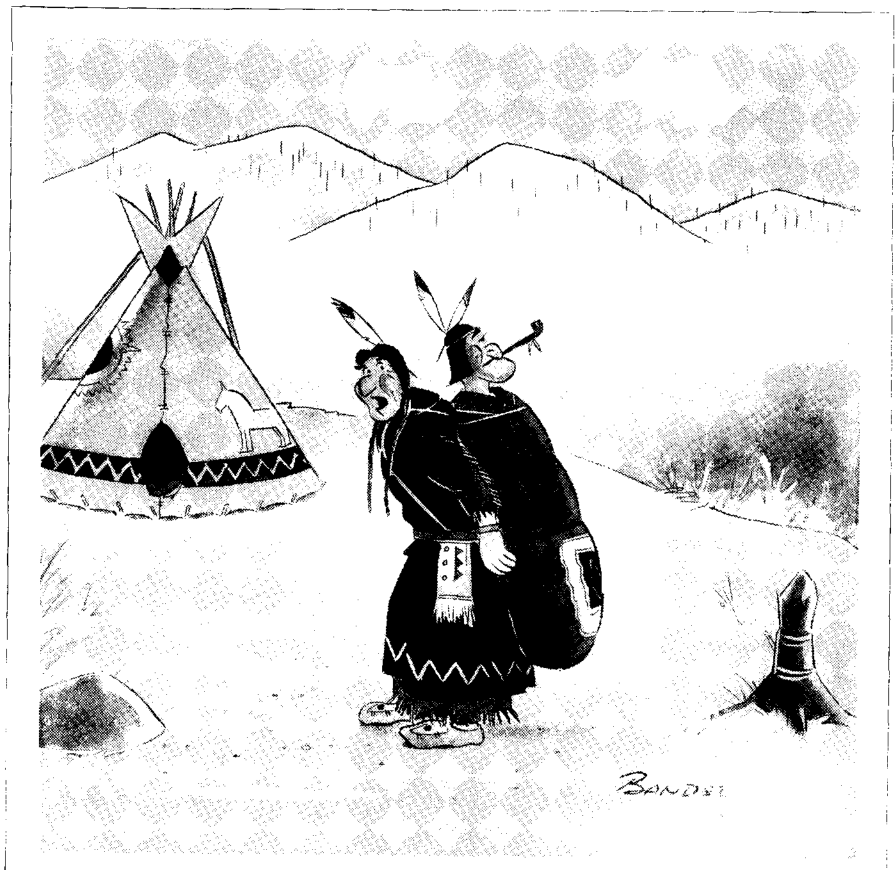
"Give the state back to the people," he shouted.

"The governor of Tennessee," said the Red Snapper, "is the kind of a man who would milk his neighbor's cow through the fence."

Even if Ed Crump loses the state he will still be boss of Memphis, and Memphis is a good-timing town.

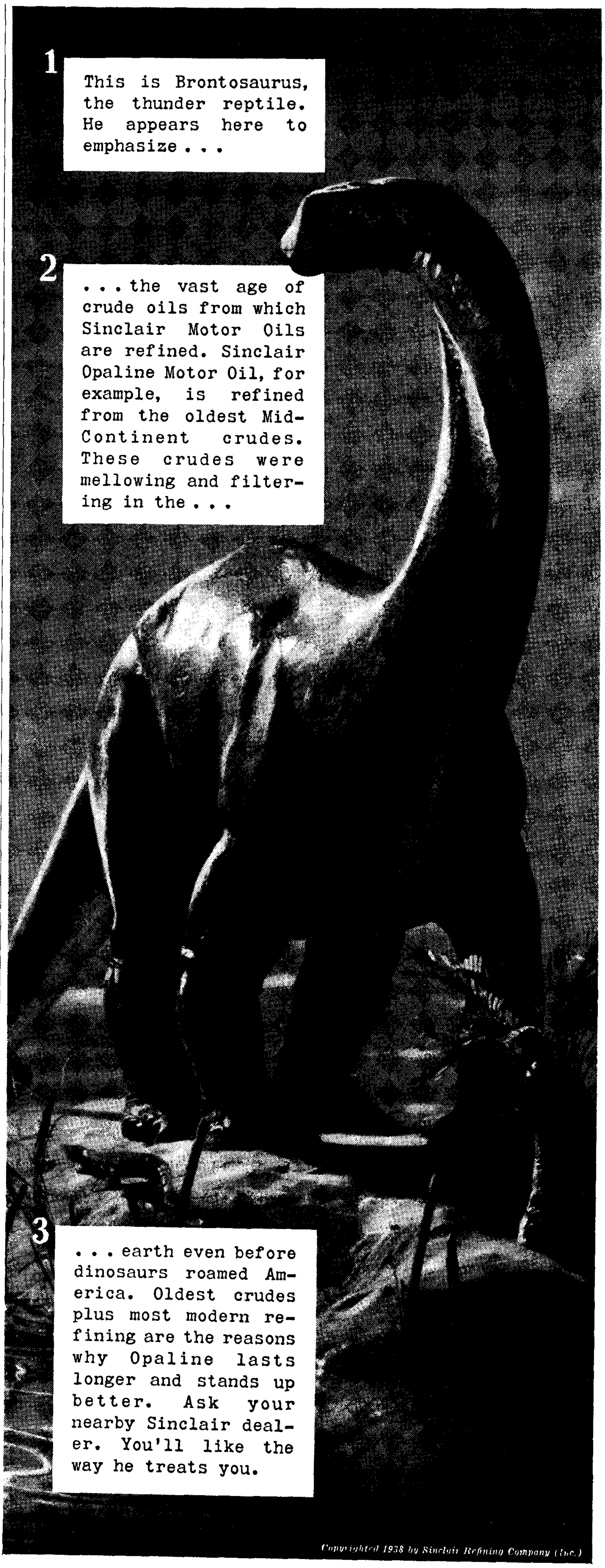
"We got women, we got whisky, we got gaming," a Memphian boasted. "But we ain't got no race hosses. Mr. Crump is a fine man."

But "Mister Crump don't 'low no easy riders here—"



"Don't you think it's time for you to strike out for yourself?"

BANDEL LINN



1 This is Brontosaurus, the thunder reptile. He appears here to emphasize . . .

2 . . . the vast age of crude oils from which Sinclair Motor Oils are refined. Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil, for example, is refined from the oldest Mid-Continent crudes. These crudes were mellowing and filtering in the . . .

3 . . . earth even before dinosaurs roamed America. Oldest crudes plus most modern refining are the reasons why Opaline lasts longer and stands up better. Ask your nearby Sinclair dealer. You'll like the way he treats you.

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This is Different

Continued from page 13

could never have lived again through the hour of that luncheon; sitting between the two men, chatting of weather, and the new colors for spring clothes, and whether a box hedge was superior to privet. Sitting so, she felt for Charles an overwhelming tenderness, because it was in her power to hurt him so terribly. But Angus' nearness bewitched her.

What should she do? Carey thought wildly. How could she marry Charles—like this? How could she not marry Charles—for one kiss? It was more than a kiss: it was raw emotion that shook her as she had never been shaken; that left only an empty quivering inside her and her very spirit bare. If only, she thought, Charles had really loved her. But Charles—was Charles. She must ignore it, she decided. She must pretend it hadn't happened. She must put everything right back the way it was.

In the next week Carey discovered that there are things that you cannot undo.

Angus all but ignored Carey that week. He spoke to her only by way of business, quietly and formally. Once, going back for a purse she had forgotten, Carey saw a light in his office; just a light, but her heart gave a great ungainly lurch, and her breath thickened in her throat. She went in quickly. At the far end of the room a door was closing noiselessly on its spring hinge, and only Angus' light was left shining on an empty piece of paper. She knew that Angus must have heard her, the sound of her heels tapping, as now she heard his footsteps going away. The echo rang in the hollows of her heart long after it died in the empty corridor. The incident upset her terribly.

"*I'm sorry,*" Angus had said. At the time she thought he meant he was sorry for his lack of self-control. Now uncertainty tormented her. Had he meant that it was only an impulse, born of weariness and proximity? That, even, he regretted the impulse itself? Had he meant—*had* he?—that it didn't mean anything?

Suddenly, and urgently, she had to know. She told herself that it was because of Charles; because of the future. It was more than that. On her last afternoon she put on the green smock with the amusing gold unicorns that Charles had designed for her, and gathered up an armful of papers and said in a small clear voice that trembled hardly at all: "I'm going down to the mortuary." And she looked straight at Angus.

THE mortuary was in the basement. It was just as merry a place as its name. The old files were there, records that perhaps would never be used, ancient improbable electrotypes. Carey turned on the lights. They looked smothered in their wire cages.

Carey knew it was Angus when she saw the doorknob turning. When he entered all her questions were answered by the burning look in his face. He came straight toward her, holding out his hands. Suddenly the dim lights were bright.

Carey held the moment back, now that she knew it was hers. She lifted her palms against him. She laughed a little shakily. "I didn't get you down here for this, you know."

"I know," said Angus. "Now I'm here I can't help it."

She was powerless in his embrace. His hand slid down her back, pressing her body against his; he kissed her ears and her eyelids and her lips. The strength went out of Carey and she sagged against him. And upon that Angus caught her up, so that her feet left the floor and her head fell backward across his arm. She had an instant of that untamed panic that comes from complete physical defenselessness. Angus' arms were about her—he was kissing her again. She could not breathe.

"*Angus!*" she gasped.

He set her down abruptly, roughly; almost pushed her away. "I didn't mean to do that," he said. His face was suffused and his eyes were glassy. He said thickly: "You drive me crazy, you know."

Carey leaned weakly on an open filing drawer. "I guess we were both crazy," she said.

He turned abruptly away from her, his palm across his eyes. Then he gathered himself and shook his head hard, like one coming out of deep water. "I don't go in for things like that usually."

"I rather supposed you didn't," Carey said. "I don't run around kissing married men myself."

"Oh, I know that," Angus said impatiently.

"That makes it worse, I guess," Carey said. And added: "Of course, it won't happen again."

"Why not?" said Angus.

The question brought Carey up with a round turn, facing a future she had not acknowledged. "Judith . . ." she began.

"Judith won't mind," said Angus bitterly.

"Charles . . ." Carey began again.

His face went utterly still. "I can't let you marry Charles," he said bleakly.

"And what if I don't?" The words sprang out of her before she was aware, and she rushed ahead to stop the things in his eyes that must not reach his lips. "Of course I'm going to marry Charles," she cried. And caught her breath. "This will have to stop then."

"Do you want it to stop?" he asked roughly.

She could not lie to him and meet his look. "No," she said.

And he said deliberately: "I can give you things that Charles can't."

There is nothing so shattering as truth. "I won't have an affair with you," she cried, striking truth away.

"No?" he said. "No, of course not." And added slowly: "You can have friends, can't you? Charles isn't the suspicious type. He wouldn't be jealous." The thought was almost comic. Then it wasn't. You can be jealous only if you love deeply. "You expect Charles to have friends, don't you?"

"Not like this," said Carey. Charles was no philanderer. She did not like the word—and found no other.

Angus was touching her again; his hands destroyed her judgment. "This isn't much to ask," he was saying. "It won't hurt Charles. We've both tried, haven't we? It's nothing we can help. That makes it different."

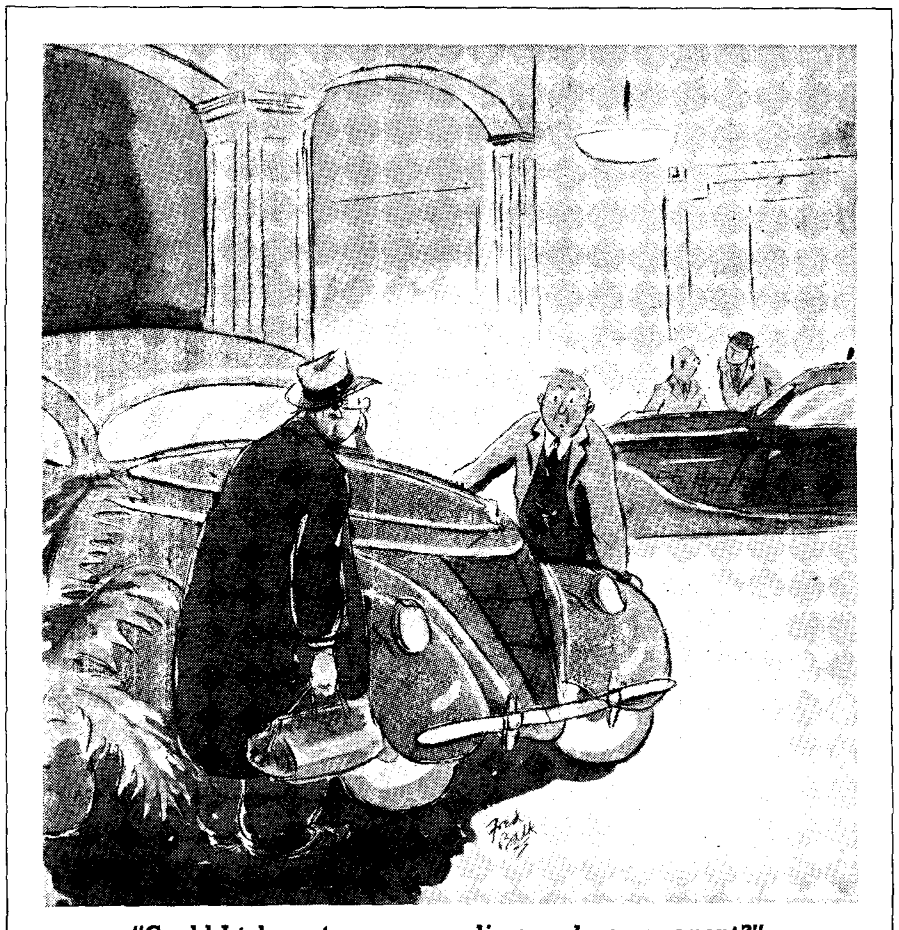
Carey grasped at the word. It *was* different. They hadn't asked for this. They hadn't even wanted it. It had just come to them out of the blue. Its brightness would shine on her level life with Charles.

"It's different with us," insisted Angus.

"Yes," said Carey.

IT WOULD never have been the way it was if Carey had not gone to the house that afternoon. There were a thousand things to do, things she must do right for Charles' sake; yet she could not warm to them. She was restless, her mind following the familiar office routine. She would take her favorite teapot, she decided suddenly, and have tea at the house all by herself; surely she would feel closer to Charles then. Carey had never been in the house alone. Charles had always been with her; or Charles and Marcia.

Carey had not wanted Marcia to do the interior decorating; it would have



"Could I take out your appendix as a down payment?" FRED BALK

A splotch of dirt may ruin a gown . . a few small specks may ruin your motor

DIRT, dust, carbon, sludge, tiny pieces of metal—together they cause more motor repair bills than everything else combined. To keep your motor healthy—keep it *clean!*

Cleaning your motor is remarkably similar to the "cleaning" process in your body. In your body, blood picks up impurities, carries them to those complex, amazing filters—your lungs. In your motor, oil carries the impurities to that simple but equally amazing filter—your Purolator!

Your Purolator does the oil-cleaning job and does it well—provided the Purolator itself is clean. Replace your Purolator cartridge regularly every 8000 miles—or *whenever an examination of the oil indicates the need.* It's common sense. It's your *insurance* against dirty oil and the costly repairs that so often follow.

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Replace your Purolator cartridge regularly!

Your Purolator is outside the motor—easy to get at. The service man will replace the cartridge in a jiffy.

If your car does not have a Purolator—get one today! Don't take any more chances with dirty oil.

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Made by a Remarkable, New Secret Process – this Sensational Enamel Covers Beautifully in One Coat – Dries to a Mirror-smooth, Brilliant Finish that Washes as Easily as Porcelain or Tile.

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IF BATTLESHIPS HAD TIRES—

by don herold

● I suppose we've all dreamt of inventing *iron* tires as soft as *rubber.*

Maybe it would be possible to put steel fish scales on the outside of tires—and ideas like that.

Well, the average layman (like myself) would be surprised if he knew how close a certain tire manufacturer has come to mixing steel and rubber in the same tire compound.

—THEY'D BE KELLY ARMORUBBER

Fact is, this manufacturer has gone steel one better.

The toughest known abrasive resistant in the world is carbon. Some types of carbon are used to make steel tougher. (A diamond is merely a kind of carbon.)

Somebody discovered that if you mix molecules of *carbon black* with molecules of rubber, it will lengthen the life of a tire by thousands of miles.

Ever since a famous movie star (years ago) *smiled sweetly through the middle* of a Kelly tire, I've had the impression that Kellys were about the best mileage tires money could buy.

Today I find Kellys cost no more than other good tires, but I believe they can outlast many other makes many miles and I'll tell you why.

Kellys are tougher than steel

Kelly scientists have developed a special way of mixing a greater amount of *carbon black* far more evenly and thoroughly into and throughout their rubber compound. Because of this, a Kelly tire will outwear the toughest steel ever made.

A Kelly tire is really a pliable armor plate. That is why Kelly treads are logically and fairly called *Armorubber.*

The 44-year Kelly reputation for long wear has attracted so many of the top-notch tire dealers of this country, that you can always count on getting a fine tire and a fair deal from a Kelly dealer.

KELLY Springfield TIRES

DEPENDABLE FOR 44 YEARS

been more fun to plan things with Charles. But in Crowninshield the right people had their houses built by Skerrett, and set in Cobb shrubbery, and decorated by Marcia Waggener. Charles said worriedly: "We can't let Marcia down. She's counting on the commission. And then it might look queer."

"We mustn't do anything queer, must we?" said Carey. She admired Marcia: the success she had made of her business after the Waggeners, along with the Shields and others, lost their money. But sometimes it seemed more like Marcia's house than hers.

Carey turned in at the service drive and parked the car behind the house. She unlocked the French doors on the terrace. The living room was beautiful: green and gray and rusty copper with astonishing touches of gold. Carey stood clutching her teapot and the two little sandwiches for her tea. The silence reached out to meet her. It made her feel quiet, too, so that unconsciously she moved on tiptoe. She paused beside the green chair and went on toward the sun porch.

The sun porch was clever. Everybody said so. Green cactuses on sandy linen, and an amusing pebbled floor; a cactus garden against the windows and a branching copper tree. The garden seemed to Carey a thorny, unlovable thing. Her look went past it—and stopped. At the far end of the room Charles stood with Marcia. The light was behind them. Carey saw only the shape of Charles' high towhead bent down, Marcia's fiery clump of curls flung backward in abandon; the shape of their bodies merged in one.

Carey's first feeling was of stark incredulity. It numbed her mind and her body. The teapot went crashing on the tiles and the sandwiches rolled foolishly on the sage rug.

They sprang apart and faced her. Marcia was the first to speak. She said ludicrously: "I'm sorry. You've broken your teapot."

"Yes," said Carey. "It was the only thing in the house that was mine. And now it's broken."

Marcia picked up her hat where it had fallen on the floor. The silence twanged like a shaken harp. "I'd better be running along," Marcia said at last, formally.

"Yes," said Carey. "You'd better."

Marcia went out to her car. So she had not come with Charles.

Charles had not spoken. He had not moved. Now across the length of the room he said slowly: "I'm sorry it happened like this."

"You mean you're sorry I caught you," said Carey.

"Yes," said Charles. "I'm sorry."

HE CAME close to her then. He was pale. His jaw was set so hard that it drew his lips tight at the corners like those of a man desperately resolved not to cry out under pain. She saw how his hair was rumpled by Marcia's fingers. The smear of Marcia's orange lipstick on his mouth. He said in a voice barely controlled: "You know it didn't mean anything."

Suddenly, wildly, Carey was angry. "You expect me to believe that?"

"No," said Charles. "It's the truth, that's all." His voice was puzzled. "It wasn't anything I meant to do. It just happened. To both of us."

"Things don't happen," said Carey, "unless you let them." She was shocked at her own words.

"I was here," Charles said. "And Marcia came. We were standing close together. It came over me that she was a gallant kid. I guess I was sorry for her. That's all."

"All!" cried Carey. She knew she was behaving badly—and could not help it. She said, without premeditation, a thing that, once said, she could not credit: "You never kissed me like that."

"No," said Charles. For the first time he looked away from her.

The frankness of his acknowledgment shook Carey all to pieces. She had always been so sure of Charles. Now it was as if in clear sunlight the earth itself had shifted under her feet and mountains had fallen into the sea. The very core of her existence trembled.

She said incredulously: "I didn't know you were like that."

"I'm not," he said. "This was different."

"Oh, *different!*" she flung at him. "That's what everybody says. Just to excuse himself."

"Is it?" said Charles gravely.

And she fled in terror from the import of her own speech, and said: "Is this what our marriage is going to be? Must I spend my life singing hosannas so you'll know I'm coming in time to wipe the lipstick off your mouth?"

Charles took out his handkerchief and scrubbed it and scrubbed it across his lips. They came tight and white out of its folds. He said huskily: "I suppose the truth is I was jealous—jealous of you and Angus."

Carey stepped backward as if she had been struck, and found only emptiness behind her. "You *did* come upstairs that night," she cried. And knew how completely, how irrevocably, she had betrayed herself.

"No," said Charles. "I knew by the way your eyes were shining."

"You *knew,*" cried Carey. "And you didn't say anything."

"What was there to say," asked Charles reasonably, "that wouldn't have made it worse?"

Suddenly, belying the calmness of his words, his face was shattered. The controlled mouth broke on the jagged edge of pain; the corners pulled back till the teeth showed in a parody of a grin. All the skin of the face was stretched taut, so that the features were peaked and sharpened; the eyes looked out blue and bleak from darkened hollows; they had in them the dumb hurt of a man unbearably beaten. In the coldness of the room beads of sweat gathered along the hairline. In that shattered face Carey saw a thing she had never even guessed at. She saw a man sensitive, perceptive and inarticulate, tormented by raw emotions bound in a steel will; she saw a certain magnificence of spirit. Carey saw, in that shattered visage, Charles Crown himself. It struck her that she had never seen Charles before.

He turned aside from her, in shame of his own betrayal, and leaned his forehead against the casing. "Oh, my dear," he said brokenly, "I loved you so. I wanted all of you."

Carey's voice was low, no more than a whisper. But there was in it an understanding that she had never given anyone; honor and an utter humility. "Charles," said Carey softly, "why didn't you tell me?"

CHARLES sat in the green chair and held Carey in his arms. The chair was not big enough, but they made it do. Carey curled up her knees and her head was on Charles' chest.

"Sure?" said Charles.

"Sure," said Carey.

She was sure. It was a little thing she would have had with Angus, full of small humiliations, fraying off at last in weariness. She must make Angus see without hurting him; she must send him back to Judith. She would never have time now for little things. It would be a big thing always to keep a love like Charles'.

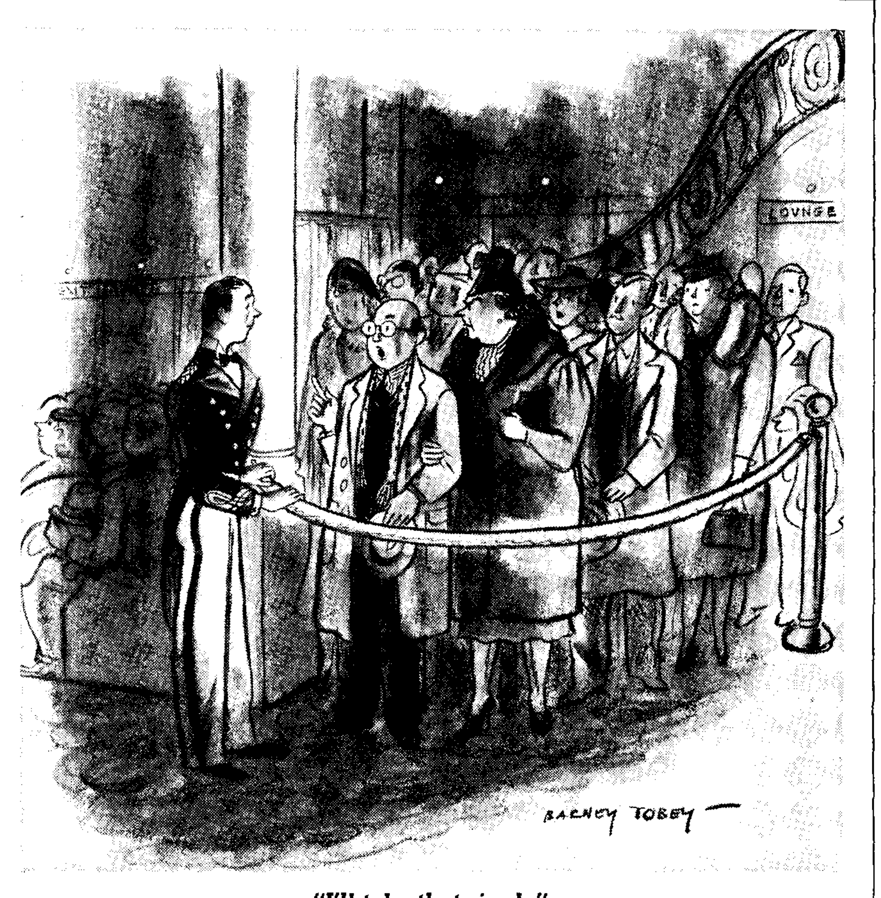
"These things happen," Charles was saying. "We mustn't be afraid of them."

"I'm not afraid," Carey said proudly. "We're different."

He kissed her then.

Carey knew in that moment that she had never been truly kissed before. It was more than passion to sting her nerves awake. From somewhere deep in her being, long, slow swells of joy rolled through her, rich and powerful and comforting. She sensed a thing that she had never fathomed. It is such a thing as comes only once, and then only to the chosen. It is as intangible as first light and fruit bloom and star shine. But it puts beauty in the heart. Carey knew then that there is something beyond being in love.

"Why, Charles," she cried, astonished and triumphant, "I *love* you."



"I'll take that single"

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3. NEW ENGINE FEATURES
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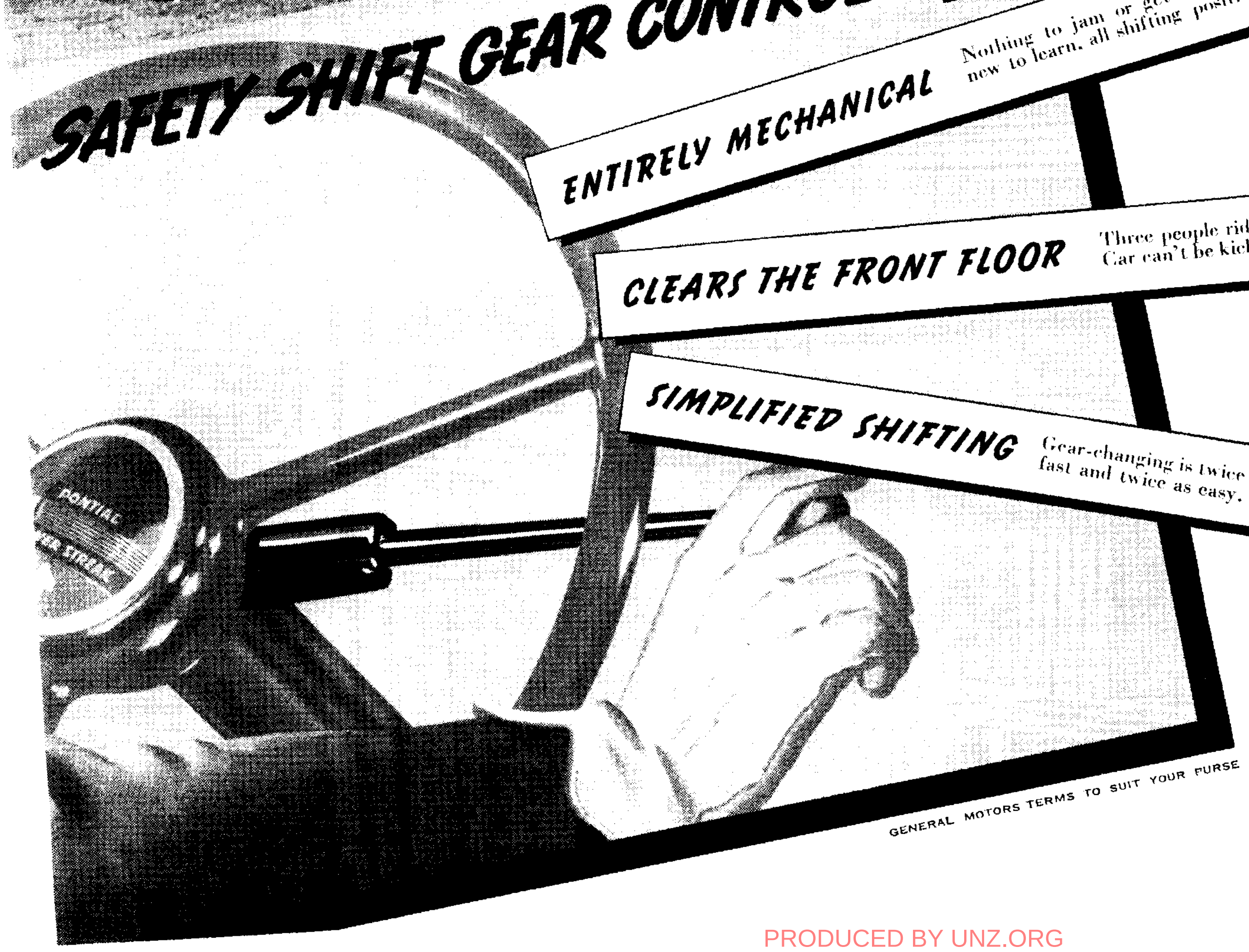
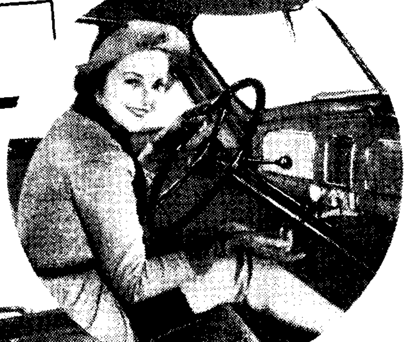
General Motors Sales Corporation

*SAFETY SHIFT GEAR CONTROL $10



ENTIRELY MECHANICAL Nothing to jam or get out of order. Nothing new to learn, all shifting positions are standard.



CLEARS THE FRONT FLOOR Three people ride in comfort. Car can't be kicked into gear.

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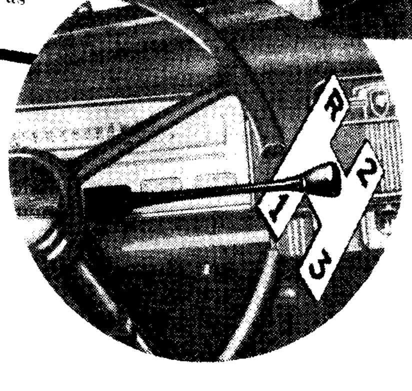

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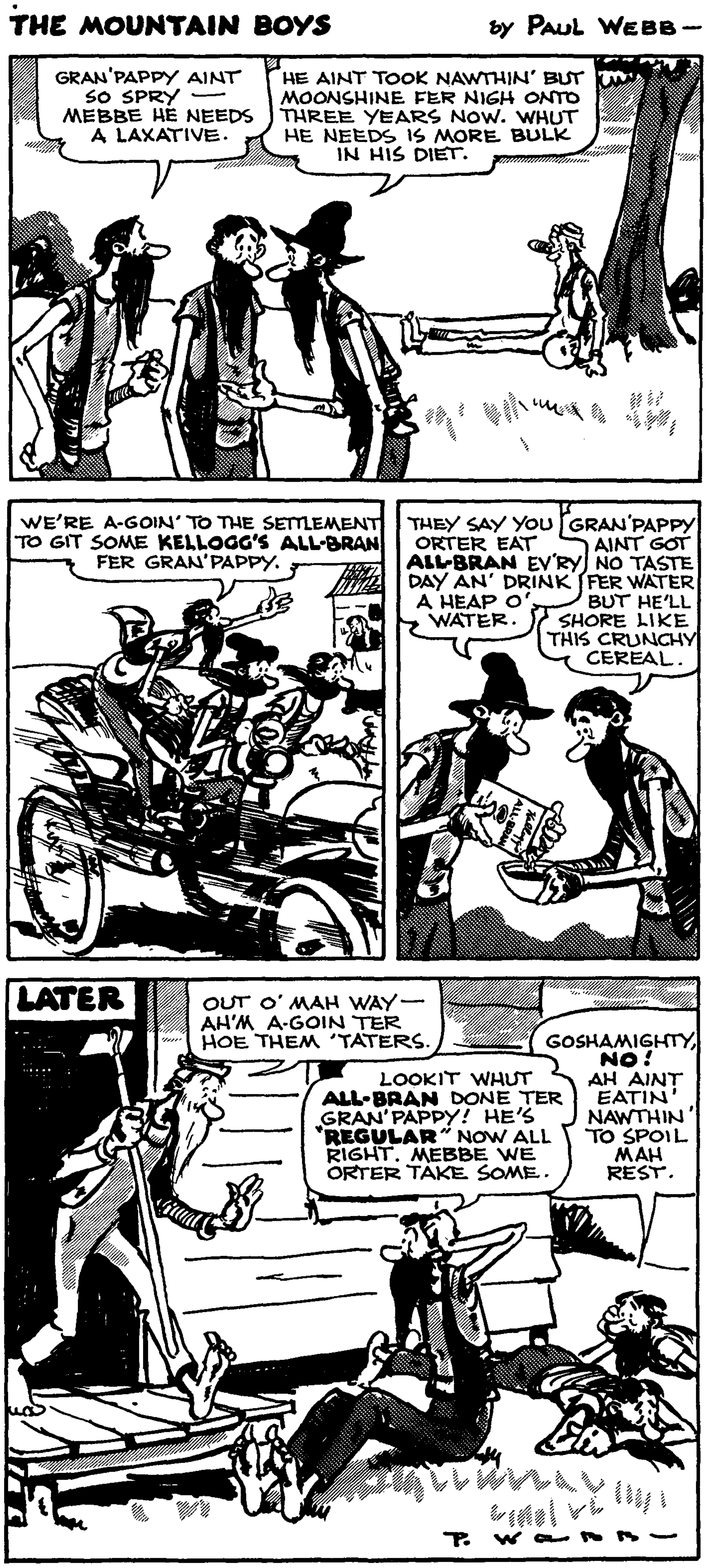
GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE


THE MOUNTAIN BOYS
by PAUL WEBB —
GRAN'PAPPY AINT SO SPRY — MEBBE HE NEEDS A LAXATIVE.
HE AINT TOOK NAWTHIN' BUT MOONSHINE FER NIGH ONTO THREE YEARS NOW. WHUT HE NEEDS IS MORE BULK IN HIS DIET.
WE'RE A-GOIN' TO THE SETTLEMENT TO GIT SOME KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FER GRAN'PAPPY.
THEY SAY YOU ORTER EAT ALL-BRAN EV'RY DAY AN' DRINK A HEAP O' WATER.
GRAN'PAPPY AINT GOT NO TASTE FER WATER BUT HE'LL SHORE LIKE THIS CRUNCHY CEREAL.
LATER
OUT O' MAH WAY — AH'M A-GOIN TER HOE THEM 'TATERS.
LOOKIT WHUT ALL-BRAN DONE TER GRAN'PAPPY! HE'S "REGULAR" NOW ALL RIGHT. MEBBE WE ORTER TAKE SOME.
GOSHAMIGHTY, NO! AH AINT EATIN' NAWTHIN' TO SPOIL MAH REST.
P. WEBB —

It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! This doesn't mean the *amount* you eat — but a *kind* of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies both this needed "bulk" and the intestinal-tonic vitamin, B₁. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars!" Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
for Constipation

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

The Natural Laxative Cereal

Neat Strip

Continued from page 11

the shade, and smoke is pouring into the Mid, and anybody will tell you that Rose Viola's feat of holding an audience against a house afire is really quite unsurpassed in theatrical history.

The tall, stern-looking old Judy remains standing on the seat in the front row until there are cries behind her to sit down, because it seems she is obstructing the view of some of those back of her, so finally she takes her seat, and Rose Viola keeps right on working.

By this time the fire department arrives and has the situation in the cafeteria under control, and the fire in the wall extinguished, and a fire captain and a squad of men come into the Mid, because it seems that rumors are abroad that a great catastrophe takes place in the theater. In fact, the captain and his men are greatly alarmed because they cannot see a thing inside the Mid when they first enter on account of the smoke, and the captain sings out as follows:

"Is everybody dead in here?"

Then he sees through the smoke what is going on there on the stage, and he stops and begins enjoying the scene himself, and his men join him, and a good time is being had by one and all until all of a sudden Rose Viola keels over in a faint from her exertions. Rube orders the curtain down but the audience, including the firemen, remain for some time afterward in the theater, hoping they may get an encore.

While I am standing near the stage door in readiness to take it on the Jesse Owens out of there in case the fire gets close, who comes running up all out of breath but Daniel Frame.

"I just get off the train from New Haven," he says. "I run all the way from the station on hearing a report that the Mid is on fire. Is anybody hurt?" he says. "Is Rose safe?"

WELL, I suggest that the best way to find out about this is to go inside and see, so we enter together, and there among the scenery we find Rube Goldstein and a bunch of actors still in their make-ups gathered about Rose Viola, who is just getting to her feet and looking somewhat nonplused.

At this same moment, Halligan, the cop stationed in the Mid, comes backstage, and pushes his way through the bunch around Rose Viola and taps her on the shoulder and says to her:

"You are under arrest," Halligan says. "I guess I will have to take you, too, Mr. Goldstein," he says.

"My goodness," Daniel Frame says. "What is Miss Viola under arrest for?"

"For putting on that number out there just now," Halligan says. "It's a violation of the police commissioner's order."

"Heavens and earth," Daniel Frame says. "Rose, do not tell me you are out there tonight running the risk of catching cold, as before?"

"Yes," Rose says.

"Oh, my goodness," Daniel Frame says, "and all the time my mother is sitting out there in the audience. I figure this week is a great time for her to see you perform, Rose," he says. "I cannot get down from New Haven in time to go with her, but I send her alone to see you, and I am to meet her after the theater with you and introduce you to her. What will she think?"

"Well," Halligan says, "I have plenty of evidence against this party. In fact, I see her myself. Not bad," he says. "Not bad."

ROSE VIOLA is standing there looking at Daniel Frame in a sad way, and Daniel Frame is looking at Rose Viola in even a sadder way, when Rossoffsky, the fireman, shoves his way into the gathering, and says to Halligan:

"Copper," he says, "I overhear your remarks. Kindly take a walk," he says. "If it is not for this party putting on that number out there, the chances are there will be a hundred dead in the aisles from the panic. In fact," he says, "I remember seeing you yourself knock over six guys trying to reach an exit before she starts dancing. She is a heroine," he says. "That is what she is, and I will testify to it in court."

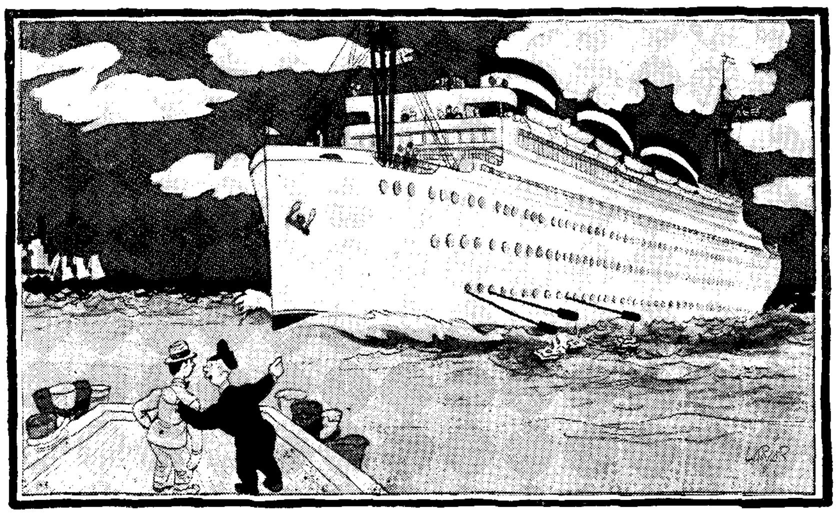
At this point, who steps in through the stage door but the tall, stern-looking old Judy in gray, and when he sees her, Daniel Frame runs up to her and says:

"Oh, Mother," he says, "I am so mortified. Still," he says, "I love her just the same."

But the old Judy scarcely notices him because by this time Rube Goldstein is shaking both of her hands, and then over Rube's shoulder she sees Rose Viola, and she says to Rose like this:

"Well, Miss," she says, "that is a right neat strip you do out there just now, although," she says, "you are mighty slow getting into it. You need polishing in spots, and then you will be okay. Rube," she says, "speaking of neat strips, who is the best you ever see?"

"Well," Rube Goldstein says, "if you are talking of the matter as art, I will say that thirty years ago, if they happen to be holding any competitions anywhere, I will be betting on you against the world, Laura."



"Captain Hartman always puts his stowaways to work"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Twenty-Hour Passage

Continued from page 21

were a professional transportation man, you would have gagged on the toast if somebody had told you those stick-and-cloth Navy planes were forerunners of skyway giants that would offer competition to the surface lines' finest.

For the heyday of the "superliners" was just then beginning, and their shadows were long and definitive. Before the World War the Mauretania and the Lusitania had ruled the Atlantic. Now the favorite names among sophisticated gadders were Bismarck and Vaterland; or, as they were rechristened, Majestic and Leviathan. In Europe naval ministries and designers were already busy with the plans that would bring the modern ultimate in ocean luxury and swiftness: Rex, Europa, L'Atlantique, Normandie and Queen Mary.

One Commission That Produced

Americans, generally, had grown used to a minor role for us in world shipping; our pride went in American bottoms, but most of our cargoes and our travelers went in foreign vessels, for a variety of reasons. The United States, growing inland from the coasts, turned eyes from water horizons to those behind mountains and prairies. Only the bookish sighed for the days of clipper supremacy. Official attempts to needle our merchant marine after the war came to a mess of wastage, inefficiency, and labor troubles. For any rich country in this chip-on-the-shoulder world, adequate merchant shipping is third ace in the cards of national defense. Alarmed by the growing bad history of our own, President Roosevelt set up a Maritime Commission to sketch the lesson on paper, together with recommendations for new policies and programs. The result was unexpected and stirring; it captured headlines in all major nations, caused elation in our youngest transportation industry and excitement among engineers, brought freshened dreams to fireside adventurers and gave a field day to prophets. For through the smoke trails of great ocean liners down the years the Commission had looked back to see a young and intrepid band of American naval officers standing in history.

The real significance of the pioneer flight of Captain Read and his comrades vaulted a whole generation and landed inspirationally on the table of Chairman Joseph P. Kennedy and his colleagues.

It would be ruinous folly to enter the international race of the superliners, for these have become the white elephant of transatlantic economies; sops to pride, cancers upon budgets—with conjectural values as troopships or airplane carriers in wartime. But there is another race in progress. England is runner-up, while Germany strives doggedly, and France cannily. Italy is an important contestant, but her face is toward South America and her mind on Fascist seedbeds there. Russia has just bought the largest and newest Martin clipper; she is in the contest via the North Pole. This race has been gaining heat and momentum within the past two or three years. It hasn't the sporting tinge of the one of 1919; instead, it is grim and businesslike, and heroic only in conceptions. Its laps go back in unbroken line to Commander Read, and the Navy's early seaplanes. Experience on the Caribbean and the Pacific, lately on the Atlantic; number of plants equipped to construct great flying boats; practice and ingenuity in research laboratory and factory; enterprise in offices and services, have consolidated and stubbornly protected the advantage Read won for us in 1919.

In the air lies the opportunity of the United States to regain the prestige and the prominence, the commercial dominion of the seas, which we held of old.

Great flying boats—those actually building in American plants today, for use this very year—were described in the data of the Commission. Greater flying boats—those now on the drafting boards, and those later and fantastically immense and beautiful creations that are within reach and knowledge of modern engineering practice and will be commonplace before the nineteen years since Read's flight have doubled—were foretold by sober commissioners as casually as your grandpop used to speak of next year's buggies.

"The time is at hand," the Maritime Commission reported to Congress, "when transoceanic air lines are becoming increasingly practical. . . . Aircraft has opened to the shipping business of the world a new field, requiring its most thorough consideration. . . . A New York businessman could take the proposed flying-boat service to London, spend three days there, and be back in his office in the time required to cross one way in a superliner."

It seems to be the habit of free peoples to smell political motives behind all great new proposals, whether of private or official enterprise. So the Maritime Commission recommendations have stirred gossip in Washington and in aeronautical offices throughout the land. The Lee-McCarron Bill would put all American air lines under the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Maritime report argues that, save for Mexican and Canadian overland connections, "foreign air services over the oceans are clearly in the field of shipping"; and the Bland-Copeland Bill aims to achieve such a division.

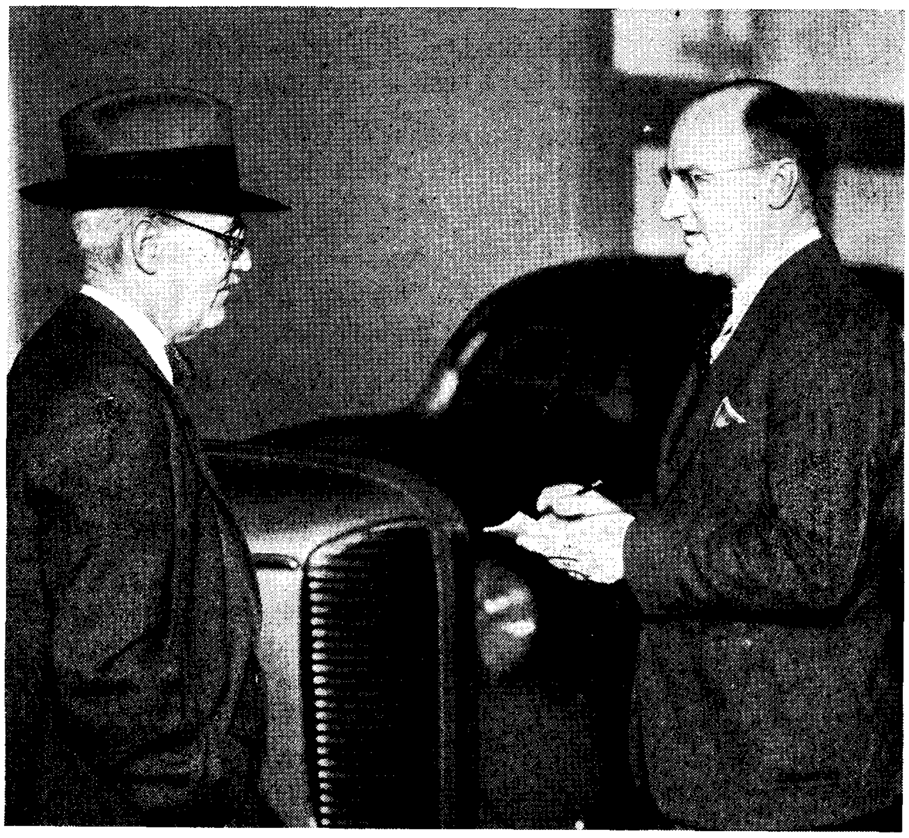
One manner in which competition among our own nationals in the overseas air may come is through the entrance of American shipping firms into the field: something the Maritime Commission report anticipates and encourages. The United States Lines, operators of the Washington and the Manhattan among other ships, long ago designated one of their masters, Captain Manning, who is also an amateur airplane pilot of renown, to study this matter for them. More specific measures have been taken by the American Export Lines, a firm with many ships in the Mediterranean and Near East trade. This company hopes to meet the passenger competition of the Italian superliners by supplementing its surface fleet with great and luxurious flying boats. For nearly two years American Export has been laying plans with aeronautical experts.

The Rest of the Air Picture

With actual scheduling of the North Atlantic by American and British heavier-than-air machines, and with resumption of German dirigible service definitely arranged for this summer; with safe and reliable service across the North Pacific from San Francisco to the Orient an old story; with stimulating new details of American and foreign designers' plans dragged into the open by the Maritime Commission's shrewd move, and possibilities of the international air race exposed; we may now fill in the picture of what air service to Europe is going to be like this year, and next, and the year after.

Professor Jerome Clarke Hunsaker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and long an upper mind in the councils of American flight, told aviation

YOU GET "Many dollars MORE"



Mr. Collord, President of Collord Motors, Inc., New Orleans, La., tells customer, E. H. Fairchild, that Marfak lubrication has earned him many dollars

ALL greases are not alike! Else Mr. Collord would not make the following statement about Marfak:

"Motorists do not realize that our reputation is tied up with used cars. They must be in good condition when we pass them on. That's why we're always glad to find one that has been Marfak'd regularly, and can allow many dollars more on the trade-in."

Regular Marfak lubrication can earn you "many dollars more" for the simple reason that *Marfak lasts twice as long* as ordinary greases. Because greases made with light-weight oils cannot resist continued heat. They wash away quickly. Road shocks squeeze them out. Often, they have lost their lubricating value hundreds of miles before you plan to have your car greased again. But *Marfak, made with heavy-bodied, viscous, rugged oil,* clings to metal stubbornly. It gives real, complete protection for the full thousand miles regardless of driving conditions. So go to your nearest Texaco Dealer for Marfak lubrication and get acquainted with this real service he has to offer.

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On each of the four familiar labels you'll find an old and highly respected name, famous for generations as a mark of supreme whiskey quality.

Just try these whiskies, and you'll discover each is characterized by a rare flavor all its own. Price them, and you'll find recent reductions bring them well within your means. And regardless of which best suits you, you know you're enjoying as fine a whiskey as traditional skill, the choicest grains and unhurried time can produce.

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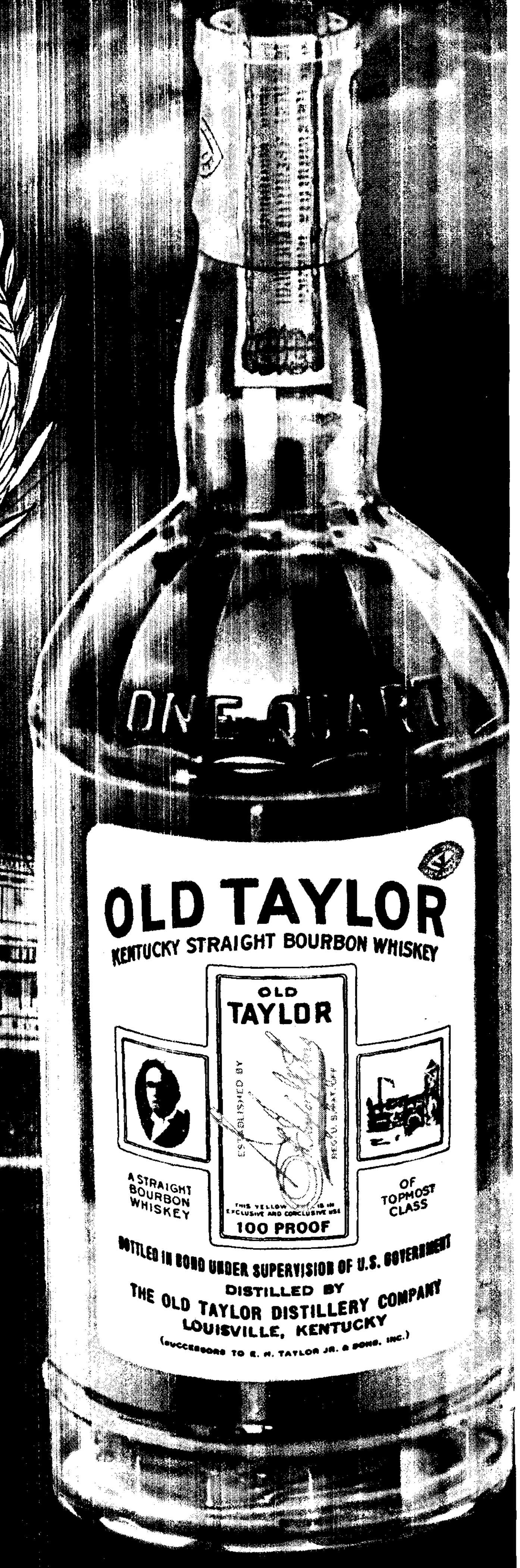
*Bottled in Bond

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
AND THE EMBLEM OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS


ONE QUART
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
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(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

OLD TAYLOR — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

MOST *whiskies**

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BROAD FORD, PA., U.S.A.
OLD GRAND-DAD
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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MOUNT VERNON—delicate in flavor . . . the patrician of American ryes

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CARRY YOUR BAG, SUH?
...YES SUH, WHERE TO?
RIGHT TO HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA
SHUAH IS CONVENIENT, SUH!
IT CERTAINLY IS.. I ALWAYS STOP THERE WHEN IN NEW YORK

And so do thousands of others—not just because Hotel Pennsylvania is so convenient (just a minute by private passage from Pennsylvania Station), but also because it provides more in the way of comfort and luxury to make a visit most pleasant. Bedrooms are spacious—with radio, certified lighting, full length mirrors and other modern conveniences. Four fine restaurants serve food the way you like it—at a scale of prices that considers every pocketbook. And other public rooms under its hospitable roof include a colorful Cocktail Lounge and club-like Bar. Coming to New York? Make the most of your visit by stopping at Hotel Pennsylvania!

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experts at Munich, Germany, last October he believed there would be three first-class services across the North Atlantic: five-day steamers, two-day airships, and one-day airplanes or flying boats. "Each offers a distinctly different type of service. Each has characteristics to appeal to a different class of commerce at rates that will bear some reasonable relation to cost, speed and passenger comfort." Commander Hunsaker was one of the NC4 designers.

Transportation bigwigs, in all interested fields and nations, face precisely the Hunsaker outlook; and their pencils are scratching today, in the wake of the Maritime Commission report, amid groans and whoops. The comparative information sent to Congress—not only of costs, speeds and comforts but also of important related factors, such as reliability, frequency, safety, law, rests in unadorned official prose, but it cannot take on bureaucratic aridity. It is, perhaps, the most romantic and imagination-quickening document that has ever passed across government desks in peacetime: Jules Verne writing for the Congressional Record!

Beyond it seems to lie one of those significant and far-reaching visions for which Yankee commercial enterprise was notable in the less doctored and lustier days of the Republic. You think of colonial times, when real isolation, the added handicap of greater distances in competition with Europeans, caused American shipbuilding genius to bring out the Baltimore clippers; forerunners of the famous clipper ships—the three-masted square-riggers, with their exquisite yacht lines—which, half a century later, bossed not only the Atlantic and coastal routes, but the China trade as well. Then ninety per cent of American cargoes went in American ships. Now, behind the Maritime Commission's sudden revelation of government concern with transocean aircraft, enthusiasts profess to see a parallel with the situation of a hundred years ago; and stimulation for many lines of business in what may be the mere beginning of a great new era in foreign trade.

Aircraft vs. the Superliner

In first costs, in maintenance and operation economies, airships, superliners, and heavier-than-air craft line up respectively in columns that are far apart.

An American superliner fit in size, luxury and speed to match the Normandie and the Queen Mary would take at least three years and $50,000,000 to build, says the Maritime Commission. Shipping experience of the last decade has indicated a tonnage level where comfort, speed and profit can meet; this is represented by the sisters Washington and Manhattan, each of which is roughly one-third the size of the Normandie. Conjectural war value does not seem to offset the steady losses that would be involved with an American superliner. The Leviathan used to lose $40,000 each trip, even when sold out; the modern beauties are believed to drop $100,000 per trip. The Washington and her mate are profitable. Therefore, the United States Lines, with governmental blessings, are building them a sister; this youngest of the trio will slightly exceed her seniors in speed, capacity and size, and, it is hoped, earnings. She will cost about $15,000,000.

Next to the $50,000,000 superliners come the airships of 100-passenger capacity—one step from the Hindenburg. Facilities for building such dirigibles at present exist only in Germany, and in Akron, Ohio. The cost of one built here would probably be $5,000,000; a fifth less each if built in fleets. The cost of the German ship that goes into service this summer is considerably less, due to wage differentials.

The cost of the Boeing-314, the flying boat that takes up the Atlantic one-day schedules this summer, is $720,000.

This cost-per-unit comparison is not fair, however, standing alone; the Normandie carries 2,000 passengers, this year's flying boat only 40 on the one-way Atlantic crossing. This does not mean, however, that you would need 50 flying boats to match the Normandie's capacity. You must again break the figures; now into a time element. Moreover, it must not be thought superliners run to capacity always; I have crossed on the Normandie in a slack season with only 102 first-class passengers aboard. The experience with the Hindenburg indicates that aircraft, being special delivery, have a better chance of running fuller average loads over the year. She was booked to every berth in ten round trips in 1936. Twenty-hour crossings on the first of the flying boats—faster, later—will attract a new and far more casual sort of tripper, it is believed.

Figures Favor the Airways

Here is the way it tabulates:

a. The Normandie could make two round trips a month, 24 a year; although it is customary to retire and overhaul these giants for 6 weeks or more each year. Say 96,000 passengers a year.

b. The airship can make one round trip a week; 10,400 passengers a year. Ten dirigibles—costing about $40,000,000 for the fleet, or four-fifths as much as one Normandie, would carry 104,000 passengers annually.

c. This year's flying boat will be capable of two round-trip crossings each week; 160 passengers, or 8,320 over the year. Six—and that is the number being constructed under the first contract—will give a theoretical yearly capacity of more than 49,000. Yet the fleet price for these six flying boats is $4,320,000: the cost of one dirigible, and less than one tenth the price of a superliner. Less than $9,000,000 worth of modern flying boats will carry more passengers than $50,000,000 worth of crack liners.

The superliner has to be used for a whole generation; 20 years, even more. The Mauretania came to be known as the "Old Girl" in her career of a third of a century. The liners, therefore, go out of date before they are halfway through their appointed lives—while their operating costs mount, due to new practice, design and quality in engines and fuels. Airship depreciation is considered on an eight-year basis; while modern flying boats are good for about 5 years, and forthcoming models will have a useful lifetime of 8 years. This makes it easier for the aircraft to keep abreast of social and engineering progress. The Maritime Commission estimated crew, fuel and depreciation costs in its report. They are: $67.58 per passenger crossing for superliners, $131.83 for dirigibles and $73.10 for present flying boats. In the near future the flying boat will simply run away from its rivals.

"The 250,000-pound flying boat, which it is believed will be built within 10 years, will reduce these cost items to almost one half that of the superliner, and at the same time will carry the passengers six times as fast." A fleet of half a dozen of these larger flying boats would cost less than $20,000,000 and carry 109,500 passengers; against the $50,000,000 superliner's 96,000 passengers.

You will pay upward of $150 to $200 more for hurtling to Europe on the flying boat, or getting there swiftly by airship, than for a first-rate accommodation on the superliner; $400, say, on the dirigible, and $450 on the first of the flying boats.

The operators say that 24 passengers a day—scarcely more than half a load—will assure them better than an even break. More than 400 paying customers are known to be aboard surface vessels on the North Atlantic every day in the year.

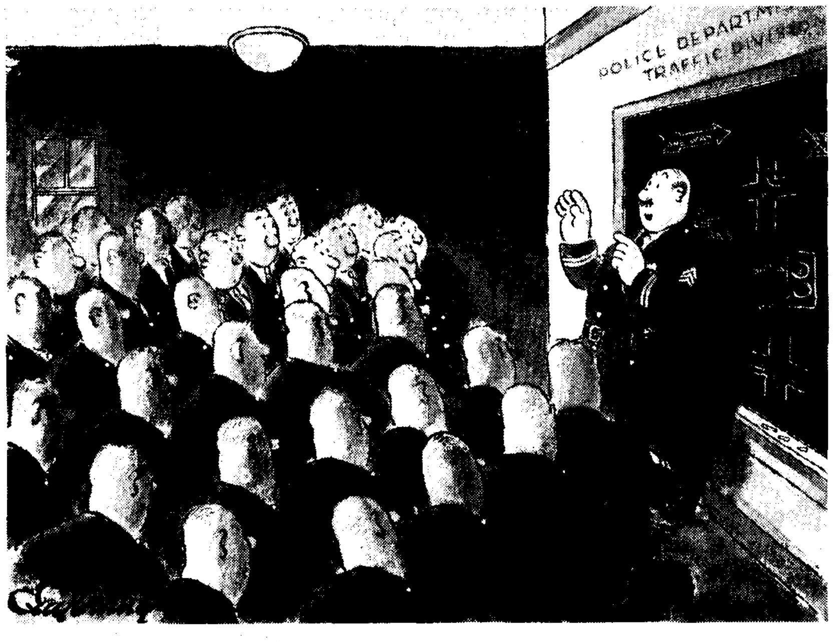
A one-tenth bite of that number would fill a plane. Moreover, there is a daily average of some 8,200 pounds of first-class mail that originates here. How much of this will go to planes is a question now causing headaches to ship owners. The British flying boats, west-bound in the joint service, will carry all of England's first-class mail; to Canada, at least, in line with the Empire's new air-mail policy.

Little Need for Subsidy

Even if our present letter rate of five cents to Europe were not raised for one-day air-mail service—which is inconceivable—the American flying boats, if they received a substantial percentage of the daily mail loads and were simply paid for the full amount of postage it equaled, would be better off than on the Pacific, where they get a flat $2 per mile. "In the transatlantic run at least," remarks the Maritime Commission, "very little subsidizing will be necessary other than to start its development."

That's the business side of it. You come now to speed.

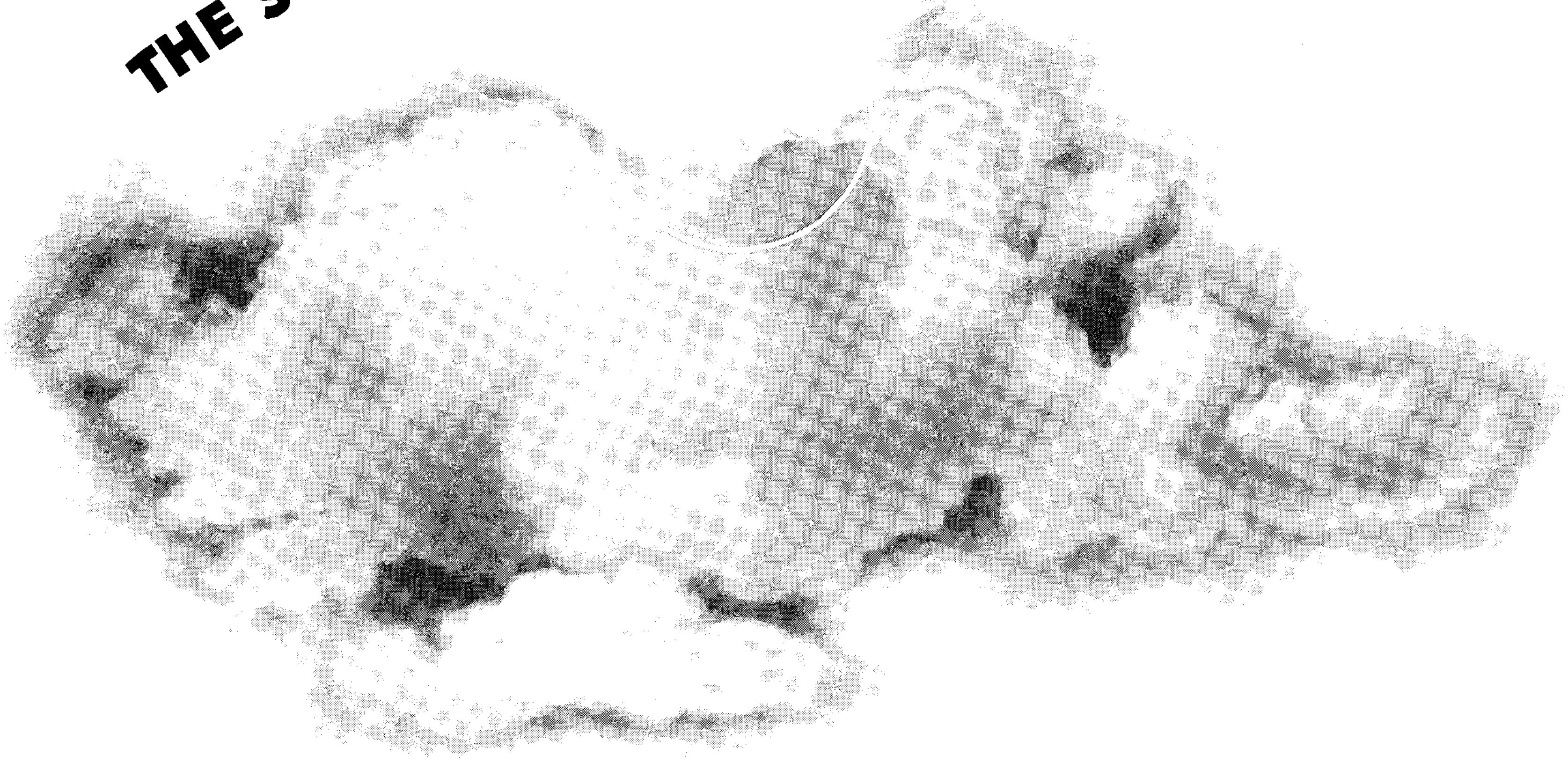
The Maritime Commission points out that trans-North Atlantic records set



"You see, when I'm facing you, MY right is on YOUR left"

JAY IRVING

THE SUN NEVER SHONE BRIGHTLY



. . . but thousands of people got good snapshots that day

People who've never tried it just can't believe it—

That you can go out and take good snapshots—clear, natural, true to life—on a cloudy day. Yet thousands of people are proving that, with Kodak Verichrome Film, you and your camera are not dependent on bright sunshine.

It means a lot to have a film that gets the picture, whether it's sunny or cloudy. To know you won't have to wait and wait for brilliant light—and perhaps miss your best picture opportunities of the day.

Many a picture happens just once—never again. That's why it's so important to use Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome takes care of reasonable errors in your exposures—increases the element of certainty in your picture taking. Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results, *every time* . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

KODAK *Verichrome* FILM

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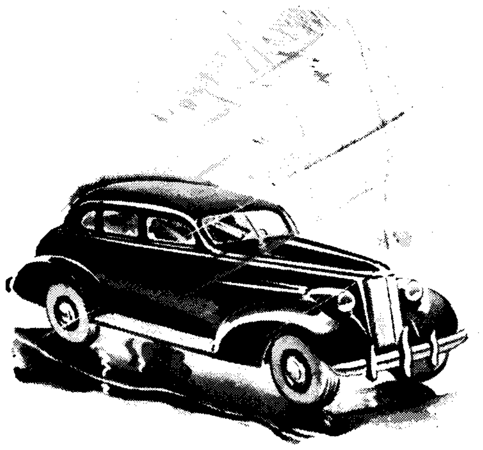

Saves the Finish

The sooner you Simoniz your car, the longer the finish will last. A secret ingredient, found only in Simoniz, never lets weather, dirt, or ultra-violet rays dull and destroy the lacquer or enamel. It keeps the finish safe no matter when or where you drive.

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You'll find Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener different from so-called polishes and waxes that give an artificial shine—here today and gone tomorrow. Simoniz Kleener restores the natural lustre your car had when new. Simoniz builds up and preserves this beauty for years.

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It's easy to keep a Simonized car always clean and sparkling. Dust and dirt come right off with a dry cloth.

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thirty years ago by the Mauretania have been exceeded by the blue-ribbon holder of our day, the Normandie, by only 24 hours. The Hindenburg's best time was less than 43 hours, Frankfort to Lakehurst. The actual crossing of the ocean, 1690 miles on her route that trip, was made in 16 hours and 53 minutes. Her average passage eastward was 51 hours; westward, "uphill," as the aviators call it, because it is against the prevailing winds, under 64.

Heavier-than-air, in the thirty years between the Mauretania and the Normandie records, had gone from a speed of 40 to 440.6 miles per hour—the gap between the speeds of the Wrights' day, and the achievement of Francesco Angello of Italy in 1934. Lambie and Merrill went to London nonstop from New York last year in 21 hours; and that is about how long it will take you, this summer, in the latest clippers—150 *miles per hour, cruising at half speed.* For considerations of economy, wear and tear, and reserve, commercial airplanes never run with engine throttles "full out," except when faced with adverse weather or other conditions. The longer southern route over the Azores, when it is thick up north, will take you 30 hours—whereas Commander Read, on that same course in 1919, required fourteen days.

Shrinking the Ocean

Thus, in speed, aircraft show to extraordinary advantage over the seas.

In comfort, there is more pro and con and whimsical press-agentry. Fear of seasickness keeps many people within their own countries. Aboard the Hindenburg, in weather bad enough to jounce airplanes that we sighted, and make surface craft below us wallow, we did not lose a drop of Rhine wine from brimming glasses. For airplanes, ocean flight is generally smoother than continental because there are not the same conditions of uneven surface which sometimes cause rough air over land. In both types of route, higher flying has made rough trips and airsickness exceptional.

The flying boats will be air-condi*tioned and soundproofed. The* question of relative comfort in the three kinds of transocean service comes down to the matter of space. Here, of course, the superliner with its magnificent public rooms, its snug picture theaters, its cafés and wine lists and superb food, its glitter and flowers and silken ease, its facilities for entertainment, offers something that the air cannot meet; a luxurious vacation while you cross, like a week at a princely resort. More than one gadder has been heard to regret aloud that his superliner trip did not take twice as long.

The dirigible hits a lesser note. Here gargantuan vanities are pared to Lilliputian conceits. Your accommodations will be a duraluminized equivalent of what you might get on a small cargo-passenger liner; *you will be comfortable,* well-fed, bored stiff, hate your fellow travelers, pace madly about, and step off with new sympathy for the inmates of the zoo monkey house.

This year's flying boat—and those of the next decade—cannot reasonably be compared with either superliner or dirigible, the aviators say. Instead, you must think of the best and latest in Pullman cars. The number of people carried, the opportunities for moving about and the space to do it in, the average time *spent aboard, seem nearly alike.* The flying boats, with greater design flexibility, can gain a few touches; larger berths, cocktail bar and dining room.

The reliability and the frequency of service are important factors in a utility that must look to businessmen for its chief support. Ocean aircraft service isn't unprecedented. K. L. M., the Dutch Empire line, and Imperial Airways of Britain have been crossing the Mediterranean for years; Air France and Lufthansa scheduled the South Atlantic for mail a long time ago. The Hindenburg gave railroad timetable matter-of-factness to the North Atlantic in 1936; while Pan American has made the Caribbean and the Pacific as prosaic as suburban commuting. The San Francisco-to-Honolulu leg—longest water jump now scheduled regularly in the world, exceeding the open-sea portion of the North Atlantic route—shows for its first year a performance record of ninety-six per cent. Indeed, last year three nations—Germany, England and the United States—flew more than 85,000 miles, experimentally and without passengers, over the North Atlantic, with but a couple of trivial delays in the schedules they had marked down for *themselves.*

The longer and swiftly growing ranges of flying boats have made intermediate landing places—such as Newfoundland and the Azores—less important. Speed gives aircraft chances to outfly, or run over or around, bad weather spots. Moreover, the flying-boat captain has one vital advantage: the weather of but one day to contend with, and a complete forecast of that before he leaves port. Whereas your superliner captain can be sure only of his first day's forecast, and finds out for himself after that. Ice or fog might spoil New York for a winter base; however, there are Baltimore, Norfolk, or even Charleston in a pinch. Ice conditions are unknown in South England ports; thanks to the Gulf Stream.

With respect to frequency, the Maritime Commission sees you leaving New York any day at 10 A. M. Twenty hours of actual flight, in 1938 flying boats, will then put you down in England at 11 A. M. the following morning, owing to the five-hour difference in time.

While this year's aircraft over the Atlantic will be flying boats and a dirigible, aeronautical experts are not sure there won't be eventually a third factor—land planes. That is a question that provides the industry with its keenest *argument. Flying men will discuss such* matters as the Diesel engine with academic calm. All will admit the Diesel may be developed to a practicality; that it may be universally adopted and fetch new standards of economy, range and safety into the air. But, as between land planes and flying boats—old friendships are sundered, homes broken up.

Flying Boats Preferred

Some authorities see transatlantic motives because Germany, with Tempelhof, and France, with Le Bourget, have provided themselves with superterminals that can serve land planes huger than any yet built or building. The flying-boat men contend, however, that France and Germany were think*ing, rather, of take-offs in mass forma*tion of great military plane fleets. Meantime, Pan American will soon get delivery on two land planes with supercharged cabins for high-altitude transocean experiments, and it is known that England will send the hush-hush land plane Albatross on trial flights over the Atlantic this summer.

Ticket-office men believe it will be easier to sell you a flight to Europe in a flying boat than in a land plane, because you think you would be safer in a *flying boat in the event of a forced land*ing at sea.

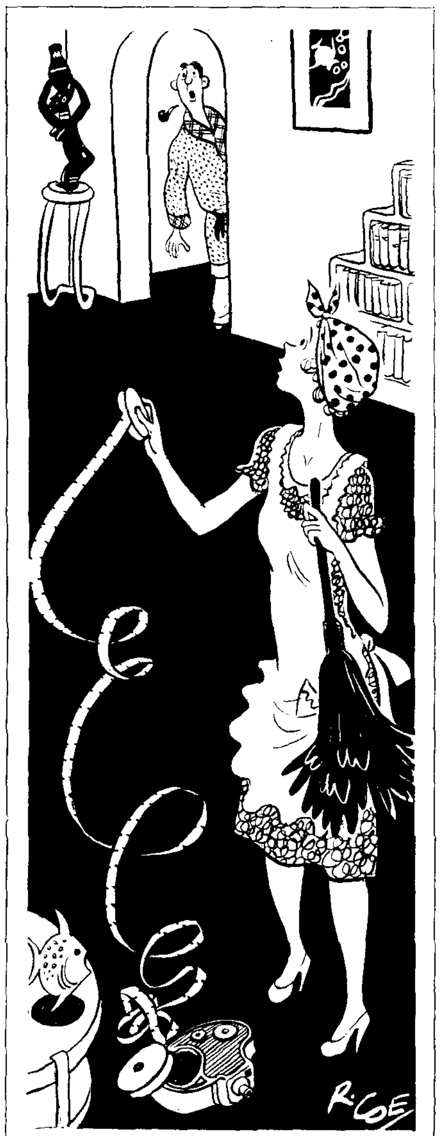
Tests made with models by the Douglas plant in California, naval experience with land planes operating from carriers, and certain accidents where land planes have come down on water—notably one in Great Salt Lake—prove that the actual landing, if under control, can be accomplished by pilots without damage to the plane structure. In relative floatability, the two do not seem far apart. The gas tanks and the wings of land planes act as buoys; as much of the main body, the fuselage or cabin section as would rest upon the sea is normally watertight. There have been numerous instances of land planes floating for days. In maneuverability upon the water, the flying boat would have advantages, of course. The NC3, down in a rough sea and heavy storm on the Navy flight of 1919, "sailed" for two and a half days and reached the Azores.

Swift and High-Flying

While floatability and maneuverability must be considered, aviators point out that possibilities of forced landings of multiple-engine craft are so remote, in these days of great motor reliability, that neither type may ever be put to a test on scheduled runs. K. L. M. has been flying twin-motored Douglases over the 500-odd miles of the Mediterranean, between Egypt and Greece, for years without mishap.

Aircraft cruising speed, and maintenance of flight, are generally predicated on half power. That is, a twin-motor ship can fly on one engine; a four-motor on two; a six-motor on three. All engines have separate feed systems; if one fails, its companions are not affected. Thus, in four-motor craft—such as the flying boats coming to the Atlantic, and the new planes coming to our domestic lines this summer—if one motor fails you still have three-quarter power.

The difficulty of getting fields large enough to accommodate them is the greatest handicap to the development of huge land planes for transocean service. Even the most enthusiastic advocates of the land plane admit that as size of aircraft increases the flying boat will draw away into unassailable domination. Flying boats can land virtually anywhere along the coasts but the cost of building a selective chain of super land terminals would be prohibitive.



"George . . . those movies of you catching that giant tuna—were they very important?"

ROLAND COE

The aeronautical industry's notion of the relative importance of ocean lines in future commercial aviation is visible in the widespreading activity in flying-boat construction. Among the eight manufacturers asked by Pan American to submit bids for its projected 100-passenger Yankee Clippers are some whose flying-boat experience has been minor, but there is scarcely an important builder of any commercial type who isn't playing with blueprints. Meanwhile, the world outlook quickens. Italy announces plans for air-line development to and around South America that will rival Pan American's system. France will open her South Atlantic air-mail lines to passengers this summer. England prepares super-Empire boats, larger sisters of the type now flying between the United States and Bermuda. From home, Martin's newest flying boat—largest, most capacious, built up to now in this country—is sent to Russia. Sikorsky builds the "Flying Dreadnaught" for the Navy; Consolidated shows plans for a transoceanic giant, with unprecedented comforts; Boeing's Atlantic Clippers near their test flights.

When the Douglas Aircraft Company was listed among those from which Pan American requested proposals, its front office said "most of the data required for consideration and study of 100-passenger planes has been worked out here months ago. We may add that many of the most difficult problems encountered in construction of planes of that size have been satisfactorily solved." Airmen read the Scotch Yankee caution of President Donald Wills Douglas into that; for there is no one in the aeronautical world better qualified to describe tomorrow's ships. This springs not alone from the record of his personal genius, but from the scope of the engineering and research, the everyday bench practice, the production-line experience of the organization he has fathered. The Collier Trophy, foremost recognition of aeronautical progress, went to him two years ago. Already Douglas has been responsible for inauguration of one important era in commercial air travel; the swift and high-flying air liners that are today virtually standard equipment on the major American and foreign air lines netting the earth are his: more than 240 of his famous DC3 and DC2 liners are now in service; together they operate on every continent and fly a daily average of more than 308,000 miles, or twelve and a half times around the earth's waistline, if you like figures. In the United States his ships carry more passengers, express and mail than all other airplanes combined. Douglas should know.

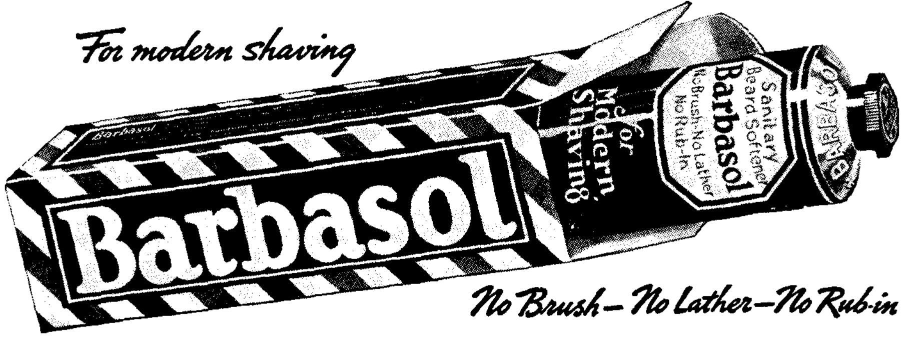
In the Wake of Sea Air Liners

A visit to his plant, just inland from Santa Monica in Southern California, is revealing. It is immense—Detroit pasted upon the storied country of hidalgos and friars. Even the shop doorway that opens from the end of the production line to the flight field is prophetic; it was designed to let forth planes with a wing span of 250 feet.

With Donald W. Douglas to chat with you about big ships is Arthur E. Raymond, vice president in charge of engineering; and Schuyler Kleinhans, who has specialized in amphibian, patrol and flying-boat designs.

Douglas believes in the inevitability

"I'm falling in love



with your Barbasol Face"

WE'VE been putting pretty girls in Barbasol ads for some time now to get across the idea that a Barbasol Face is what it takes to coax the caressing eye and hand of sweethearts, wives or otherwise.

For a Barbasol Face means much more than the cleanest, sweetest shave you ever had.

It also means a skin that feels softer and smoother, looks younger and more attractive by years, thanks to the soothing, friendly oils contained in Barbasol.

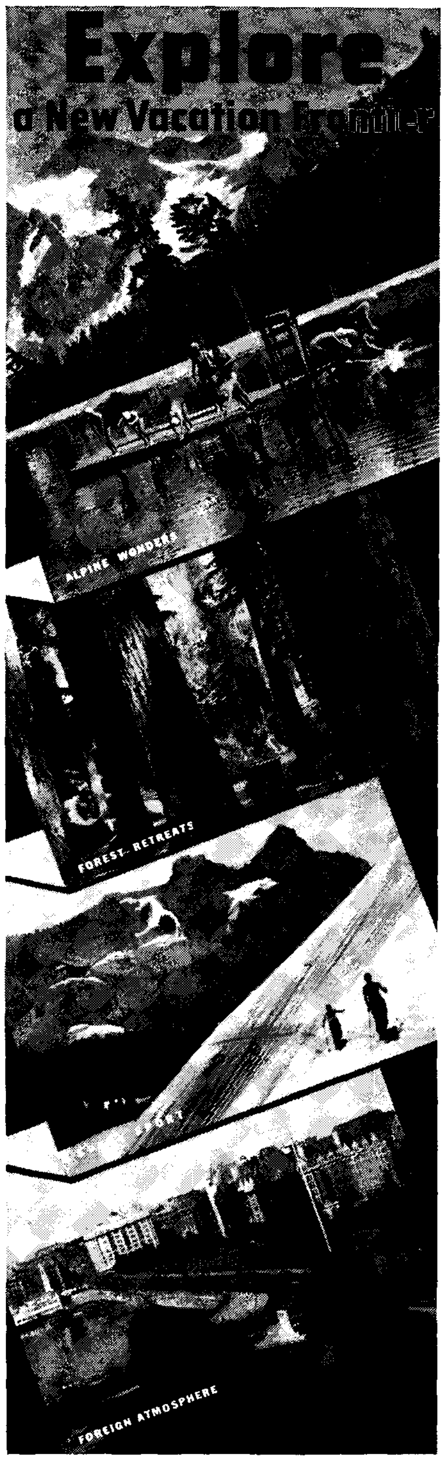
If you're a young shaver now, start and stay with Barbasol and keep that schoolboy complexion.

If you're an old hand at the game, throw away old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry, tighten and wrinkle your skin.

Buy a thrifty big tube and try Barbasol for just ten days. When you see how it speeds up the cleaning up of whiskers—when you see what a wonderful improvement it makes in your skin—you'll never change from cooling, soothing Barbasol. At all drug stores, large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family-size jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢.

For modern shaving

No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in



OUT of the beaten path—yet within easy reach of 6 key cities—you "discover" a fabulous vacationland whose infinite variety you would have to tour the world to duplicate. Here are picturesque alpine wonderlands of year-round appeal . . . scenic fresh and salt water beaches . . . restful forest haunts hidden in the semi-tropical profusion of giant evergreens . . . hundreds of lakes, streams and romantic fir-clad islands; majestic rivers, dashing waterfalls and fjords of unbelievable beauty.

You "discover" a balmy, year-round climate—the most healthful in the world for work and play . . . foreign atmosphere with an English "accent" (in British Columbia, Canada): Indian villages, pioneer mementos, mighty dam projects. And from sea-level to ski-level, every holiday sport and relaxation under a cool sun, as well as every modern comfort and convenience for an enjoyable stay. *Costs far below average.* No red tape or passports needed at the International Border. Special holiday events all year. **Send for new FREE pictorial guidebook!**

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of huge ships for the ocean air lanes. Their coming seems to him a natural outgrowth of the work to which he dedicated himself upon leaving student days at the United States Naval Academy and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He will not talk of "dream ships"; he will only point out the goals that are now marked attainable by tests and studies made in his own laboratories, the researches of his staff, the data compiled upon factory drafting boards.

He anticipates certain influences in the wake of sea air liners. The attraction of a new sort of international traveler, for example. "Here in Southern California we became aware of a distinct class of tourist when the air lines began to operate big, fast ships. It is hard to define them precisely, but they seem to be folks who have a time sensibility. They are substantial people, but with localized interests at home, and they aren't willing, or can't persuade themselves they are able, to go places unless it doesn't take long. When New Englanders can journey to the diagonally opposite end of the United States overnight and have all their time here, many come who wouldn't otherwise. People with that sort of travel idea can go to Europe, have a visit or vacation, and be home again in little more time than one-way passage on a surface liner would require."

Another Douglas belief, generally shared in the transportation field, is that ocean flying-boat design and accomplishment will fetch radical changes in ocean surface-liner design; just as the adoption of lighter metals and streamlining in railroad-train design is attributed to the example of plane builders, and the necessity of meeting the competition of the domestic air lines in comfort and speed. The New York World's Fair will display, in its Transportation Exhibit, a model of the surface ocean liner of the future: a completely enclosed and streamlined craft that resembles in profile the cross-section of an airplane wing. Closer to our day is the picture of an Atlantic liner that a director of the French Line drew for the Institute of Marine Engineers in Liverpool recently: a funnelless, streamlined, glassed-in ship, with exhausts astern. Frankly projected to meet aeronautical competition, it will cross in 84 hours.

Transports of Tomorrow

Its flying boat rivals—the great ships of the air that will be realities in our time, and enable you to select a daylight or an overnight crossing to Europe—have already taken definite outline in the minds of engineers whose job it will be eventually to set them down in production terms. Donald Douglas will probably let Schuyler Kleinhans talk to you about this; for it is within his professional sphere.

"Given the money, we could begin now to work out, design, blueprint and construct this flying boat. The first ship would probably cost eight to twelve million dollars. Something extra would be needed to complete and consolidate researches. Give me, say, fifteen million dollars, several years, and a competent staff, and this is the ship you would get:

"The hull and cabin-body section will be close in proportions to the present up-to-date Navy destroyer. That is, about 350 feet in length, nose to fin; about 50 feet in beam. Since most of this space can go to accommodations, you can see there is room for provision of every comfort and luxury. Several decks, with staterooms for a passenger list of about 600; elevators, public and entertainment facilities that cannot be surpassed, even if more lavishly provided, in surface vessels. In the tail there will be an observation lounge, a sort of veranda café. Promenades will be extended out from the hull into the wings. You can play shuffleboard and deck tennis under glass three miles in the air over the Atlantic.

"Inside the wings there will be a maximum of 18 feet of headroom, and the engineers and mechanics can move at will from one to another of the engine rooms.

"The wing chord, from leading to trailing edges, will be 85 feet; and the spread, from tip to tip, will be almost 600 feet. That's as long as many big ocean liners—the Lafayette and the Monarch of Bermuda, for example—less than a hundred feet smaller than the Washington. In tonnage, the flying boat shows advantage in relative capacity. Our flying boat, to carry 600 people in a destroyer-size hull, will weigh 1,500 tons, and only half of that is dead weight, unloaded. The Monarch of Bermuda, passenger capacity 834, weighs 22,422 tons; the Lurline, 18,021 tons.

"This ship, of course, would be perfectly capable of crossing the ocean on the surface, and would ride as well as any surface vessel of similar hull size; perhaps better, in fact, because there would be a stabilizing effect from the wings, roughly like that a tightrope walker gets from his pole.

Only a Generation Away

"Once in the air this flying boat will cruise at 300 miles per hour, making perfectly feasible in good weather a ten-hour crossing. There will be plenty of reserve to buck mean weather; but range won't be important, on account of surfaceability. This flying boat will be air-conditioned, of course, and supercharged, and it will cruise at 15,000 to 20,000 feet for best performance.

"The power may be Diesel, it may be gasoline. The engines will have to exceed greatly the horsepower output of today's motors. But when you remember that one motor of this year's airliners turns up 1,500 horse, or about as much as all four motors of the NC4, you see that progress has been as steady and impressive in engine size as in plane design; whereas in motor efficiency and reliability the improvement is virtually incredible. There may be four immense power plants, each weighing several hundred tons; there may be eight, of lesser size, but with the same total power output. The engines will be completely contained within the wings, and can be serviced and repaired while in flight.

"When air travel over the oceans is economically ready for this ship, it will be here. In order to make enterprise financially sound, there must be a ratio between size and demand: in this instance, between flying boat or plane, operations costs, and demand for passenger, mail and express accommodations. I think you can work out a rough idea of when you will be able to stand in New York or San Francisco and see these flying boats of tomorrow in their comings and goings. Or, more exciting, actually travel overseas in one yourself.

"Since the Wrights, airplanes have been approximately doubling in size every six years. The 60-passenger Clipper will be over the Atlantic this year. That will bring the 120-passenger ship in 1944, even if the upward curve on the graph of design and efficiency does not quicken; although past experience, indeed, shows that it does. The 240-passenger ship will be in service in 1950; and the one that we have been discussing, before 1960. Only a generation away."

The 600-passenger de luxe liner of the ocean skies is not more years ahead of us than the brave NC4 is years behind us.

Walter Hagen
288

3
Walter Hagen
288

LONG ON DISTANCE

The Walter Hagen 288 will gladden the heart of any golfer. It's a bear for distance! It gives you extra yardage because of its extra fine construction.

To begin with, the cover is of minimum thickness. The highest grade pure para thread winding is applied to the core under high tension. Wound so taut and tight that it is just itching to travel a mile! Every ball is compression-tested to insure top quality.

It truly is a marvel ball! Off the tee you will declare it is the longest long ball you ever drove. On the green you will find it the deadliest in accuracy.

The Hagen 288 is recommended for low handicap and tournament players—75c.

For the golfer who wants toughness primarily, play the famous Hagen Vulcord—75c.

Other Hagen Golf Balls
25c—35c—50c.

From your Professional or dealer.

The L. A. Young Golf Co.
DETROIT

Father's Little Helper

Continued from page 14

rather plumply, constructed, with good, capable hands now grasping a golf club for the first time in her life.

While they were becoming acquainted with the rules of the game, Dr. Lawson, mindful of his mission, was expanding the golf course. He hired a large brown Senegambian named Ike and began clearing prospective fairways of trees and granite, the latter by blasting, when appropriations permitted. When funds were low Ike excavated vast holes in the landscape and rolled the obtruding boulders into them and buried them. They added two holes to the original four, and then two more, and finally, with the real estate running out, squeezed in one of the shortest ninth holes in North America.

Estelle had been playing golf, or at least going through the motions, a couple of months on the little course when one evening Dr. Lawson looked up from his paper.

"I see where this bevy, as they call it, of British girls will be playing a one-round medal competition tomorrow over at the Sedgefield Country Club," he informed Estelle. "Here's our chance to see some regular golfers in action. It's only fifty miles to Greensboro. Let's drive over."

They drove over next morning. It was the 1931 expedition headed by Diana Fishwick, then British champion, playing a tour along the Atlantic seaboard.

Arriving at Sedgefield, they found the pairings of visiting girls and local golfers in progress and not coming out even. One British girl, Vera Haycock, was left over, which of course would never do.

"Your daughter plays golf, doesn't she?" the master of ceremonies asked Dr. Lawson.

Dr. Lawson hesitated, but only for an instant. The Lawson sporting blood was up, and the Lawson clubs, all four of them, were in the car.

"A little," he assented modestly.

And a palpitating Estelle, who hadn't brought her golf shoes, and was shaking in those she wore, went out for the first time with a regular golfer, on a regular golf course—and a very fine one, with a lot of the first bunkers Estelle had ever seen. The emerald greens were so smooth and glossy she was afraid her feet would fly out from under her when she stepped gingerly upon them.

And when the scores were on the board, Diana Fishwick, the British champion, had won—but Vera Haycock of Great Britain had posted a card of 105, and Estelle Lawson of Chapel Hill 103.

Off to the Tournaments

A few weeks after her debut at Sedgefield with the British girls Estelle appeared at Virginia Beach to play in the Southern Championship. She was equipped with the same four faithful clubs but without a golf bag, so a popeyed caddie carried them under one arm, as in the nineteenth-century prints of golf at Old St. Andrews. She qualified handily but lost her first match to Clara Priddy, Virginia State champion.

But now she was fairly started, and Dr. Lawson got her a set of real clubs (and a bag) and while Estelle was not among the lucky girls who have cultivated the habit of playing the Winter Loop in Florida, she got into every tournament within reach, and began winning the Carolinas Championship, alternating with Kathryn Hemphill, a fine golfer from Columbia, S. C., with whom she has played five matches in that event.

In 1935, she became the first Southern girl to win the Women's North and South Championship at Pinehurst, repeating in the early spring of 1937 and defeating on her way to the final round Glenna Collett Vare, six times national champion. Estelle entered her first National Championship in 1932 at the Salem Country Club, Peabody, Massachusetts, and missed qualifying by two strokes. She tried it again in 1934 at Whitemarsh Valley, qualified in 86, and won her first match, 8-7, but was beaten in the second round by Maureen Orcutt in a fine match, one up.

In July, 1936, Estelle married Julius A. Page, Jr., an old schoolmate and college pal, who also had assisted in the rebirth of the Chapel Hill course.

Test of a Champion

In winning the National and becoming the first Dixie girl to wear the crown since Alexa Stirling of Atlanta, winner at Mayfield in 1920, Estelle was called on to display everything a Grade-A champion is supposed to possess, in skill, finesse, endurance and plain courage. She started by winning the medal in the qualifying round for the second time in two years, thus incurring the traditional medal jinx, with a par score of 79, three strokes ahead of a great field. She won three of her six matches handily, and then, in the quarter-finals, with an apparently safe lead, had to fight off a tremendous rally—one of the grimmest tests in golf.

Reversing this process in the semi-finals, with her traditional rival, Kathryn Hemphill, she found herself 3 down at the tenth green to a brilliant adversary who was playing better than the card to that point.

The spotlight of championship was concentrated with a dazzling focus on the play of one single hole of that entire tournament. It was the 175-yard sixteenth of this match, where Estelle, having cut the lead to 1 up at the fourteenth, had laid herself a dead stymie at the long fifteenth, and was almost hopelessly 2 down, with three holes to play.

The sixteenth is the best and toughest one-shotter on the big course; uphill, with a great guarding bunker at the left front of the green, the flag being set in a wicked spot just back of it. Miss Hemphill, 2 up, very properly went for the open part of the green, but the ball wheeled off to the right and was over a bank in a bunker.

Now it was squarely up to Estelle. Would she play safe and go for the green, or would she shoot for the flag? The championship was dangling on the answer—and on the shot.

There never was a bolder reply, and never a bolder iron shot traveled a ruled line, straight over the guarding bunker, twelve feet to the left of the flag—on the dangerous side. That was the answer, and nothing less would have done. For after Miss Hemphill's spectacular recovery stopped close to the cup, the Chapel Hill girl rammed down that twelve-footer for a deuce, as if the range had been inches only. She squared at the home green, and won the match with a birdie 4 at the nineteenth. . . . Against Patty Berg next day, in the 36-hole final, Estelle gave the great little Minneapolis redhead no chance; she was a stroke better than the card all day; and her 36 on the outward nine of the afternoon round set a record that is unlikely to be touched for many a year.

NEW WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL
WINS MILLIONS

THIS NEW.... SHREDDED RALSTON MAKES A REAL MAN'S BREAKFAST DOESN'T IT, SON?
I SURE LOVE THAT FLAVOR...AND THE NEW BITE SIZE MAKES IT SO EASY TO EAT
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston

NEW...BITE SIZE CEREAL
no muss....no crumbling

It's so easy to "make music" on the Hammond Organ!

AS PRACTICAL FOR YOUR HOME AS A PIANO

The Hammond occupies no more space than a writing desk. It is easy to install, easy to move. The Hammond is played in many great symphony orchestras . . . yet it costs no more than a fine piano!

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Capital Offense

Continued from page 17

drop of a hat, but Baby Face is boss. As long as he's sober, there ain't nothing going to hurt you so long as you're playing square. And he ain't going to be trapped, either, through a woman or no other way—except maybe when he's been drinking. Lord, when he's drunk, he's out. I've stood over him for hours, keeping watch till he got sober. Well, I'll be seeing you soon, I hope. And remember, no funny stuff."

"No funny stuff," said Partain. "Just like a lawyer, confidential."

The youth nodded and went swaying out.

Partain wasn't an unusually brave man. He was just a fool when it came to following a story. There are lots of fools in the newspaper business.

Partain had a room at the Elks Club. When he switched on his light at 3 A. M., preparatory to going to bed, there was the pimply-faced youth waiting for him.

"How'd you know where I lived?" asked Partain. "And how the devil did you get in here?"

"That's part of my business to know little things like that," said the boy. "And I'm pretty good with a hairpin when it comes to picking locks."

"What do you want?"

"Get your typewriter and stuff; we're going places."

"All right," said Partain. "I get you."

HE SLIPPED his folding camera in his coat pocket, packed a roll of paper into the typewriter container, and walked out of the room ahead of the boy. The latter switched off the lights.

The Elks Club was diagonally across the street from a corner hotel and a taxi stand. The outlaw called a cab driver. "Take us over the other side of the river," he told the driver, "and my friend wants to pay the fare now."

Partain paid.

The cab was dismissed at the far side of the bridge. The two started walking. Almost immediately a heavy sedan came to a purring stop directly behind them. The lights blinked off. A rear door swung open.

"In you go," said the youth.

Partain entered the machine. Instantly hands grabbed him, and he was pulled down into the middle of the back seat, a man on each side of him. The youth got into the front seat, and the car started again.

"Take it easy, buddy," said a voice that was almost friendly. "Nothin's going to hurt you."

Someone tied a blindfold over Partain's eyes.

"I'm Redfern," the calm voice announced. "Sorry to have to blindfold you, but you might bring someone with you next time you come calling."

"Okay," said Partain. "That's the way I wanted it to be, entirely in your hands, so you would know I had to be on the square. I want a story straight from your lips. That's all I'm interested in."

"Yeah," said the voice, "I know. You got nerve, all right."

"I was betting," said Partain, "that if a fellow played square with you, you'd play square with him."

"That's right," said Redfern. "You won't be in any danger. I figured you could stay around a couple of days or so, and you could write your story, and then we could bring you back home, or almost back. I ain't got much education. There's been a lot of lies writ about me, and I want to set them right."

All the time the automobile was moving at a terrific speed along the highway. It was a graveled road, and Partain could hear the gravel whirling under the wheels. The interior of the car reeked with tobacco fumes and the smell of liquor.

"Want a drink?" asked Redfern.

"Don't mind if I do—after you."

"No," said the outlaw, "drink and me don't mix very well. When I start, I make a fool out of myself."

At this, a half-snarl, half-laugh sounded from the man on Partain's left.

Partain took a deep swallow from a flask that was handed him. He could stand a little liquor.

"The gentleman on your left," said Redfern, "is Joe Wantubby. Maybe you've heard of him."

"I certainly have," said Partain.

Again the half-laugh, half-snarl sounded.

"Our driver," continued Redfern, "is no other than Tony Romano, the best driver in the Southwest."

Partain was thankful for this information. It seemed to him that the car was making ninety with little slackening of speed for curves.

"Don't call him the Dago," said Redfern, in a half-whisper. "It sometimes makes him mad. When he's mad, he's dangerous. Sometimes it's hard for me to handle him even.

"The boy who brought you here is Henry Farmer. He's just out of Granite, you know. Good kid, in the making—in this line of business. Of course he's got lots of faults."

The car swerved off the graveled road onto a dirt road that was rough and bumpy. Then the car was on a gravel road again. The car turned many times to the right and to the left. Partain knew that they were trying to bewilder him. Once they forded a shallow stream. Several times they crossed bridges. Suddenly the car came to a stop.

"All out," said Redfern; "we're home. Don't touch the blindfold until we get in the house."

Partain knew that it was after daylight. Redfern's hide-out, one of many, perhaps, was disguised as a peaceful farm residence. The reporter, the best he could estimate, had been driven a hundred miles or more in a general northwestern direction. If this was true, he was probably somewhere in the heart of the Cookson hills.

THEY entered the house, and Partain was led into an inner room. He could smell and hear bacon frying. Coffee also was boiling.

Someone struck a match. He could smell kerosene and knew that an oil lamp was being lighted.

"Now you can take it off," said Redfern.

Partain untied the blindfold. At first the lamp blinded him. Gradually his vision returned to him, and he saw the round, grinning face of Redfern. He knew that it was Redfern, from his pictures.

The bandit was much heavier than his prison description. About medium height and with broad, heavy shoulders, Redfern now weighed almost two hundred pounds. His eyes were blue and friendly. His nose was short and upturned at the end; his lips were almost delicate. He looked anything but a bandit, and Partain's first thought was regret that he was an outlaw—and a killer.

He was dressed in a light summer suit and blue shirt, with white tie. There was a bulge beneath his right shoulder and at his right hip. He was a double-rod man.

"Make yourself at home, here," said Baby Face. "I'll bring you in some breakfast. After you eat, lie down and get some sleep. I won't be able to see you until after dinner."

Almost immediately Redfern returned with a plate of bacon and eggs, a jar of strawberry preserves, hot biscuits and coffee.

"Not bad for an outlaw's hangout, is it?" grinned the bandit host.

"Not bad," agreed Partain.

Redfern turned and left the room. He was careful to lock the door on the outside.

As Partain ate, he looked about him.

The room was furnished with a cot, a chair, blankets, a pillow and a table. An empty box stood in a corner. The kerosene lamp stood on the table. Through the cracks he could tell it was daylight outside. Partain guessed that it was about 6:30 o'clock.

Outside someone was driving the cows out to pasture. In the distance Partain heard a truck approaching. It passed fairly close.

Someone flung himself down on a bed in the next room. Partain heard the springs give and creak with the weight of the body. Soon there were snores.

Then, as the snores continued, Partain heard someone fumbling with the lock on his door. It was Joe Wantubby, the half-breed Cherokee. Partain knew his record; he was the most dangerous of Redfern's gang, unless it was the Dago.

The tall half-breed said nothing. He picked up the dishes and left the room, locking the door after him. Partain hoped the liquor stock about the house was low. Wantubby was tall, with black, straight hair and blacker eyes. There was a long white scar across his right cheek. He had removed his coat and was in hunting shirt and khaki trousers, and was without his shoes, wearing heavy wool socks. He carried no gun, but a cruel-looking hunting knife was in a sheath at his right thigh.

AGAIN Partain heard the roar of an approaching truck. He went to one of the cracks and peered out. Unmistakably he heard the rattle of a bridge, as the truck passed. He waited and placed his ear to the crack. Far away he could hear, faintly, an automobile. The sound grew, and the car came near and passed, and again he heard the rattle of the bridge.

They were somewhere on a main highway, the hide-out disguised as a respectable farm home. A view through another crack revealed a red barn and a water tank with windmill pump. Beyond the barn was a meadow, with a herd of Jersey cattle grazing. And beyond the meadow was a curving line of trees, water oak, sycamore and cottonwood, which marked the course of a fairly large river.

The snoring continued in the other room. Partain lay down on the couch and began to think things over. The boys at the paper would not miss him until maybe 6 or 7 o'clock that night. His time to report for work was at 4 o'clock, but sometimes he went straight to police court instead of to the office.

Around about 8 o'clock, when the telephone failed to arouse him, someone would go to his room. They would find that the bed had not been slept in that night. Then the ball would start rolling, the police would be informed, and other reporters would be assigned to check over his movements as far as possible, the night before. But there would be no story, not the first night, maybe not for two nights. Papers usually keep things pretty quiet for a day or two when it's one of their own men missing. There might be things they wouldn't want to get out.

THEN the first thing Partain knew, someone was shaking him. It was Redfern, and he was grinning.

"Pretty well tuckered out, ain't you?"

There was a meal steaming on the table, and two plates. Baby Face was going to eat with him.

"I figure that a real true story from you could do me a lot of good in the eyes of the public," said Redfern. "It ain't just that I want to see my name in the paper some more. I want to set some things right. For instance, that Kansas City job. I wasn't in that, and I can prove it, and there's some more. I ain't really killed nobody but the guy that killed my old man. I've robbed banks, I admit, plenty of them. I'd like to go straight from now on, though. I figure, since there's so many grand on my head, the bankers' associations may help get me off light if I come in and give up."

"I don't know," said Partain, "but I do know I can write a swell story about you, and I'll type it down here just as you tell me. When you get me back, I can have it in print over the entire United States, next morning. I figure you better cut loose now, so I can be back at the paper before they start raising a rumpus."

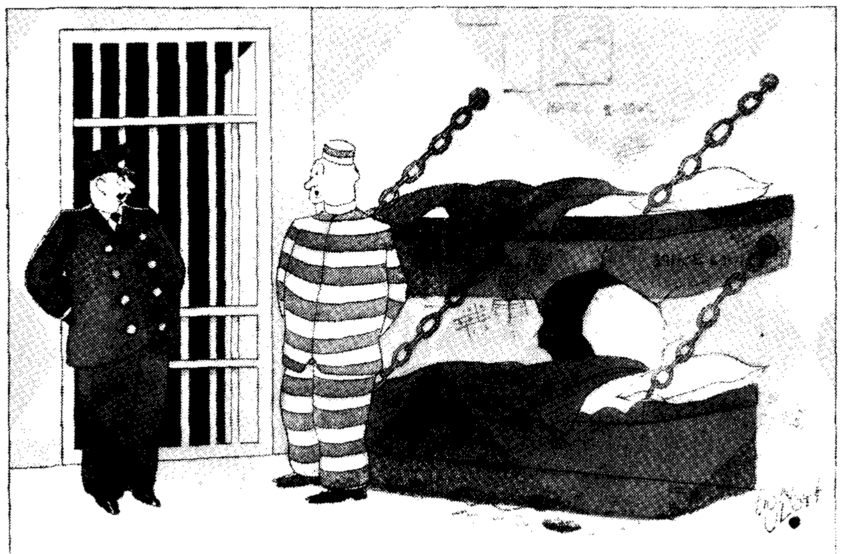
"Yeh, I figure that way, too."

For several hours, Baby Face Redfern dictated his life story to Partain. Partain took it down at high speed on the little portable, just as the bandit spoke it, grammatical errors and all.

Partain banged away steadily, with both of them burning many cigarettes, until 4 o'clock. Then suddenly a door slammed, men's voices sounded in the adjoining room.

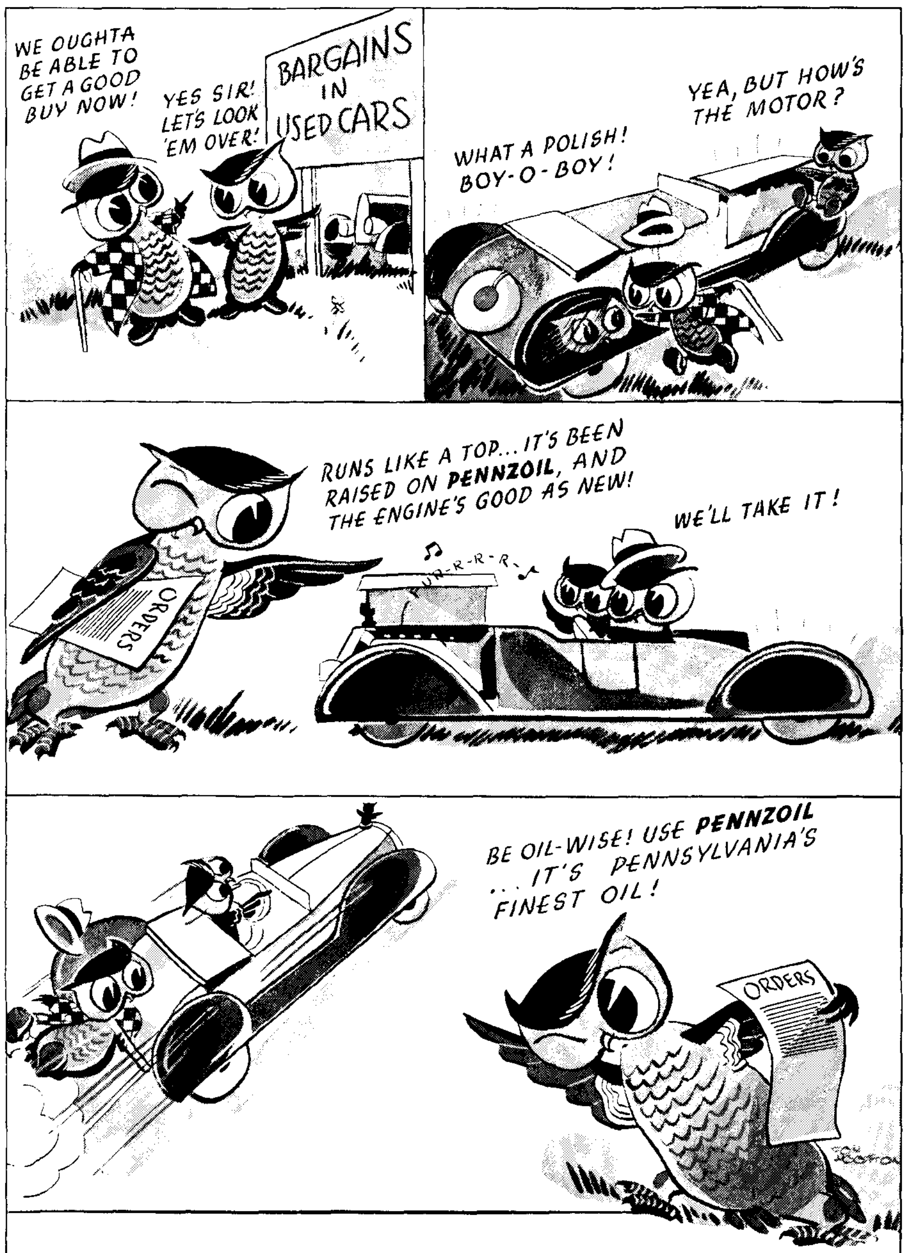
Partain noticed the frown on Redfern's round forehead. The bandit rose.

"Maybe we'd better cut it now. That loud one is Frank Grimshaw. He's a guy I'm going to have to have it out with



"Looks like Butch got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning"

DON ULSH



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sometime. See you after they're gone."

Redfern left the room and locked the door. The yellow flame of the oil lamp was spluttering, and Partain saw that the oil was almost exhausted. He blew out the light and lay back on his bed.

This Frank Grimshaw was a devil, from all accounts. Native of the hill country, he had spent a stretch in Granite, broken out, and had been shooting and dodging officers ever since. Grapevine rumors had it for some time that he was attempting to unseat Baby Face. Grimshaw was reported to have a strong following among the minor cutthroats, who held him up as a leader.

For a long time, past the supper hour, talk went on in low tones. Now and then the voices were raised as if in argument. Partain placed his ear against the partition wall and listened. He could make out some of the conversation. Apparently Redfern and Grimshaw were the principals in the argument, with others joining in from time to time.

THE outer door slammed and another man entered the room. It was Farmer.

"Where you been?" asked Grimshaw.

"Just over to Gore," replied the youth.

"Shut your mouth, you fool," bellowed Redfern. "Somebody might hear you."

"From the way I figure it, you're playing the fool this time," growled Grimshaw. "These newspaper guys are keen. You're liable to get us all burned just because you like to read your name in the paper."

"Grimshaw," said Redfern, in a voice as cold as an icicle, "some day I think I'll have to plug you. I'd just as soon it was right now."

"Oh, I was just kiddin'," snarled Grimshaw. "Can't you take a joke? Have a drink."

There was a clink of glasses. Then the voices subsided. Redfern had begun to drink.

Partain lay back on his cot again. The room seemed hot and stuffy. The palms of his hands were moist. The situation was getting dangerous, he realized.

The mention of the town of Gore, however, kept his mind for the time being from dwelling on more unpleasant things. Gore, Oklahoma, was just twenty miles west of Fort Smith, Arkansas, and was on the main highway. The Illinois River ran a mile or two east of Gore. Could it be possible that the outlaws had the nerve to hide out that close in? Partain had gone fishing more than once on the Illinois at Gore. It seemed to him—by George, there were several nice-looking farms on the Illinois a short distance from Gore. And one of these had a red barn and a windmill and a caretaker's cottage far back from the highway!

When Partain peered through the cracks now, it was dark outside. He could see the headlights of several automobiles a mile away, as they approached along the highway. Just over the hill beyond those headlights, that would be Gore.

The drinking grew heavier, and the talking grew louder and more heated in the next room. Partain could hear Redfern, now as loud as any of them. He was recklessly, wildly, drunk. So were Grimshaw and Romano.

Judging from the sounds, Wantubby and Henry Farmer were less drunk than the others.

Then suddenly it happened. There was a crash, a yell, and the blasting report of a revolver. The gun fired once, twice. Then there was silence.

Partain waited desperately for the first voice. It was that of Grimshaw!

"Well, that's all for Mr. Baby Face Redfern! Now, I'm boss here. He had it coming, the dirty, round-faced bum!"

"But if Joe hadn't known how to throw a knife," came the voice of Farmer, "that Dago sure would have got you before you could get down on Redfern. Speared his heart from behind, clean as a whistle."

"Well," came the guttural voice of the half-breed, "now I go have some fun with the newspaper guy."

Partain heard the catlike tread of the Indian at the door, heard a hand at the latch. He picked up the chair. His nerves were on the verge of breaking, and the blood hammered and pounded at his temples.

"Wait!" commanded Grimshaw, now apparently sobered. "Not yet. Come here."

The Indian retreated from the door. The conversation became inaudible.

In the other room they were dragging something out through the kitchen. Partain knew these were the bodies of Baby Face Redfern and his pal, the Dago. Probably, Partain thought, that was the way his body would be carried out before this night was over. The haystack and a match! Or the river and rocks tied to his neck!

While they were gone, he hurled himself repeatedly at the oaken door without success. He tried to kick the door open, with swift, heavy stomps near the latch. It defied his efforts.

The outlaws returned to the house. They came straight to the shed room and opened the door. The trio stood there looking in. Grimshaw, evil-looking country bumpkin, held a .45 automatic in his right hand.

"Come out of there, you stool-pigeon snooper," ordered the killer, "and sit down at the table there. We've got use for you."

Partain sat in one of the chairs at the table. Joe Wantubby sat opposite him, and next to him was Farmer.

Joe Wantubby picked at the oilcloth with his hunting knife. A cruel smile played about the corners of his mouth.

The grin of idiocy was on the face of the youth, Farmer.

Grimshaw placed the portable typewriter before Partain and thrust a sheet of paper into it.

"Now write just how much you think your hide, whole—not punctured with bullets, carved with a knife or scorched up a bit with matches—is worth to your lousy newspaper."

NOW that he believed death inevitable, Partain was much calmer. His nerves quit jerking. His heart wasn't pounding so heavily.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just what I say. How much ransom do you think your paper will pay to have you back good as ever?"

"Don't be a fool," said Partain. "It would make them a durn' good story if I didn't get back. And they can pick up better reporters than I am for less money any old day."

"Listen, Reporter. You get down on your knees and beg them in that letter of yours. Write like you never wrote before. We figure your hide as good as new is worth twenty-five grand—"

Partain laughed in spite of himself and his predicament. This would be a good joke for the old man back home.

The half-breed suddenly reached over the table and pricked Partain's forehead the tiniest bit with his knife, and then sat down without a word.

"All right," said Partain, "if you boys mean business. What do you want me to write?"

"You tell them to put an ad in the personal column on the want-ad page saying they are willing to meet terms and that they've got the money ready, and have them sign it—Red Cross. Tell 'em to keep the story out of the paper, and tell them to lay off the officers."

"And," said Wantubby, "if they don't answer they are ready the first day, tell them your ears will come home—but you stay here."

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"I am held by men who mean business. If you value my life do not notify officers, try no trickery, and do not print a story on the kidnaping in the paper.

"If the advertisement is not in the paper in the morning, they will send my ears to you first thing in the morning. I am really in a dangerous predicament. These men will stop at nothing, and they have threatened to torture me. I have no chance if you do not do as they say.

"If the advertisement is in the paper in the morning, no harm will befall me, and new instructions will be sent. So far I am all right."

GRIMSHAW read the letter very closely, spelling out each word. He then handed Partain a stubby pencil and made him sign his name to the message.

"That's okay," said the bumpkin. "Now back in the room you go. Here, wait a minute. You got a knife or anything on you?"

Grimshaw searched him, let his fingers stick to the two dollars or more he found in Partain's trousers pockets, and then kicked him brutally into the shed room, while the half-breed and the boy roared.

Partain lay on his bed throughout the remainder of the night. Snores on the other side of the partition told him that two of his captors were sleeping. From time to time, Joe Wantubby, with a revolver in his hand, came to his door and peered in. Toward morning, Grimshaw relieved Wantubby.

After the clatter of breakfast was over, one of them left. Partain figured it was young Farmer. He had left to take the letter to the paper. The outlaws did not bother to give him breakfast or lunch. Wantubby snored until noon.

At four o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain. Along about six o'clock Grimshaw brought in some badly fried potatoes, some cold coffee and some bread.

"Did the letter get through?" asked Partain.

"Sure," said Grimshaw. "Farmer gave it to a messenger boy as soon as he got to town, told him to deliver it to the paper, and he beat it back here. We'll sit up tonight. We get your lousy paper by carrier. We ain't so far away from town as you think. We'll get your paper along about 2 A. M. If that ad ain't in there, off comes your ears. Maybe we'll decorate you a little anyway."

It was already dark in the little room. For the next hour, always alert lest he be surprised, Partain tested systematically every plank on the wall for a weakness. He put pressure against them at various places. But the boards, of rough oak, twelve inches wide and an inch thick, were all firmly nailed to the framework. The floor was of a similar material. The roof was of corrugated iron, against which the rain drummed heavily.

They had started their card-playing again in the next room. They were drinking. Partain lay back on the bed and racked his brain for a plan of escape. If they drank themselves into drunkenness, he figured he might work some ruse or maybe force the bolt on the door. At any moment, however, one of them might come lunging in to kill him.

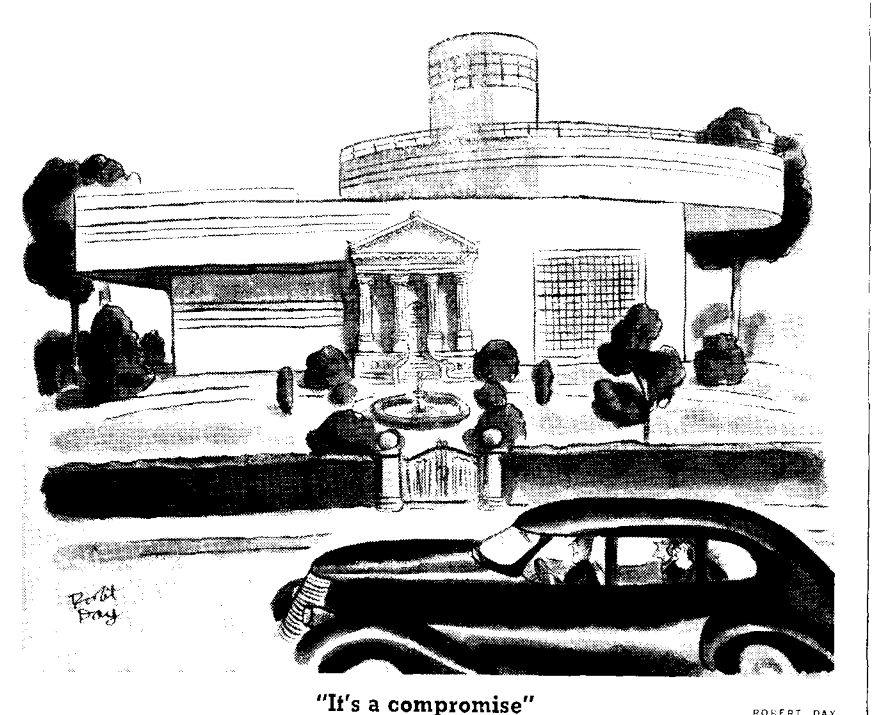
But they didn't get drunk—not completely drunk. Every now and then Wantubby would unbolt the door to the shed room and peer in to see that everything was all right.

As the hours passed, the situation seemed more and more desperate to Partain. He had complete confidence in Uncle Jimmie Anderson, the managing editor, to root out everything as far as possible; but even Anderson could not do the impossible.

Anderson would know where the taxicab driver let him and Farmer out of the car. Anderson also would know by this time that the boy Partain had been talking to in the office—and the boy who accompanied him in the taxicab—was Farmer. The police had pictures of Farmer, which the boys in the office would recognize. Anderson and the officers knew that Farmer had various hide-outs in the Cookson Mountains. But that was all that Anderson could know, and just about all he could do.

PARTAIN tried to think as Anderson and the publisher would think. Even if they could raise the twenty-five thousand dollars on that short notice, he knew that they would have no confidence in any guarantees the bandits might offer for his safe return. For that matter, Partain doubted if they would turn him loose, even with the ransom money safe in hand. They would believe him too dangerous to be allowed to live.

The hours wore on. It had stopped raining. Wantubby now was snoring. Farmer and Grimshaw, however, con-



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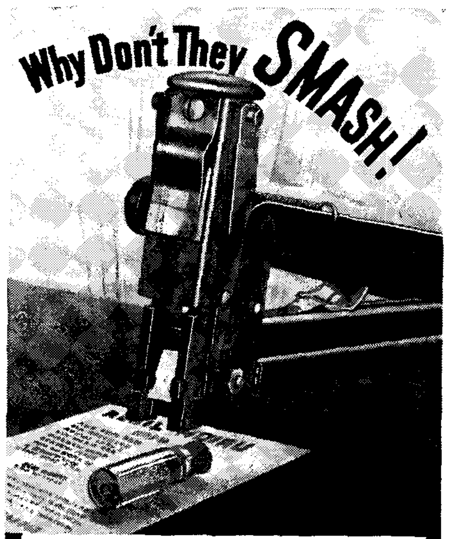

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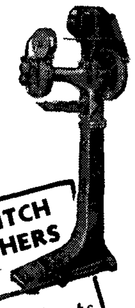

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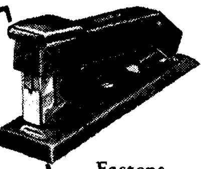

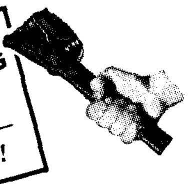

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tinued at their game. Toward 1 o'clock they fried some eggs and made coffee. Partain's mouth watered. He was nearly starved. But he feared to ask for food or for something to drink.

Shortly after the meal, one of them left the house. It was Farmer. He heard Grimshaw rousing Wantubby a few minutes later. Up on the highway an automobile was passing. Partain heard it stop and then start again. That would be the carrier truck on No. 3 run, from the paper.

A few minutes later Farmer returned. Partain heard all three of them talking in growling, subdued voices. They were searching for the advertisement. They found it after a time. They returned to the card table and began drinking again. They drank heavily. They were pleased.

An hour passed. Wantubby was asleep. Grimshaw and Farmer continued to drink and to talk loudly. Partain put his shoulder to the door and tested its strength. It was as solid as a rock. He knew that it would defy all his efforts.

He called out to Grimshaw. He had to shout several times before he was heard. Then the two of them came lurching toward the door. They opened it and stood waiting, each with a heavy six-shooter in his hand, just outside the door.

"I want a drink," said Partain.

For answer, the barrel of Grimshaw's gun descended in a vicious arc upon the side of Partain's head.

PARTAIN came to some time later in City Hospital. Uncle Jimmie Anderson was grinning down at him.

"How in the world—" began Partain.

"Gaze at this, boy, gaze at this," said Uncle Jimmie holding out an extra edition of the paper. There was Partain's interview with Baby Face Redfern on the front page and continued on the inside pages. There was a picture of Partain being carried on a stretcher, and pictures of Wantubby, Farmer and Grimshaw, wearing handcuffs.

Partain started to speak again, but Uncle Jimmie stopped him. "Don't excite yourself, boy! Don't excite yourself. We found out that it was Farmer who had you—that was simple of course. We knew he probably would be in the Cookson hill region or over in that direction. Since that ransom note said that if we failed to have that ad in the personal column they'd send us your ears first thing, early, I figured they planned to get the paper early. I had a hunch—you know how it is—that they probably were getting our paper out of the box on our regular route, like a respectable subscriber. It was just a chance, but it was better than nothing.

"We put a news man in the delivery truck and had another following along three or four minutes after it. The first one saw nothing unusual on the whole trip. As the second car came along near the Illinois River, close to Gore, he saw a man getting his paper out of the box. That's unusual at 2 A. M. Of course this second spotter kept on going until he had driven around a curve so as to arouse no suspicion. Then he stopped and slipped back.

"The main house up near the road was all dark and quiet; but then, some distance down back of this house, in the field, he saw a rectangle of light for an instant as someone opened and shut a door.

"He slipped down there and found what looked like an ordinary tenant house. But there was a patch of light showing at the bottom of one of the windows, where the blinds lacked an inch or two of being pulled down. He did a Peeping Tom act and spied Farmer and Grimshaw playing cards and drinking, at the table. He didn't know who Grimshaw was but recognized Farmer as the pimply-faced individual you had been talking to in the office. He couldn't see you anywhere, but he knew if you weren't already dead you'd be there somewhere, so he scooted back to the car and drove back to town in record time.

"We got a dozen officers and came back to the place just before daylight. You were out cold with a knot on your head, and they were all out too, stone drunk. We got the handcuffs on them before they knew what was happening.

"WE FOUND your story about Redfern, and that was the first we knew he was in the case—"

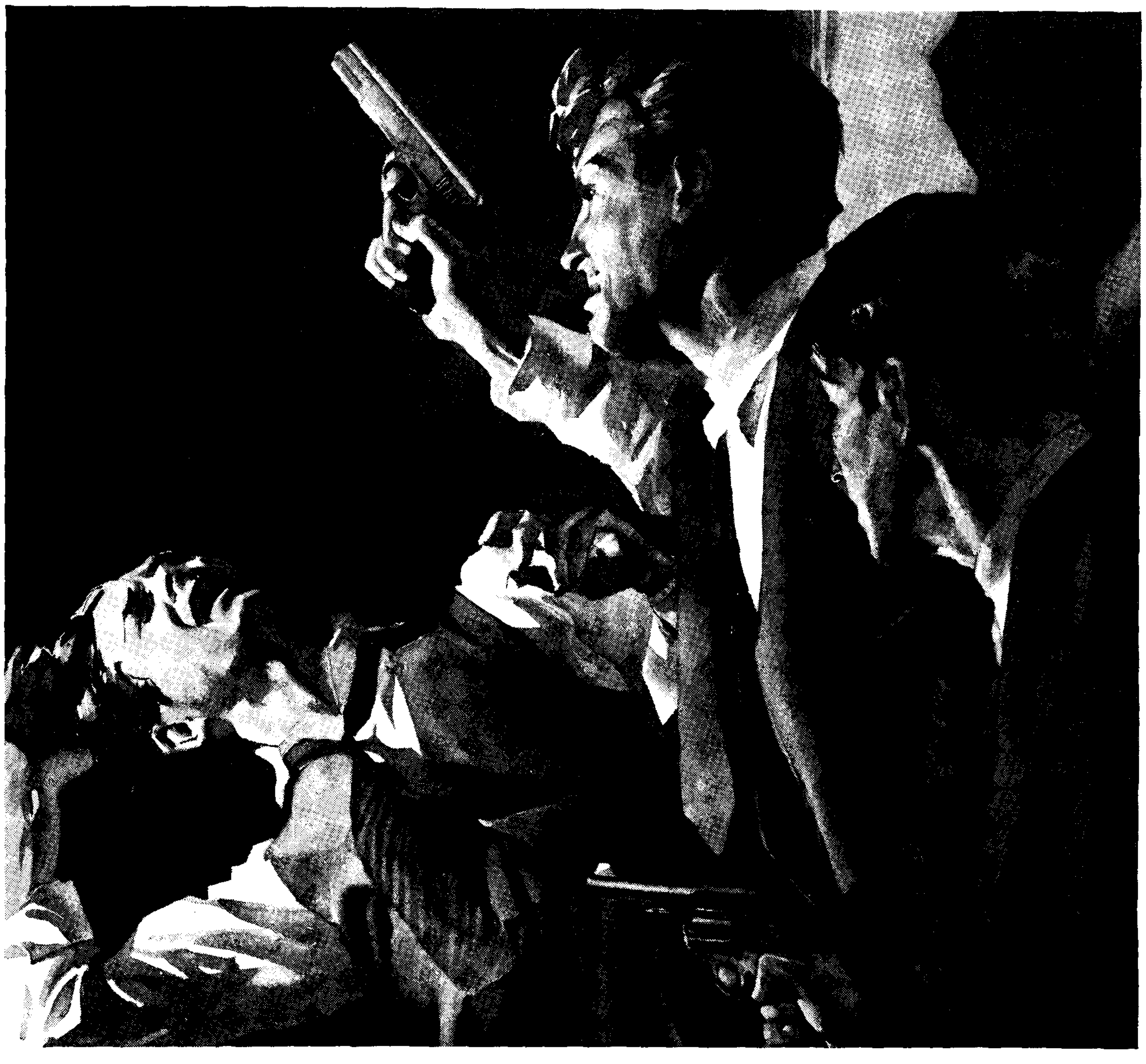
"Did you find—" began Partain.

"Yes," said Uncle Jimmie, "we found the bodies of Redfern and Romano, buried in a shallow grave with some straw over the top, right there in the barnyard. Another thing we found was that that farm belongs to our distinguished criminal lawyer Grant Newgate, and at the present time he is attempting to explain things in his persuasive way to the district attorney."

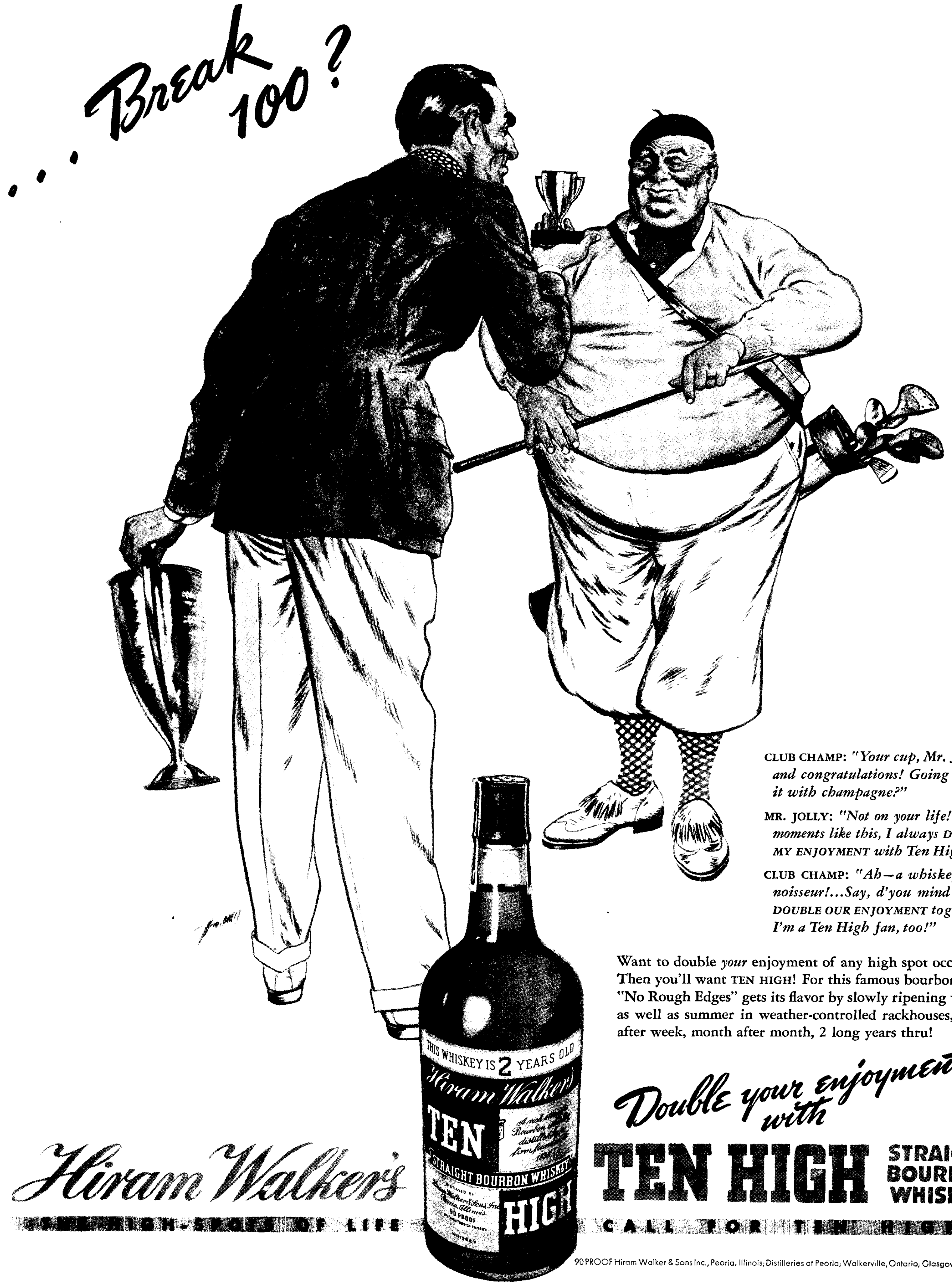
Uncle Jimmie paused, and his face burst into a smile. "My boy, we are going to give you a five-dollar-a-week raise."

"Swell," said Partain. "There's one thing I want to know. Would you have paid the ransom?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars? Hell no! We never even considered it."



The barrel of Grimshaw's gun descended in a vicious arc upon the side of Partain's head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Y KYLE CRICHTON

Why movie producers get jittery—the life and hardships of Harlan Thompson

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Producer Harlan **Thompson with the singing star of his new picture, Gladys Swarthout**

THE first witness before the court this morning will be Harlan Thompson, producer at Paramount Studios. Mr. Thompson will tell us exactly why a producer eventually takes two years off for his health. He will illustrate this by a horrible example known as the Big Broadcast of 1938.

"First off," testifies Mr. Thompson, "it is a matter of time. A picture that can take advantage of the holiday trade means at least $200,000 more on the gross business. The next consideration is that there have been other Big Broadcasts. The first one was easy; we just hurled a lot of radio acts together like a vaudeville bill and everybody in America was happy. In Europe, however, they had never heard of our radio people, so we had to dub in celebrities they did know about. So now on this one, I get a great idea. The picture will take place on board an ocean liner. If that doesn't make everybody happy, we are simply out a million bucks and I am ordered not to show my face in Los Angeles County for a period of twenty years."

Mr. Thompson stopped at this point to ask the bailiff to wake up the jury. He then continued:

"Along about last June I got Freddie Brennan (Frederick Hazlitt Brennan) busy on the script. At that time it had been decided that we would have Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye and Dorothy Lamour in the cast. On that basis Freddie wrote a little dandy to take place on board that ocean liner. The first bad news was from Mr. Jack Benny, who said he was worn out, worn right down to a frazzle. What with two hours a day at this and two hours a day at that, Mr. Benny was a wreck. Mr. Benny was talked to in a kindly voice, but no. He said he was a wreck and would we excuse him?"

Mr. Thompson took a sip of water before continuing. He looked weary.

"That wasn't fatal because I had been looking for a chance of putting Bill Fields (W. C. Fields) into a picture. The only trouble was that a picture written around Jack Benny is not going to fit Bill Fields. In fact nothing is going to fit Mr. Fields except himself. The writers can write and the directors can direct but when it comes out it is invariably something done by Mr. Fields and no other."

Mr. Thompson uttered a sigh to indicate what he felt about comedians.

"Freddie Brennan was on another picture by this time so I decided to enlist the services of Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay, who were then on the coast. They were on the coast but they were due back in New York almost immediately to work on a play for Ed Wynn. Nothing like that ever daunted a Thompson, who needed a vacation anyhow, so we arranged to go back together by boat through the Canal. That is a sixteen-day trip and in that period we knocked out a small masterpiece around the sterling character of Bill Fields and Burns and Allen."

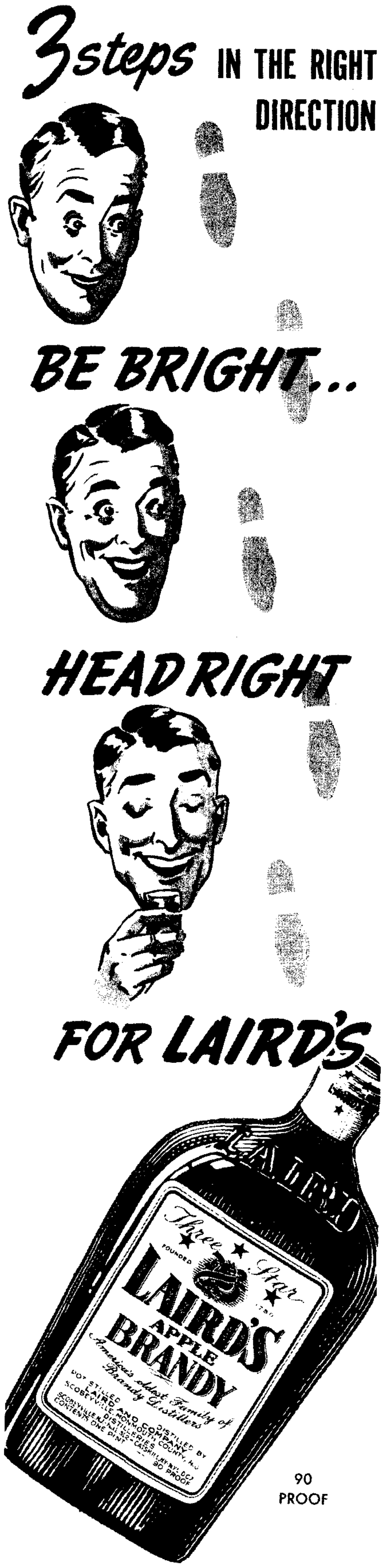
There will be a court delay at this juncture to point out that Harlan Thompson was originally a playwright himself, having been responsible for Little Jesse James and other Broadway successes. This accounts for his ability to help with the preparation of a script.

"While I was at it," continued the witness, "I had arranged beforehand to do a scene with Kirsten Flagstad in New York—this to be incorporated in the picture later. But you don't just jump into a thing like that. First we had Miss Flagstad carefully measured in New York for her costume, which was then made in Hollywood. Also we had the sets made in Hollywood for Miss Flagstad's scene and these were transported to New York. Along with them went a crew of six men—electricians, cameraman, sound man and the like. We engaged Wilfred Pelletier of the Metropolitan to direct the musical numbers for Miss Flagstad and sixty-five members of the Philharmonic Orchestra to play. Between the time we did the musical part of it and the shots of the orchestra actually playing, most of the Philharmonic boys had gone off on their vacations. At the moment we could have killed those jolly little fiddle players but what the hell! That's life. We got a gang of other guys in dinner jackets."

Mr. Thompson paused again, this time merely to allow a break in the testimony.

"I thought we had things pretty well lined up when we got back. We had a

(Continued on page 59)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Homemade Hollywood

Continued from page 19

acts as a sort of clinic on movie health. One of the many tasks it performs is to criticize the movies of its members. Since the start Colonel Winton has seen thousands of movies just such as you have taken. He knows the errors of the average amateur. Technical mistakes? No, he thinks they are chiefly human ones.

"It's the human element that produces bad photography. Follow instructions and you can't go wrong. New cameras are sold with complete instruction books, yet people don't read them. We've had instances where a boss who loaned his camera to his secretary for the week end found on Monday that she had taken better pictures on her first try than he had ever done, because she read the instructions and followed them. Think before you shoot. Learn to load your machine. Always load it in the shade and always take time to do it."

Now suppose your machine is purchased and you are ready to shoot. What's the important thing in getting good pictures? Keeping your camera steady, says the colonel. He advises you to hold it with the arms pressed into the side of the body as support. Use a tripod whenever possible. Results can also be obtained with a unipod—a neck strap and socket with a short pole to the camera.

Good Films Need Planning

All experts warn you not to panoram. To obtain a good movie sequence, stop your machine and make a series of shots, rather than by swinging it in a panorama. Separate scenes cover less footage and save you money in the end. The less your camera is moved while in action the better your picture will be.

Plan your movie ahead of time. That doesn't necessarily mean a Hollywood scenario. Not at all. Simply some notes before you start shooting so you'll know just what to take and what not to take. Remember that your final picture should be more than a collection of snapshots. It ought to be a movie about *something.* It should tell a story. Last summer Sidney Moritz of New York decided to tell the story of the cycling trains that go off into New England every Sunday in summer, loaded with amateur cyclists. To compile a one-reel record of a 16mm. film he took half a dozen trips, planning in advance the action and reaction of every shot. The result was a fine color picture entitled "Under Your Own Power."

Good films do not just happen. They are planned beforehand. Begin with a general view to establish the background, follow with a nearer shot, then a close-up that emphasizes some part of the scene, and end with another general shot. One fault of the amateur movie is that it hasn't enough close-ups. In planning your film note every possible chance for the use of close-ups.

Part of the fun of film-making is editing. After your picture is taken you can change it, alter your original idea, take new scenes or combine what you have with old reels. If part of the movie is overexposed, cut it out and retake that scene. Here's a chance to use your ingenuity. Suppose you have a shot of a train. By retakes you can show the train coming toward you, going from you, you can shoot it from different angles and even ride upon it and take the scenery. Hollywood does all this simultaneously with numerous cameras, you can do it by retakes and no one will know the difference.

What sort of pictures shall you shoot? Well, that depends. The family is always interesting but it's best to bear in mind that your family is more amusing to you than to your friends. Your friends probably prefer vacation shots, travel pictures or sports films, and best of all current events in the locality. Travel movies are invariably valuable and you won't regret the time and effort spent making a permanent story of your trips away from home. Sometimes these come in winter. Such a film could first portray the family wading through slush and snow to the taxi, then a cut to a Southern beach where bathers are splashing in the ocean under a summer sun.

Good movies demand action, and sports pictures always furnish plenty of that. As the rules applying to amateur movies generally apply particularly to sports pictures, let's see in detail how you'd go about the taking of a movie on winter sports. What's that? You don't know how to ski? Fine! All the better because now we'll have a funny picture.

Now then, what's the first thing you do? Right, plan your story. My First Ski Trip. To set the *locale,* better open with a fade-in of skis swishing through the snow. Next a scene at the station as the crowd in a forest of skis waits for the train gate to open, followed by some snow-covered fields seen from the car en route. The next shot will be a close-up of the skiers pouring from the train at the snow station.

Sports films demand more close-ups than others. Here comes a chance for plenty. The feet of the skiers as they adjust their skis might be good. Then you'll have an opportunity to take your opening fade-in, followed by a long shot of the experts in jump turns and difficult maneuvers. Remember every long shot should be followed by several close-ups. Now get some expert to take you in action. If this is your initial appearance on skis you won't have to put on any act, just be natural and you'll be funny.

Finally comes the crowd pouring back into the train, and your friend can end the film by taking a close-up of your weary frame stretched out on the seats on that homeward journey. In snow pictures there are two important rules to remember. Shoot as much as possible before eleven and after two. Then you will find shadows that make for good results in winter scenes. Don't shoot an inch if the sun isn't shining, for the result will be a flat scene without any beauty.

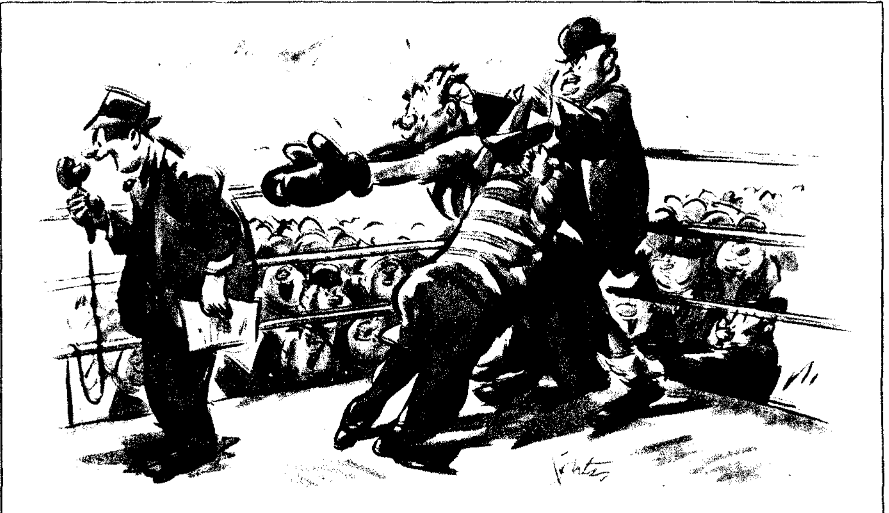
If you like dogs as much as most folks do you'd enjoy a picture called Giralda Galaxy, a 400-foot 16mm. record compiled by Dr. Nelson W. Lockwood, who is a member of the A. C. L. This distinctive picture is a story of the great dog show held every year at Giralda Farms, New Jersey. It runs over a number of seasons and is a documented history of this event, which is one of dogdom's high spots every summer. Wherever your interest lies, movies will add to the pleasure of the other things in life you enjoy. If you haven't any hobbies invent one with your camera. Some people collect autographs. Neil Horne collects camera autographs. Over a period of years he has made a collection of camera studies that might be termed interviews in film. Among the noted ones he has pictured in his animated album are Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Joe Louis, Mary Pickford, Eleanor Holm Jarrett and George Gershwin.

Art for the Average Man

You may find your camera will help you record local history, and if so you have a film of ever-growing interest as time goes on. When the rampaging Ohio River broke its banks last winter and poured muddy destruction over the city of Cincinnati, Ralph V. Haile's motion-picture shop and laboratory was one of the hardest hit. But Haile seized a chance. Salvaging what equipment he could, he jumped into a rowboat and spent several days paddling over town filming the flood and the epic efforts to control it. As the waters receded he cleaned up his laboratory, hurried his films into shape, put them on the 16mm. market and then donated half the sizable profits to the Red Cross.

As you can see, it makes little difference where you live or what you take. Take whatever comes into your range of interest. Maybe you'll discover some new kind of picture-taking, something altogether different and unusual. There is room for exploration in this growing art.

Painting began in the caves of the Dordogne in France thousands of years ago. Music dates back to the time of the Egyptians and before, as musical instruments appear on their tombs and obelisks. These forms of art are all thousands of years old. Today we are pioneers in a new medium. Movie making is a product of the twentieth century, and movie making for amateurs is hardly a decade old. But in the year 2038 people will look back and realize that we today were living through the birth of a new form of self-expression. Amateur movie making is the art medium for the average man.



"And now, folks, I'll try to get the champ to say something"

GEORGE LICHTY

Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 25

like that. If it was a matter of bein' poor white trash or Isberg's wife, maybe yes. But it wasn't. She had another chance to get away from Broken Buttes and hardscrabble, which was you. You ain't rich but you've got a good ranch. And unless I'm a mighty poor guesser, she was in love with you. You ain't tellin' all the story, kid."

"No," said Owen Merritt, in the same dust-dry monotone. "No, I ain't. The rest of it's me. Love Bidwell is a drifter and a fellow always squattin' in the sunshine. She's put up with that all her life. It burned too deep. I'm a fellow that likes to ride over the hill, too. I like to squat in the sunshine. Maybe go see where the antelope are runnin'. Maybe follow a trail into the hills just for the fun of it. She wouldn't take the chance on what I might be when I was old as Love."

BOURKE rolled his weight around the saddle. "No woman would trade off a man that way, like an old shirt for a new one. She wouldn't be much of a woman if she did. It's still out of joint, my boy. I'm not so wise, but I can smell old cheese."

"I've told you the straight of it."

But Bourke went on as if he hadn't heard that answer. "Maybe," he grumbled, "Lee Repp wasn't so wrong."

"What's that?"

"Well, her brother Starr is no good. He's been stealin'. I know that. So maybe Isberg used a little pressure on her—"

Owen Merritt hauled in, which also halted Bourke. "Bourke," said Merritt, so softly, so deceivingly gentle, "I'll hear no more of that."

"All right—all right," said Bourke, full of irritation. "But Isberg took your girl, which has made a sucker out of you before the country. It will get you in trouble sooner or later. Mighty funny he should make it a point to drink with you in that saloon. It don't make sense—but Will Isberg is no hand to do foolish things, so it means somethin'. And it is pretty queer Hugh Clagg should be in the same room with a bunch of Skull men."

He quit. The two men held their horses still, listening to the muffled run of a group of riders in the foreground. After the sound faded Bourke said: "Where'd Repp go?"

"Ahead of us somewhere."

"You goin' home?"

"I guess so."

"So long then." Bourke pulled away. But he halted and called back, not sure of his partner. "Want me to ride on to the ranch with you?"

"No. Good night."

"Sure," murmured Bourke, and struck westward toward his own ranch at the base of the Bunchgrass Hills.

Owen Merritt traveled on through the solid dark, giving his horse its head. A falling star made a faint, spectacular scratch across the low heavens; and the wind threw an increasing chill against him. Far, far away the bark of a coyote lifted up—that saddest and loneliest call of the desert. Released now from the necessity of keeping a straight face to the world, Owen Merritt let his innermost feelings carry him downward until even the little light of the stars seemed to die away. This was the way it went with him, with the thought of Sally riding toward Skull burning through him and leaving its fatal scars. There had been a moment in the Palace when, confronted by Isberg, he had held himself narrowly aside from an open quarrel; when the effort to keep down the actual impulse to kill had drawn sweat into his palms. Isberg, he knew, had seen the shadow of that in his eyes; and this was why Isberg had proposed the drink. He could have destroyed the man at the moment and Isberg had been smart enough to realize it.

Sweeping over the long miles, all this kicked its violent course through him until there was nothing left, until he was physically tired. There was a growing shadow straight ahead, which would be the Broken Buttes guarding the southern margin of the Piute desert. His own road turned left at that point and went another four miles eastward to where Stage Coach Pass separated the Broken Buttes from the Bunchgrass Hills. A single light glimmered through a window of Nan Melotte's frame cabin by the side of the isolated Christmas Creek school.

The scene in the upper hallway remained distinct. Sally, so sad with her talk and so full of a woman's gifts, had waited for him to reveal what was in his mind. He could have taken her out of that hall and cheated Isberg in the end. He knew he had that power with the girl's heart and would always have it, as she had the same power over him. Yet in that moment when he knew what he could do, he kept remembering how willfully she had set her mind the other way. And so he had let his chance go by. Distantly and dimly he could admire her for the strong will that rode over her heart's desire; he could admire what she had done, and still want her as he wanted no other woman. But in him too was a thought that would not change: He could not take half a woman.

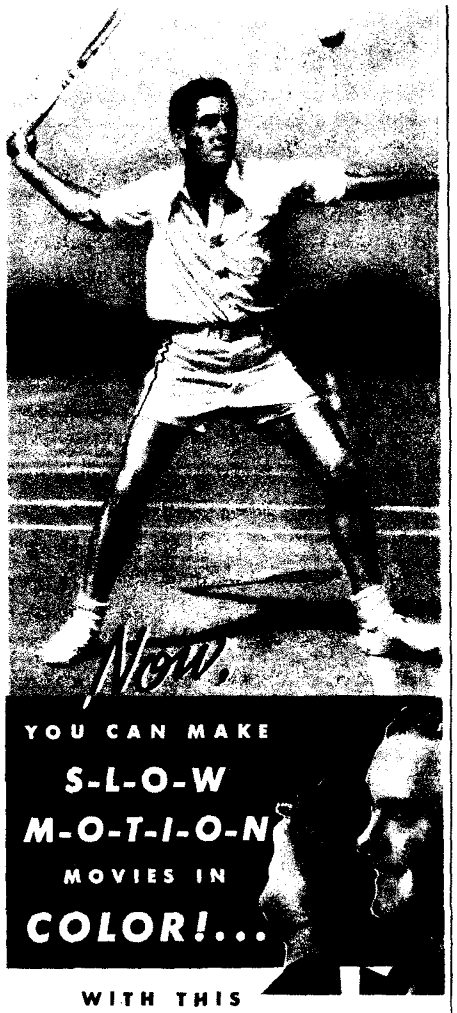
One more thought came to him, harder than the others. As coolly and as calmly as she had made her bargain, she didn't yet know to what ends she had fully committed herself. Isberg was a quiet man and a slight-figured one; but behind his composed features lay a will greater than her will. She didn't know that yet.

He said to himself, half aloud and deliberately trying to break the emptiness he felt: "I guess I better ride over to Fremont Basin and see where the antelope are running."

HE HAD been watching the light of Nan Melotte's cabin ahead, watching it and seeing nothing. Now at once his normal senses revived and he pulled the pony in. Somewhere before him two or three shapes cut across the beam of light and the beat of fast-traveling horses ran back and presently a voice, muffled and quick and ridden by fear said: "Hey—hey!" It was immediately drowned by the quick beat of gunfire.

Two or three guns—all going at once and quitting at once. He heard no more signaling from that voice as he laid his spurs along the pony's flank and ran dead into trouble. The yonder riders streamed across the light and a horse careened vaguely forward, causing him to veer aside. When it passed by he saw the empty saddle. In the near foreground he heard a man call, "Merritt," and before he could stop he was in the center of a suddenly renewed firing. Gun reports flattened into the enormous dark. Exploded powder pushed little fingers of sulky light through the shadows. His horse bunched up and came off its front feet and those riders were beating toward him as he laid his own answering shots at them.

Nan Melotte's lamplight died. There was a voice calling insistently to him as he pulled his pony aside from this converging lead. "Merritt—Merritt!" Lying low in the saddle, he tried an-



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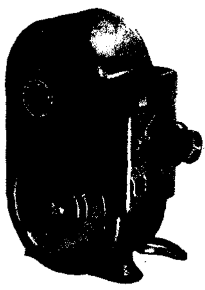

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other shot, ran on, and halted to listen.

They had likewise stopped, but he heard the heaving of their horses not far away, to his left; and afterward they seemed to grow uneasy and to drift along the desert, the rustle of that travel softly arriving. He lifted his gun, aiming it at the general sound; and gathered the pony beneath him. When he opened fire he let the pony go, driving it straight for them. Muzzle light bloomed before him. He heard a man yell, long and broken-winded. Wind breathed on his face and the smell of his own shots was in his nostrils. His horse shied from something on the ground, the farther firing quit, and he pulled in once more and heard them racing toward the Broken Buttes.

HE SAID, to himself, "That was Clagg." Not in anger, for he was past anger or any kind of emotion. Dismounted, he waited for the sound of their retreat to sink away, at once knowing that this affair was a consequence and a continuation of the wedding. He reached for a match, walking back a few yards and squatting near a loose shadow on the ground. He scratched the light on his boot, held it cupped a brief moment over the face of Lee Repp, dead on the ground, and whipped it out. There was no more echo from Broken Buttes.

Nan Melotte's lamplight reappeared in her window. He returned to his horse, thinking, "They thought I was riding ahead of Repp. They thought it was me." Nan Melotte's door came open, releasing a square-shaped glow. She was silhouetted in the doorway, one hand thrown out to touch the door's frame. He rode that way.

"Owen?"

"Yeah," he said, and got down. He saw the whiteness of her cheeks in the light; he saw the black shine of her hair. It was the strong, slow and concerned tone of her voice that dragged him out of his own tangled thoughts. "Yeah," he said.

She said, "Come in out of the light."

When he passed through the door she closed it quickly. He turned to find her resting against it, her small, square shoulders dropped at the corners. He had the feeling that her glance ran over him, top to bottom, with a strange anxiety. Her lips softened and she murmured: "I'm glad." But her eyes were very dark and they watched him with a continuing interest. He had known her three or four years, he had occasionally ridden the desert with her, he had now and then danced with her. But there was a difference here at this moment. He felt it and could not reach it with a definition. His legs were heavy and all the whisky he had taken in during the evening began to have its way, grabbing at his stomach and threading his nerves. He removed his hat.

She said: "Do you need a drink?"

"No," he said.

She started to speak again and didn't, her expressive shoulders shrugging away the impulse. At the moment she saw him pretty clearly for what he was: A long, loose man with a yellow head of hair above smooth and angular features. He was, in a way, a good-looking rider who had a ready smile and seemed to take the course of his life with a complete indifference. Lazy until roused; with deep, darkly blue eyes wise from the reading of the desert's face and the shadows under the far pines. Laconic and hard to fathom. But she saw him now off guard, at a moment when he showed what he had been through, and she thought to herself: "I have been mistaken." A sun-darkened skin lay tightly across his cheekbones; his flat muscles stirred beneath the cotton shirt when he turned his shoulders.

He said: "How'd you get home so soon?"

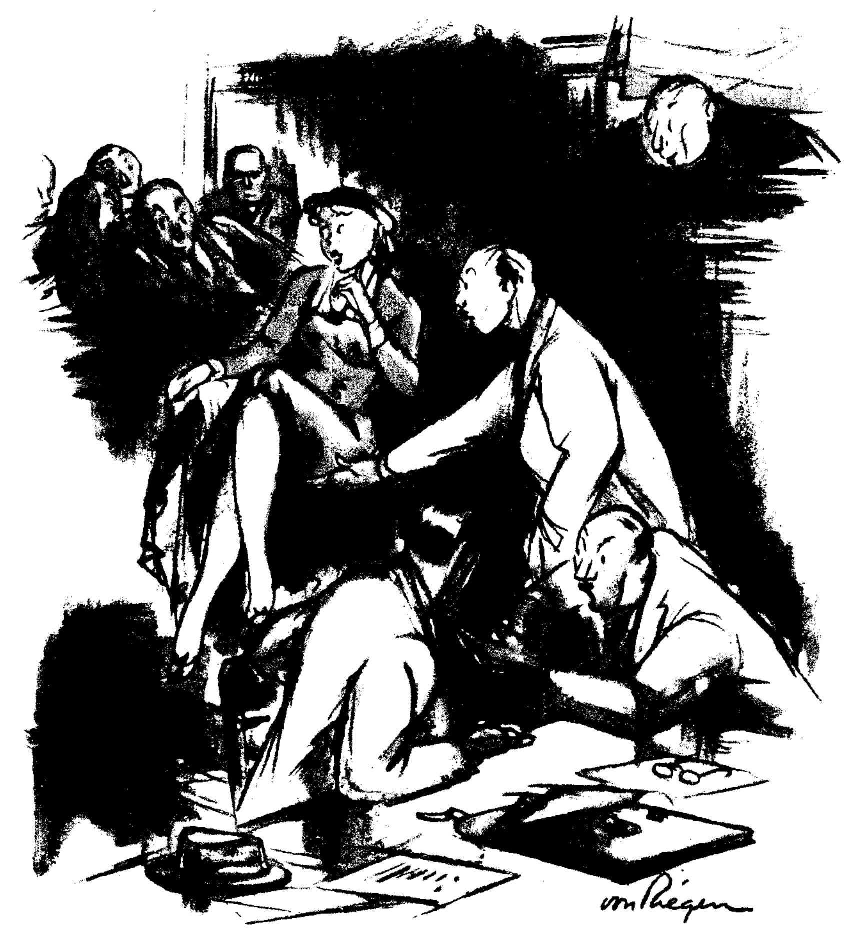
"I left town right after you did—and rode the short trail."

"Pass anybody?"

"No. But I heard those riders come around the house and stop out there."

"Repp's still there," he said. "Dead."

He was mildly interested in knowing



"Now, after you pass your bar exam, this is one of the things you'll have to cope with" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN how she would take the news; and saw no change. There was a resoluteness to the lines of this girl, a self-reliance. And still her lips were soft and a quality in her stirred his attention.

She said: "I guess they made a mistake."

He asked: "Now how would you know that?"

"I know. Do you want me to make you some coffee?"

"No. I'll ride along."

She moved away from the door, and watched him put on his hat. He opened the door and his expression changed while he listened to the yonder night; it was keener and more alert, as though this was a game he knew very well. He looked back and gave her a faint smile. "Thanks."

"Better watch the road."

"Sure," he said. They stood this way a little while, considering each other, at once strongly aware of each other. Color showed on her cheeks. She held herself still and steady, as if waiting for him to have his look, as if willing he should consider her and draw his own conclusions. He said, "Good night," and watched her lips form the words, "Good night," quite conscious of the little rhythm in her voice, somehow affected by its rise and fall. Afterward he went to the horse and swung away, bound for his ranch on Christmas Creek, four miles east.

Nan Melotte moved over to close the door; and stood against it, listening to his horse strike the hard foot-slope of the Buttes. Her expression relaxed. It was pleasant and warm, touched with the heat of an inner dreaming. She said, so softly: "I have been mistaken." Afterward that warmth and softness faded, to leave her still-cheeked. For she was thinking then of Sally Isberg, who had once owned this man. "And still does," she thought. "I wonder if he realizes that."

FIFTEEN miles east of The Wells the flat desert gave way before a hundred-foot rim, which boxed in Skull River and its valley. A road cut down this rocky face, crossed a wood bridge and went along a double row of young poplars as far as a long, deep-porched house. In the surrounding darkness lay the out quarters, the barns and corrals and sheds of a really great ranch. Water in the near-by diversion ditches made a liquid rustle. Haystacks showed their square patterns along the adjacent meadows. Above the ranch, rising steadily away from the Skull's other border, lay the darkling peaks of the Bunchgrass Hills.

It was midnight when Sally Isberg stepped inside her new home. The lamps were bright in the place and through the open door of the mess hall she saw the long tables set for the wedding supper. Isberg carried her luggage up the stairs, following her into the bedroom. They could hear Skull's crew and all the following crowd coming cheerfully across the bridge; but they had a moment alone and it was Isberg who used it.

He looked at her steadily, not quite smiling. "No doubt it's been a long day for you and I think you're tired. But it is a little difficult not to take care of these folks. I hope you can manage to be cheerful."

"Will," she said immediately, "we're starting off wrong, if that's the way you feel."

He showed surprise: "I did not wish—"

"No, wait." She was cool and calm, she was almost blunt. "You don't need to treat me carefully. You want me to entertain them. Certainly I will. I'll make them feel pleased to be here. Or anyone else you bring to Skull. That's one of the reasons you married me, isn't it?"

He said, quietly, "Yes. Did we speak of that?"

"No, but I knew it at any rate."

He said, "You know, Sally, you're a smart woman."

"I want to do the right thing. I don't want to cheat you."

He shook his head. He was puzzled and he was alert. "Is it altogether a bargain, Sally?"

The visitors were in the yard, loud and cheerful. They were in the front room below, calling for Will Isberg, for Sally. She said: "Yes. But we can talk about that when they're gone."

"I'd like to," he said, dryness definitely in his voice, and went out. She waited a little while, altogether still in the middle of the room, listening to the robust racket below and yet paying no attention to it. Afterward she tidied herself and walked to a window and opened it to the wind rolling off the high hills. She stood with her hands on the sill, thinking—because she could not help it—of Owen Merritt and the way he had talked to her in the dark stairway at the hotel, the way he had held himself back, the way he had failed to hide himself completely from her. She was a cool-minded girl and an honest one with herself as with others, and she knew there had been a moment this night when Owen Merritt, had he wished, could have changed her mind by the least pressure of his hand. She had almost wanted it; and had been glad when he left her. It was that way with her. Hurt and worried by the memory, she went down to join the crowd.

THEY were all here, Mike Tague and Helen, and Swanee Vail and his daughter from the lower Skull, and the Nankervells, and Mark Medary, and the Spaughs who ran cattle near the Fremont, and half the families of the Piute. She knew why they came. Not so much for her sake, as for Will, who was a power in the land. She came down the stairs, tall and sorrel-headed, and smiling in a way to accent the serene confidence so much a part of her character. There was one man here, Pay Lankershim, she was quite surprised to see. Pay was a neighbor who had a small place on the northern end of the hills, adjoining Skull. He was a thin and smart and stubborn old man who bore Skull no love, but he came to her and took her hand, the weather wrinkles around his gray eyes deep-cut for a moment. She didn't know if he was smiling or not. She couldn't tell. But he said, quietly, "You're a good girl, Sally, a good girl," and went away.

Her father was drunk and had followed from The Wells, though she had asked him to stay behind. He had cornered Will and was speaking with a good deal of hand-waving. She watched this for a moment, observing the noncommittal expression on Will's face. Then she went over and said, "I want to see you, Dad," and drew him out to the porch. He was just sober enough to be angry at her. He said: "Ain't I good enough?"

"Get on your horse and go home."

He started to speak, but she cut in without regard for him, "It's a little bit early to start panhandling Will Isberg. Get out of here and stay out till I tell you to come back."

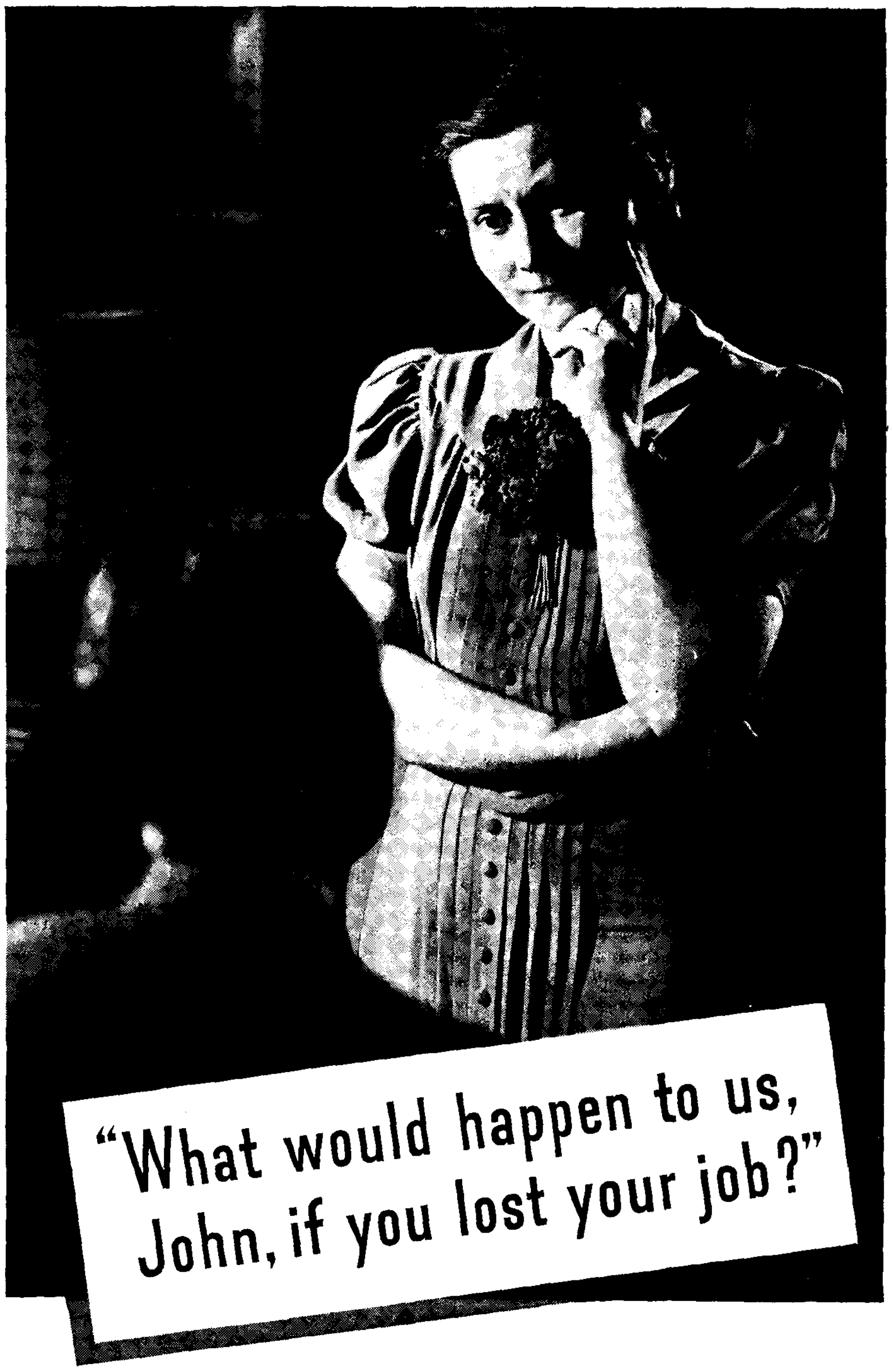
He said, mumbling oddly, "Daughter, I—"

"No," she said, "go on. I'll never let you starve, but I don't want you here. Haven't you made people laugh at our name enough? Where's Starr?"

"Don't know."

"Tell him," she said, "to quit riding with Hugh Clagg. Tell him to quit stealing."

She waited until he had gone from the porch, and drew a long breath, smoothing her face with an effort, and turned in. She saw Sheriff Medary and went over to him, gay for his benefit. He said,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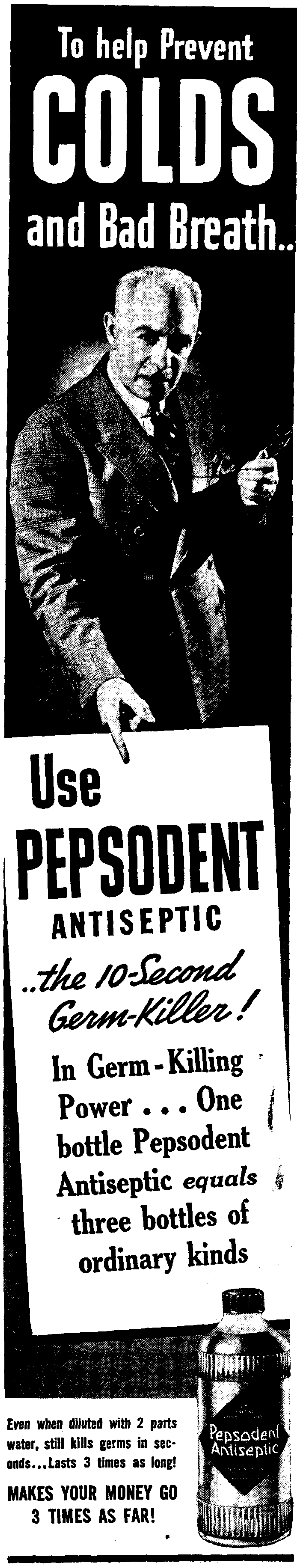
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deeply flattered. "Lord, Will's lucky," and then she saw Will in a corner of the room. He was watching the way she handled herself, and her slow smile went over to him, making him smile back. Presently the crowd flowed into the mess hall. She sat at the foot of the table, with the sheriff to one side and old Mike Tague, whose cheeks were vermilion-bright, on the other. Outside, the crew had opened a steady gunfire. Clay Spaugh rose and proposed a toast. This was the way it went for an hour or more, the room growing warmer and the talk livelier and livelier, with Isberg all the while looking on with a kind of reserve that nothing could thaw.

Afterward, in the living room again, Sally joined the women, and was careful in the way she treated them. Will stood in another corner with Tague and Spaugh and Swanee Vail and Lankershim. Now and then her glance went his way. He was a smaller man than the rest, but it was odd to note how they listened to him and nodded when he spoke and were, all the while, faintly ill at ease with him.

ISBERG said to Spaugh: "You heard about the new brand law?"

Spaugh nodded but Pay Lankershim said, "What law?"

Isberg said: "We got it through the legislature this time. It's an offense for a rider to carry a running iron unless he's directly in the hire of some ranch. Too many stray riders in this country. They pack a straight iron and come in on the edges of our outfits. It's no trick to catch a cow and doctor a brand."

Pay Lankershim gave him a strong glance. "If I was a free rider and wanted to pack a runnin' iron I'd do it and to hell with you, Will."

Isberg said in good nature: "All right, Pay, all right. But you don't suffer from stealing like I do. That is just one way of making it harder to rustle. A big outfit is always fair game for the little fellow."

Pay said, "Yeah? I always thought it was the other way around," and walked into the crowd. Isberg looked at the man's high back, a remote show of irritation in his glance.

Sheriff Medary came up. He faced Isberg, meanwhile bracing himself genially between Mike Tague and Clay Spaugh. He was well-fed and content and said so. "But I got a couple of questions, Will. Been a couple of complaints about your fence riders. You throwin' lead at trespassers?"

Isberg said, "Never heard anything about it, Mark. I'll find out from Dutcher. We try to keep riders off our range. You know. We've been having a lot of trouble like that. Maybe some of the boys wasted a few shots at the sky. Just for warning."

"Sure, sure," agreed Medary. Tague and Spaugh and Vail listened with a poker-cheeked disinterest. Isberg's voice was soft, almost apologetic, and Mark Medary permitted no trace of skepticism to show on his face. "Sure. But just have Dutcher keep an eye on your riders. We don't want any shootings. Well, I'll be saying good night."

He walked over to pay his respects to Sally. Mike Tague's great body stirred with a suppressed laughter. He said to Isberg: "And I thought only Irishmen spread the blarney." Spaugh and Vail said nothing.

Isberg added at once, and with a degree of sharpness: "I've got to protect myself. And so have you fellows. It's all right to be fair. But this country won't respect anything but strong medicine. I won't tolerate stealin'. It is gettin' worse. I—" He stopped on that, for Pay Lankershim had come up again.

Pay said: "I guess I know when plenty is enough. I'll make the deal."

Isberg said calmly, "All right, Pay." He put out his hand. But Pay didn't take it. The old man wasn't friendly. Isberg said to the others, "So Skull goes north another five miles."

Mike Tague shook his head. "You grow too fast, Will."

Will Isberg said: "Life's pretty short and a man has to hurry. Pay, what made you change your mind?"

Pay looked at him through a sustained and unfriendly interval. "I never thought you was so tough, Will. But I made up my mind tonight that you can't be beat. If a man like Merritt won't fight for what belongs to him, I guess I'm too old to try."

Isberg stared at Lankershim, and the touched temper showed. "What was his, Pay?"

Pay looked at him with an old man's tight-mouthed secrecy. But everybody here knew what he meant. Tague and Spaugh and Vail remained still, vaguely embarrassed. Isberg's cheeks colored.

"Pay," he said, "you're my guest and I will say nothing tonight. When you ride off Skull tonight, be sure you don't come back on my land."

Pay said: "I may and I may not. You been pressin' me a long time to sell out. You ain't very careful and you ain't very particular how you persuade a man. I ain't a fellow to forget, Isberg—and I'm plumb too old to be charitable. There's a lot of people in this country who'd like to see you humble. It may come." This he considered sufficient, and stalked from the house.

The crowd had meanwhile started to break up and Sally had moved to the door. Isberg joined her there, accepting congratulations and shaking hands. Mrs. Nankervell fell on Sally's shoulders, wept a little, and strode into the night with her husband. There was a good deal of calling and hallooing through the night. The river bridge boomed from its traffic, and then quiet returned to Skull.

SALLY left the door, crossing the long room. Will Isberg's voice came over, turning her around.

"You have a way with people. You can handle them, make them feel good. I was very pleased."

She said: "That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it is. The ranch is pretty big. It has plenty of enemies. Size always brings parasites. I can make friends, but a man's wife can do a good deal—as you did with Medary. It has been a rather lonely house. I'd like people to drop in—and feel welcome. That's what you can do. The bigger the place gets the more I'd like people to come in."

"Is it going to be a bigger place, Will?"

"Much bigger," he said. "It grew ten thousand acres tonight. Pay Lankershim sold out to me. I've been after the man a long while."

The distance of the room lay between them and there was an odd constraint hard to fathom and yet quite definite. He crossed over until he stood before her, not altogether as composed as he seemed to be. She was a shapely, beautiful girl; she had a dignity that placed her apart from all the women he knew. It was a quality he had noticed long before; it was the thing that had drawn him so strongly to her.

HE SAID, as near impulsiveness as was possible to him: "I watched you tonight. You belong here, Sally. You belong in the best of surroundings. You've got a manner. You can handle anybody. I think I'm pretty lucky. I want you to know that."

"You're very ambitious, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," he said, really surprised. "I didn't think you knew me that well."

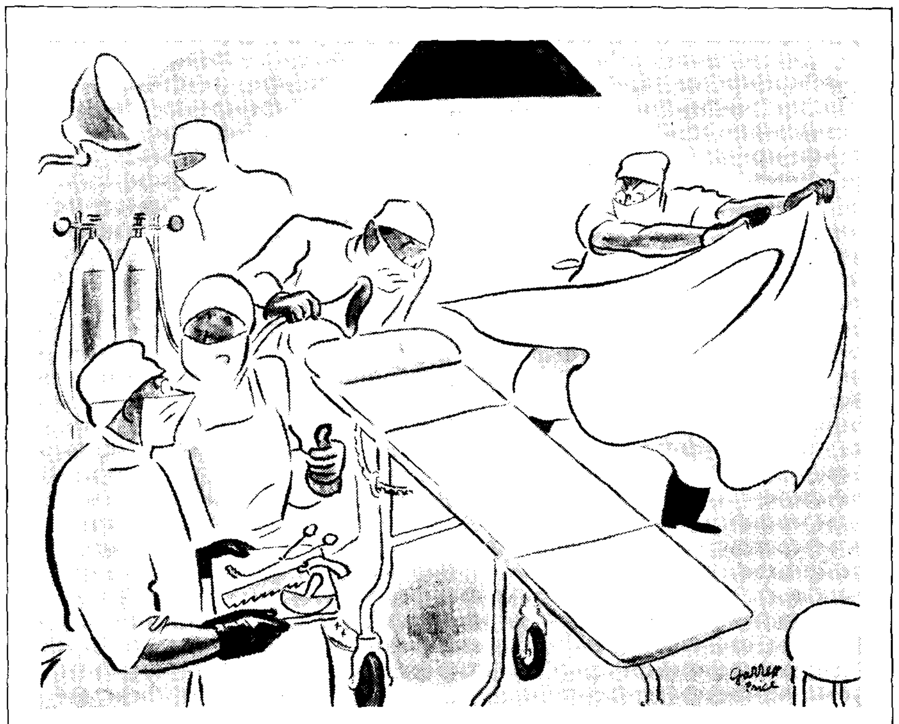
She drew a long breath. She turned, more squarely facing him. "Maybe you don't know me very well, Will. I'm ambitious, too. Perhaps that's why I see it in you."

He considered it, and spoke with a dry restraint: "What is it you want?"

She answered quickly, as though he had misunderstood: "Nothing more than I'm getting now. We've got to be honest, Will. You know my family. You know what my father and brother are. That's what I come from and that's what I'm getting away from. I'm grateful to you. I really am. I won't let down on my part of the bargain, not ever. Remember that—I'll play the part you want me to play."

A small tone of regret lay in his words. "Is it nothing more than a bargain with you, Sally? Nothing else?"

Silence came. She continued grave and serene; she was a slim, erect shape against the light, and as he watched her, hoping for an answer he knew he wouldn't get, he recalled the scene at the buggy and the way she had turned and placed her hand on Owen Merritt. The memory dug into him, it threw him out of his calm and the narrows of his eyes showed her a flicker of distrust and



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anger. She saw that, but she said evenly:

"It is a bargain, Will. Did I ever give you another impression?"

"No," he told her, short and hard. "No, you never did. I'll give you credit."

"Sometimes," she went on, gentler than before, "ambition can be bad for people. It can hurt them so much. Sometimes it makes them pretty hard." Then she thought of something else. "My father won't trouble you again very soon."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'll put up with him. That's part of the bargain too, isn't it?" He brought a cigar from his coat and held it in an open palm, looking at it a long time, meanwhile trying to find the words he wanted. Presently he looked up at her and she saw him then as few people ever saw him—openly disturbed and embarrassed by the things he felt. "Sally, I had hoped for more. I'll still hope for it, as time goes on."

She gave him a small smile and turned to the stairs. But afterward she swung around, waiting for him to come to her if he wished it that way. He recognized the gesture and said: "Good night," and didn't move.

She went on up to the room and crossed to the window again. The thin quiet of the desert lay about Skull and the stars were all a-glitter in a thorough-black sky. This was the end of the wedding and weariness was real in her, made heavier by an uncertainty like fear. Will Isberg was steel-strong in so many things and she knew he expected much of her. It would be hard, sometimes, to know what he wanted; and it would be hard to change her ways to meet his will, though she would do it. In one thing lay danger. The memory of Owen Merritt unsettled him, and would always bring that quick distrust into his eyes. She had to watch for that. These were the things she recalled now; these and so many others. And always, as a picture that would never leave, the shape of Owen Merritt was before her, his turned-down face hungry and hurt and reckless.

ISBERG poured himself a drink and settled before the empty fireplace, nursing his cigar with a keen relish. He was like this when Fay Dutcher came in from the yard, deep-eyed for want of sleep and a steely stubble blackening his square face. Isberg said: "Thought you'd be in the blankets."

"Night's gone—it's three-thirty. I'm on my way up to Corral Flat. The boys will be starting for Winnemucca in another hour."

"Help yourself to the whisky."

Dutcher found himself a glass and poured a good drink into it. He jiggled the glass at Isberg and said, "How," and downed the whisky at a swallow, afterward standing before Isberg with his lips well drawn back, braced against the liquor's jolt.

Isberg said: "Mark Medary made a complaint tonight about our shootin' at trespassers. Who's been on our land lately?"

"Couple of homesteaders."

"Use your judgment, Fay."

The foreman considered this. "We didn't hit 'em—just scared 'em. But you want I should ease off on them fellows?"

"No. You keep right on being rough. We got to throw the fear of God into these easy riders. Skull keeps what it owns, and never mind how the little outfits or the homesteaders yell. Only, use your head. Be sure you've got a good reason for everything you do. I can handle Medary so long as you furnish me with a decent reason every time you rough up a trespasser."

"I'll rough 'em up," stated Dutcher, and showed a surly pleasure in his eyes. He moved around the room, turned back. "Well, that puts our line up against Owen Merritt."

"Yes," said Isberg; and silence came again, very thoughtful, until Dutcher murmured:

"Maybe we put the pressure against him now, huh?"

"There's a horse of another kind, Fay."

Dutcher pulled himself together, touched by Isberg's caution. "Listen, I never saw the man I couldn't handle."

"Be careful."

"You tellin' me to go ahead with him, or to leave him alone?"

"I only said," repeated Isberg evenly, "to be careful."

Dutcher put down the glass. "I never thought much of Owen Merritt and never will."

"Why?"

Dutcher shook his shoulders together. There was weight to them, a latent crushing power. His broad hands moved idly before him. He said with a remembering darkness: "The man's a little too brash. Well, I'll be going."

He went into the yard, changed his saddle to a fresh horse and swung aboard.

Isberg listened to the delayed run of Dutcher's horse. He lighted his cigar and settled into a chair. There was no sound in the house. Chill came into it and daylight, long after, grayly stained the windows, and his cigar burned out. But he continued to sit before the fireplace, small and half rigid; and he kept thinking of Owen Merritt because his mind would not leave the big man alone.

CLIMBING steadily out of the valley of Skull into the heights of the Bunchgrass Hills, Fay Dutcher reached Corral Flat at five o'clock and found an empty camp. He pushed ahead energetically through an open pine country, across the bright flash of an occasional creek, over little meadows marked with elk and antelope sign. Half an hour later he overtook the Winnemucca-bound trail herd of five hundred steers and the accompanying three riders. Skull's riding-boss, Theodore Bale, was in charge. Dutcher went at him in a rough voice: "You got away late. By now you ought to be clear beyond the head of Christmas Creek. Damn a man that waits for daylight to get up."

"Sure," said Bale, ignoring the hard words. "Wasted some time tryin' to find a feller. Was a couple of shots over west about four o'clock. Couldn't find anything."

"I'll take a look when I go back. Be sure you make the King River crossin' by tonight. Another thing. Keep out of fights in Winnemucca. Be back here the sixth day. If you get in the cooler you can rot there."

"Sure," said Theodore Bale, whose small, tight-skinned face showed the ancient bruise of many a barroom fight. "Never started a quarrel in my life."

"Never won one, either," grumbled Dutcher. The trail herd made a scattered file ahead, tramping up the dust. A Skull man rode point, far ahead; two swing riders were off to either side of the beef. Dutcher and Bale held the drag position. Dutcher said, "I'll go as far as Christmas Creek—"

Some flash of light, or some bit of motion in the timber to the right caused him to pull up instantly; and searching the scattered timber, he saw, perhaps three hundred yards away, the rump of a horse slide from sight. He turned immediately, calling to Bale. "Come up, Theodore," and rushed on. Yonder, a rider came into view, emerging from a thick stand of pine, and saw Dutcher approach. Immediately the rider swung about and stopped. It was, Dutcher saw, Juke Slover, and Juke had a quarter of antelope lashed behind his saddle.

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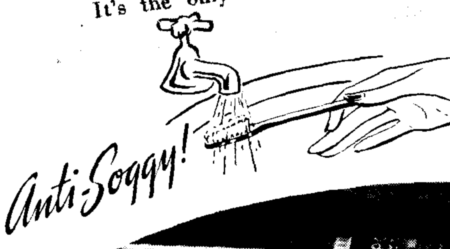

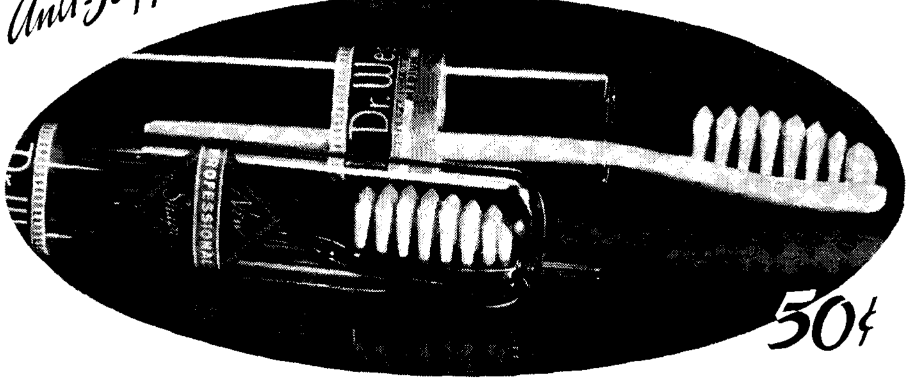

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Theodore Bale, galloping behind, said: "Well, that's where them two shots came from."

Dutcher pulled in, confronting Slover. He said, short and darkly tempered: "You know the rule, don't you?"

Slover was a young man with a gawky diffidence about him, with a broad and rather pleasant face. "Where's the fire?" he complained.

"Maybe we'll find out," said Dutcher. "Get down. Throw off the game. And stand fast."

"Hell with you," said Slover. He saw trouble storming but he kept his seat. "Wasn't hunting in your territory. I chased this thing over from Pay Lankershim's land."

Dutcher snapped up his gun. "Get down," he repeated.

Slover left the saddle reluctantly and, with equal reluctance loosened the quarter of antelope and let it fall. He said bitterly: "You people are entirely too proud. One of these days you'll get gentled."

"Pull out your gun and let it fall," ordered Dutcher.

"What for?" demanded Juke Slover. "Not on your tintype."

"Lift it and drop it," said Dutcher. "I'm going to tie you to a tree and beat hell out of you. Maybe it will be a lesson to the country."

It was dark in this timber, dark and cold. Dutcher had dismounted. He was a huge, blunt shape before Juke Slover. The surly will showed in his eyes, and a slow brutality rolled with his lips, pretty clear to Juke Slover. Theodore Bale came up and stood a little way from Dutcher. Bale was grinning. Juke Slover straightened, he pulled up his chin. Breathing quickened in him and then he was pale and fear pinched his features together. He knew these men too well, and all the black reports of the country came back to him. But he said, knowing it could be no other way: "Not me, Dutcher." There was no change in Dutcher's expression but Bale's grin got wider and whiter and more wicked.

EARLY this same morning Owen Merritt stood in his yard and had a look at the brightening land. Christmas Creek came out of the high timber and dropped over a twenty-foot fall at this point, flowed evenly across the narrow bench and dropped again along the slope of the hills, toward the Piute. On this bench sat the ranch house, backed by timber and facing the desert, which, a thousand feet lower, ran on under morning's transparent light to the distant shape of the homestead windmills on Kitchen Meadows far away. Four miles distant lay Nan Melotte's cabin and the adjoining school which she taught. This was the southern edge of the desert, at which point the Broken Buttes rose and heaved away, fold on fold, poor of graze and timber but slashed by a hundred crisscross ravines and canyons.

Cultus Charley, who was Merritt's full-blood Piute cook, came out of the house. "You back when?"

"Thursday sometime—maybe."

"Maybe," repeated Cultus Charley, who knew his boss pretty well. Merritt grinned and turned his gelding up through the timber. Two miles into the hills he came upon George Vird, who held a hundred of Christmas Creek's knotty steers for the drive. There wasn't any delay. The trail to Winnemucca lay plainly down the side of the hill and ran its yellow way out across East desert toward Nevada; the cattle were fresh, well-watered and well-fed and already on the walk. George Vird took point, leaving the dust for Owen Merritt, who rode out to cover either flank as the occasion demanded.

After he had reached the desert floor he sighted Skull's long crooked column dropping off the east flank of the hills, behind him. He had not known that Skull was driving at the same time, and didn't care much, though it was a satisfaction to be in front. Later he caught sight of a lone rider dropping down from the Broken Buttes, advancing toward him. Presently he recognized Nan Melotte.

She came up briskly, riding with the swing of one accustomed to the saddle. She wore a man's riding pants and a gray shirt open at the throat and a hat pulled low over her very dark hair. She said, with a low and lazy voice: "Need a hand, mister?"

He was pleased and showed it. "You're hired if you can cook."

"Well, I can make mince pie, if you brought your mince meat."

A STEER moved off the column, to the right. Nan Melotte put her horse around by a turn of her hips and cut the steer back into the column. She returned and fell beside Merritt. Color deepened the smooth surface of her cheeks and fresh sunlight showed its flash against her hazel eyes. There were ways about her Owen Merritt had never observed in another woman. A kind of indifference that covered her, a kind of bluntness, a kind of reserve. She was a girl of average height, supple and shapely, with long and full and expressive lips.

He said: "What happened?"

She knew what he meant. "Hugh Clagg came out of the buttes this morning before daylight and took Lee Repp away."

He had not thought of it before, but now it seemed odd to think of her living alone at the base of the buttes. Odd and risky. It impelled him to say: "Clagg bother you?"

She didn't answer immediately. Instead her eyes came around and watched him a little while, as though he had aroused some kind of speculation in her. "No. What made you think of that?"

"Just occurred to me."

"Well," she said, smooth and grave, "it was a nice thought. But I can tell you one thing. It's been a comfort, on more than one occasion, to look across the desert and see your light shining on the hill."

He spoke quickly: "That bad?"

She had a way of turning things aside with a lift of her shoulders and did so now, as though things past didn't matter any more. Her voice held a lazy, indifferent note. When she talked it was as though she didn't expect him to answer, and didn't care. "I'd like to be in Winnemucca now. I'd sit on the edge of the loading pens and watch the train go by. It would be something different."

"Thought I hired you for cook?"

She looked at him again with the same slanting, speculating interest. Her lips showed the faintest of change. "Isn't it a shame but I forgot to bring the rolling pin."

"Anything I can get for you?"

She smiled and produced a sample of cloth from her shirt pocket and reached over and slipped it into his pocket. "I need five yards of that, if you can match it. If not, use your judgment. The pattern doesn't matter much but the color does. Stay away from brown."

"Sure. Anything else?"

She stopped, and caused him to stop. Turned and ready to hit the back trail, she showed him the smallest, sweetest and briefest of smiles—as though she were afraid to offer more. "Why, yes, Owen. Stay away from trouble, too. It comes easy to you—and it will come still easier, because you're in a frame of mind to have some."

She went away at a dead run, turning in a short while to lift a hand and call, "Good luck."

(To be continued next week)

Soon I Am in Bellevue

Continued from page 51

good script for Fields and Burns and Allen. The part for Gracie Allen was particularly good. She was to be a nuisance on the boat, the usual flibbertigibbet Gracie. Finally she and George are loaded onto an airplane and catapulted into space—this to get rid of them. Well, George got the script, took it home to read and then came back and said it wasn't the kind of thing Gracie wanted to do. What she really was, said George, was a character comedienne—no more of that flighty stuff. We argued but they held out and that meant we were minus Burns and Allen. So we gave those scenes to Martha Raye, which meant rewriting the whole thing again. Before we were through we had these writers on the picture: Brennan, Crouse, Lindsay, Harlan Ware, Patterson McNutt, Ken Englund, Charles Brackett, Garnett Weston, Walter DeLeon, Frances Martin and Billy Wilder."

The witness was too modest to admit that he had put his own finger in the pie in those moments when all seemed lost. What he was most concerned about was a little robbery that had been practiced on him while absent in New York.

"Came back and found somebody had stolen my song writers, Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Well, about that time I started to yell and yelled so loud I got them back. Also I managed to land Bob Hope, the Broadway comedian, to lend a little of that suave stuff like Jack Benny. Also we worked Ben Blue into the mess."

At this point Mr. Thompson halted, as if to draw his strength together for what was to follow.

"When I came in one morning my secretary said: 'You've lost Dorothy Lamour.' '*Why* have I lost Dorothy Lamour?' I bellowed. My secretary said it was because of the alligators. *What* alligators! The alligators she was going to act with in her next picture, something about the jungle. It seemed that unless the alligators were used right away, the cold weather would set in and they'd get slow and loggy and wouldn't do any good at eating Dorothy Lamour in the jungle."

After resting his head in his hands for a time, in memory of this event, it came out that Mr. Thompson had solved the problem through science. From alligator experts in California and in Florida, he had got evidence that what the alligators were mad about was the cold water but if it were kept heated to a temperature proper for a decent alligator, they would be as happy and as eager to eat Dorothy Lamour as anything.

A Day Here, a Day There

He said this with the pride of a man who had thwarted the dragons.

"These delays had set us back, however, and we found it necessary to put two directors and two cameramen on the job. That meant we had sets tied up all over the lot. We had a nice boudoir set ready for Bill Fields one morning but Bill Fields didn't show up. Nine o'clock and no Bill. Ten and no Bill. He wasn't at home, he wasn't on the set, he wasn't anywhere. At eleven o'clock somebody thought of looking in Bill's dressing room and naturally he was there. 'Why aren't you out on that bedroom set?' they yelled at Bill. 'That bedroom set,' said Bill scornfully. 'Why, we ain't goin' to use that bedroom scene at all; I got a new one all ready for you here.' Which he did and which we eventually did. We just lost a day on that little mix-up. The other trouble we had was about a stooge for Bill. He had somebody picked out but he didn't come out well in the rushes and we grabbed Lionel Pape, an English actor who was around the set. Bill would have none of it; he wanted his guy or nobody. When it finally got to an impasse, we said either take Pape or the picture wouldn't go on and Pape came in and did the scene we wanted him for and left. When Bill saw the rushes, he broke out into that incoherent excitement of his, from which we deducted that he liked Pape and wanted more of him. 'Lord Droopy,' Bill called him, so we made a second scene and Pape was let go. We paid and dismissed the guy four times before he was finally put on the pay roll and told for Pete's sake to hang around."

Why Producers Go Insane

It may be inserted on Mr. Thompson's behalf that the matter of budgets is what drives producers insane. Stars get sick, bad weather intervenes, scenes are shot and prove to be impossible. That means more time and more money, which in turn means an okay by every important official in the company, starting with the cashier in the commissary.

"In addition to the natural troubles that accompany every picture," continued Mr. Thompson, "halfway through you find either that there is too much plot and it makes the individual dance numbers and song numbers seem intrusions, or so little plot that when you leave Betty and Johnnie in the midst of a love crisis to do a dance routine entitled The Birth of the Waltz, the audience has forgotten all about Betty and Johnnie when you return to them and feels sure the other half of the double feature has been inserted at this point by mistake. It's like walking a tightrope."

Keeping the plot and specialty numbers in the right proportion might be a feat but what happened at this juncture completely floored Mr. Thompson. An emissary stumbled in breathlessly to report about Mr. Ben Blue and Miss Martha Raye. It seems that one of the nifties thought up for Mr. Blue in the picture has to do with his taking lessons from a magician. Armed with this knowledge he later takes advantage of his secret powers to make Miss Raye disappear into thin air.

"Yes, yes!" cried Mr. Thompson impatiently to the intruder. "You were to make that disappearing scene this morning."

"We couldn't make it because the disappearing apparatus didn't show up," said the harassed newcomer.

"Why didn't you send somebody after it?" demanded Mr. Thompson.

"We did," protested his new-found friend. "We sent the magician out after it in a studio car at 10:30 this morning."

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, looking at his watch and trying to keep hysteria out of his voice. "Here it is four o'clock and you've sent a magician out in a studio car to find his disappearing machine. What now?"

"What now," said his informant, "is that the magician, the disappearing machine and the studio car—they've *all* disappeared. We can't find them anywhere!"

Mr. Thompson slowly allowed the wrist on which his watch rested to sink to his side. Then he lifted his chin in an attitude of defiance, twisted his head gently several times to and fro and fixed his eyes due East in what might have been considered an attitude of prayer.

P. S. The picture didn't make the holiday season after all.

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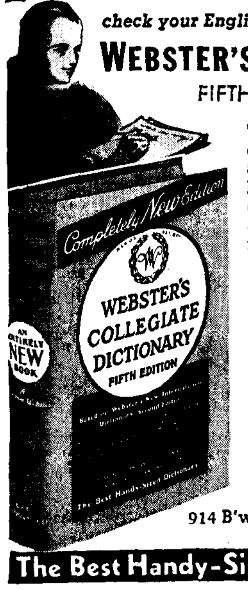

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Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 22

Frayle's dimples appeared but his eyes did not smile.

"Assuming," he said, "that the conquering knight's intentions are—what's the phrase?—strictly honorable."

"That doesn't make any difference, Charlie. And it doesn't change—"

"Our relationship, you're probably going to say," Frayle interrupted. "You expect me to be a—I was going to say 'brother' but I won't debase myself—a trusted friend and platonic companion. Our business relations will continue as usual. . . ."

"Well, won't they, Charlie?"

"No," said Frayle.

"Charlie, you're going to be a jealous—"

"Heaven forbid! I'm not in the least jealous. Because your little romance isn't going to last."

"Oh, I know what you think, Charlie," the girl said. "But this isn't just another shipboard romance. I've crossed the ocean enough times to know all those symptoms. But this isn't just moonlight on the boat deck. This isn't—"

"I KNOW," said Frayle. His dimples deepened. "This is genuine and profound and soul-shaking. But it can't last, puss. It ends at Honolulu. The lucky bridegroom-to-be has arranged all that. Thanks to your friend Larkin, the blushing bride will hardly have the time to blush. She'll be taken into custody before we pass Diamond Head."

"What—what do you mean?"

"A radiogram came for you," said Frayle. "I took the liberty of opening it. Here. Read it and weep."

Dorothy took the envelope Frayle handed her. She paled as she read the message. Her lips parted, and her eyes grew almost round with wonder and incredulity. Then their expression softened, like the eyes of a hurt child. She sat down, looking at Larkin.

Larkin knew what had happened. He felt crawly and miserable inside, yet there was nothing he could do about it—at least, nothing as long as the lean, blond Frayle stood there grinning and gloating, his feet wide apart, his chin lowered.

Larkin sat down beside the girl, put his arm around her. She seemed to draw away from him a trifle, then sat rigidly motionless. At last she relaxed and turned to him with the shadow of a smile.

"It's not true, is it?" she said.

"What's not true, sweetheart?" Larkin asked.

"Are you a newspaperman?"

"Yes, of course."

The girl's wan smile faded. The lines of her face hardened until her features assumed the cold, impersonal beauty of a Grecian statue. She dropped the radiogram into Larkin's lap. He read:

DOROTHY BONNER STEAMER KUMOMARU
EVENING PAPERS PRINT SENSATIONAL ACCOUNT ARTHURS MYSTERIOUS DEATH ABOARD SHIP DISPATCHES SIGNED GLEN LARKIN STOP FEDERAL AGENTS NOW PLANNING ARREST YOU HONOLULU STOP RETAINING LEGAL COUNSEL FOR YOU THERE SAY NOTHING PARTICULARLY TO LARKIN BEFORE CONSULTING ATTORNEY WHO WILL BOARD SHIP PENDENNING

Good old Beasley! He would do a man a favor and give him a by-line, even when a man might prefer to remain anonymous.

The girl said in a tight voice: "You lied to me."

"I didn't," said Larkin. "I didn't tell you I wasn't a newspaperman. I gave you three guesses. You guessed wrong."

"I'll say she guessed wrong!" Frayle laughed with loud, full-throated satisfaction.

"And you did lie to me last night," Dorothy insisted bitterly. "You swore you didn't take this ship because I was aboard."

"Wrong again, darling." Larkin tried to smile. "I swore that I hadn't heard your name up to an hour before sailing. And that, strangely enough, is true. It was a last-minute assignment."

"Why, yes, puss, you don't understand," volunteered Frayle with suave mockery. "You're Mr. Larkin's assignment. He's been assigned to spy on you, to pry into your private affairs, to dissect your private emotions and strip your thoughts naked for the delectation of the subway straphangers."

"You must be very proud of yourself, Glen." There was no sarcasm in the girl's voice, but there was cold fury in her eyes and contempt in the curve of her lips. She continued: "You do your work so well, too, that I'm sure you'll get a promotion. Such perfect technique. You make love just as though you meant it—"

"I do mean it, darling!"

"—just as though you weren't making mental notes of every confidence a gullible girl might give you with her kisses, a girl who was silly enough to believe you. . . ."

"Dorothy darling," Larkin pleaded. "Call me a louse if you want, but don't say I'm not sincere. I was never more sincere in my life than when I told you I loved you. I do love you. I wish there were other ways of saying it, of making it more emphatic, but there aren't. I love you."

"Of course he loves you, puss," Frayle purred. "You must be very dear to him—at least professionally. Unfortunately he has delivered you into the hands of the law, but I'm sure he'll write a glowing account of your incarceration and trial. Or he probably loves you so much that he's completely disgusted with his noble career of muckraking and intends to resign and devote the rest of his life to your service."

"Would . . . would you do that, Glen?" the girl asked. There was a tremor of hopefulness in her voice.

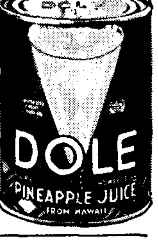
LARKIN stood up. He wanted to commit assault, battery and first-degree mayhem on the person of the lank, grinning towhead in the trench coat. His hands itched to destroy that insolently handsome smile, and, though not often given to physical outbursts, he was confident that he could do it. And with that confidence there came a new sense of faith in himself and in Dorothy Bonner's intelligence. He deliberately turned his back on Frayle and addressed the girl.

"No, of course I wouldn't, darling," he said. "And if you have as much sense as I think you have, you know it without asking. After all, I have a profession that I enjoy, that I'm fitted for, and that pays me a good living. Moreover, I stand fairly high in it, and I'll probably stand higher before the Japanese finish blowing eastern Asia completely off the map. It's too bad that my job rubs you the wrong way because its present phase happens to seem unpleasant to you personally. But you'll get over that. I'm not really a scandalmonger; I'm a foreign correspondent.

"I don't know all the details of this mess that seems to be brewing for you in Honolulu, but I'll stand by you, of course. And I imagine that when I find out exactly how your friend Frayle got

• *Lithograph by* Robert Riggs

Truly Hawaiian



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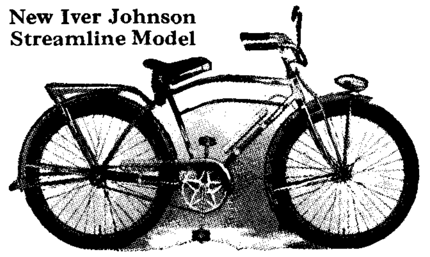

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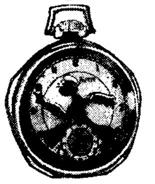

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you into it, I'll be able to get you out more or less simply. And after that, I think you'll get used to the idea of being married to a newspaperman."

"Married!" The girl sniffed. "You're not only a sneak and a hypocrite, but a fool and an egotist—"

"A consummate egotist," said Larkin.

"—to think that after what you've done, I'd marry you."

"I think you will," said Larkin, "when I ask you."

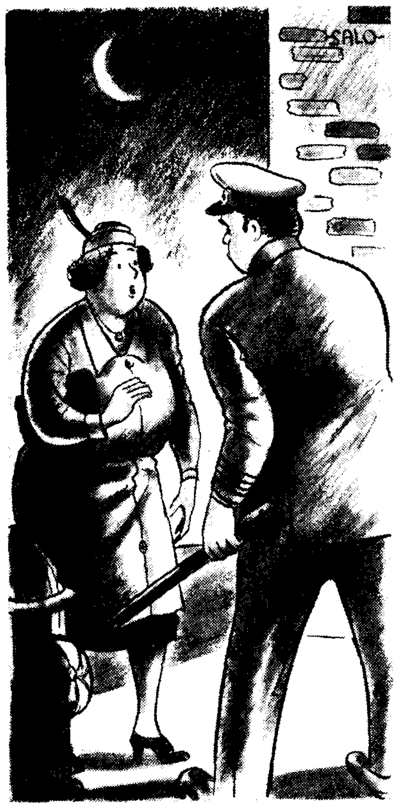
Larkin grinned.

Dorothy slapped him. It was a resounding slap, but it failed to efface the grin.

Frayle guffawed heartily. He said: "Remember your father's advice, puss —never trust your own instincts or shipboard acquaintances. Better come back to the old established firm. We'll find a way to get you out of this. Come on."

"Wait, Charlie." She stood for a long moment in front of Larkin, looking at him with eyes that were very bright. She said: "Glen, give me back that envelope."

"I haven't got it," said Larkin.



"I just saw a man with a gun taking money from another man. Isn't that a clue or something?"

SALO

A queer expression came into Frayle's face. "What envelope, puss?" he asked.

"The envelope that Rodriguez had the whole crew looking for yesterday," the girl said, still staring at Larkin. "Get it, Glen. We'll wait here."

"I haven't got it, I tell you," Larkin insisted. "It's been stolen."

"You're lying again."

"Suit yourself." Larkin shrugged.

Frayle took the girl's arm.

"Come on, puss. Don't argue with him. He won't get ashore with it."

Dorothy held back, still looking at Larkin with eyes that were dark with the despair of shattered faith and wounded pride.

"Glen, I—" she began.

"Yes, darling."

The words would not pass the girl's parted lips. She turned away, leaning wearily on Frayle's arm.

Larkin could hear her heels click on the stairs going down to the lower deck.

Tacked to a bulletin board just outside the dining saloon was an old sailing chart of the Pacific on which tiny Japanese flags pricked out, inch by inch, the slow daily progress of the Kumo-maru toward Honolulu and the Orient. Just below the chart was the commander's noon report, which read: Position at noon, Lat. 29° 31′ 10″ N., Long. 133° 6′ 59″ W. Distance run previous 24 hrs., 241 naut. mi.

Descent toward the tropics was bringing change to the Kumo-maru and its microcosm. The wind had lost its eyeteeth and grown feeble under the glare of a hot, blue sky. The boisterous sea had subsided as though awed by its gaudy new tint of ultramarine.

The ship's officers had shed their dark uniforms and blossomed into crisp white ducks. The cabin passengers, too, had unpacked their lightweight clothing—all but William Cuttle of New York. Mr. Cuttle managed to continue wearing his derby and electric-blue worsteds without so much as perspiring or changing the cold, set expression of his recessed eyes or the thin-lipped rigidity of his mouth. Nothing, in fact, seemed to change about Mr. Cuttle except the flower in his lapel.

"I don't think much of them last cock-and-horse stories you been sending out to the blats," said Mr. Cuttle, dropping cigar ashes on his vest.

"That's too bad, Gumshoe," said Larkin, planting his shirt-sleeved elbows on the green baize of the dining-saloon table. "Then I wouldn't read them, if I were you. By the way: How much longer are you going to keep Mr. Hood locked up in the doctor's cabin?"

"UNTIL I break him down," said Cuttle. "He's hiding something. I been in this game long enough to know when a guy is hiding something."

"What's he hiding, Gumshoe?"

"I don't know yet. But I will. I'll break him down. I can break anybody down."

"Give me five minutes with him, Gumshoe. I'll get the whole story for you."

"You don't get five minutes with nobody," Cuttle declared. "The skipper ain't forgot that you threatened to get his ship tied up in Honolulu, and he don't trust you. I don't trust you neither, Larkin."

"In that case," Larkin said, "I'll leave you alone with your doubts, Cuttle. I've got work to do. . . ."

"Just keep me out of it," said Cuttle.

"Same to you," said Larkin.

He returned to his stateroom, which was on the lee side and stifling. He stripped off his shirt and tied a towel around his neck to catch the perspiration that dripped from his chin. He seated himself at his typewriter and wrote:

"Dorothy Bonner's Own Story. . . ."

As the pages began to litter the floor of the cabin, Larkin wondered if his story read too much like a brief for the defense. He was building her up as an intelligent girl in revolt against the occupational disease of the very wealthy: boredom. He was not deliberately seeking an alibi for her guilt—if she were guilty of traffic in naval secrets; he was merely explaining it as a quest for self-expression and excitement that had led into dangerous alleys. And he was doing his worst with Charles Frayle, too, sparing no adjectives in making him into a page-one character: A shrewd, glamorous soldier of fortune whose dimpled smile had played havoc with the women and politics of four continents; a blond Svengali whose debonair recklessness had fascinated the Poor Little Rich Girl Who Was Tired of Stuffed Shirts. . . .

It was hot. And Larkin was woolly-mouthed from the nervous succession of cigarettes that he consumed in direct progression to the number of pages he yanked from his typewriter. He reached behind him and punched the bell.

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"Steward," he said, when the door opened, "can you get me a Tom Collins that doesn't taste like this ship smells?"

"*Dekimasu,*" said the steward.

"Hurry it up," said Larkin, "and don't be stingy with the ice."

He did not look up from his typewriter, but he was nevertheless aware that the steward continued to stand expectantly in the door.

"Tommu Corrinsu," said the steward. "Yes. Can make. Not so good as Hoteru des Bergues et des Nations, butto bettah as Hoteru Beau Rivage."

This time Larkin looked up—abruptly. The steward's French pronunciation had startled him by its excellence.

"What," he demanded, "do you know about the Hotel des Bergues?"

The steward lowered his eyes and looked at the floor like an embarrassed girl.

"You do notto know me, Mistah Rahkin?" he asked softly.

Larkin studied the impassive Oriental face of the man.

"No, Steward," he said. "I do not know you. In fact, I don't even know your name."

"Name," said the steward, "is Satō. Sweeto name. In Ingurish meaning 'sugah.' "

"I think I can restrain myself from calling you 'Sugar'," Larkin said. "And I still don't know you."

"I know you, Mistah Rahkin."

"Really. How long have you known me, Satō?"

"Geneva," said the steward.

Larkin pondered. Geneva. He hadn't been in Geneva since March, 1934, when he covered the League of Nations session that adopted the Lytton report on the Japanese invasion of Manchuria.

"Hotel des Bergues?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Then I suppose," said Larkin, "that you were one of the walking delegates who made the dramatic Japanese exit from the League in 1934—and that your white coat is just a disguise for some dark diplomatic mission."

"No," said the steward. "At Hoteru des Bergues, was numbah tsoo bah boy. Washing grasses fo' numbah one bah boy. Often I see you at bah."

"That's fine," said Larkin. "Now that we've settled that, how about my Tom Collins?"

"Right away. Japanese say: *Hayaku.* And if needing anysing—"

"That's all, Satō."

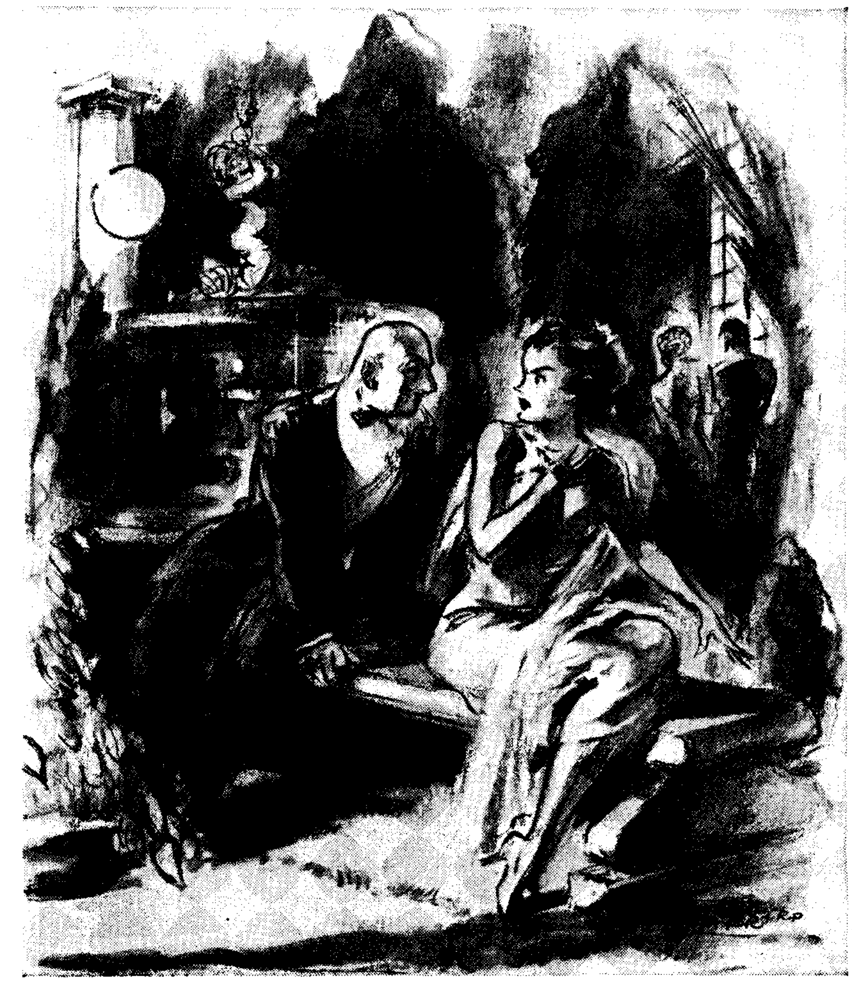
When the steward left, Larkin stared after him. The bars of Geneva, he knew, were a prime source of information. A bar boy at the Hotel des Bergues was apt to know more about international affairs and diplomatic horse trading than a man who never left the press gallery of the league assembly. Was it mere coincidence that Satō the steward had once washed glasses behind a bar in Geneva, and was now making beds and serving meals on a ship that was carrying a murderer and a dealer in military secrets across the Pacific? Or was there some significance in Satō's self-revelation, in his subsequent offer, "If needing anything—?"

Larkin lit another cigarette, mopped his sweat-bathed face, resumed banging at his typewriter.

"Dorothy Bonner," he wrote, "admits burning the blueprints of the antiaircraft gun, but insists—"

THE commander's noon report read: Lat., 27° 0′ 51″ N. Long., 136° 31′ 2″ W. The commander's potted azaleas were bursting into colorful bloom as the weather grew steadily warmer. And the commander's friend, the elegant Mr. Shima, was perspiring inelegantly as he knocked on the door of Charles Frayle's stateroom. He was patting his spangled forehead daintily with a silk handkerchief when Frayle opened the door.

"I have come to tell you," said Mr. Shima without further ado, "that I think it is high time, Mr. Frayle, that you decide in which direction you intend to leap. While I admire your skill in playing both ends against the middle, I don't need to tell you that this sort of game can't go on indefinitely."



"Don't you dare lower your voice to me!" RAYMOND THAYER

"Drop the Oriental allegory and get to the point," said Frayle. "What do you want?"

"Don't misunderstand," said Mr. Shima. "I've not come to reproach you for anything you may have found expedient during the past few days, to—shall we say, to preserve the direction of your purpose? I have no false ideas on the sanctity of human life. I am fully aware, as you are, that when larger questions are at stake, it makes little difference whether a man lives a few years more or a few years less. I merely want you to know that I am governed by similar considerations and just as few scruples."

"I've never doubted it," said Frayle.

Mr. Shima cleared his throat, sat down, crossed his legs.

"Six months ago," he began, "we had a brief conversation in Callao. We spoke of vanadium. I made you an offer."

"And I quoted you a figure. There was a big discrepancy."

"I think I can meet your figure now."

"IT'S not the same figure now," said Frayle. "Conditions have changed. The figure has doubled."

"I see." Mr. Shima smiled blandly as he pressed his silk handkerchief gently between the palms of his hands. "Then it's true that you are holding out for what they call, in the retail trade, a combination offer?"

"Call it what you want," said Frayle.

"Yes," said Mr. Shima, meditatively. "I believe you are now offering us a novelty in ordnance, something new and original in high-angle guns, something that doubtless requires vanadium steel in its construction—so you expect us to pay through the nose for both items."

"The price is not too high," said Frayle. "After all, I've taken all the risks, and am making delivery in Japan—something that your Embassy in Washington could not guarantee, even with its diplomatic pouches."

"Yes," said Mr. Shima. "I am prepared to relieve you of all further risk by concluding the matter now."

Frayle shook his head. "The matter will be concluded in Japan," he said. "When I am paid a hundred thousand yen in currency, and a similar amount has been placed to my credit in each of four banks in Yokohama, Tientsin, Hong Kong and Singapore."

"Half a million yen," mused Mr. Shima. "And what does that buy, Mr. Frayle?"

"My personal services. And the delivery of Item Two. The guarantee of Item One is also included, although delivery will be made at current market quotations for vanadium."

"Isn't that rather high—considering that Miss Bonner is really the one who has a voice in this matter?"

"Miss Bonner has no voice whatever in regard to Item Two," said Frayle. "And in the vanadium matter, she'll do as I say. She knows that I'm the technical man and am, therefore, qualified to advise her on anything pertaining to mines and mining."

"And General Rodriguez?"

"Rodriguez has only a half interest. He'll do what I say, too."

Mr. Shima laughed softly. "General Rodriguez is known more for his devious ways than for his valor in war or his honor in peace," he said. "The general finds it difficult even to tell a straightforward lie; he would rather go to great and elaborate lengths to circumvent the truth in his own complicated manner. For instance, his feigning attempted assassination by scratching his throat and bringing on an attack of epistaxis, to which Dr. Bioki told me he was subject. I suppose you know that this followed soon after the general received a wireless message from the mainland?"

"What message?" Frayle asked.

Again Mr. Shima laughed softly. "You should keep better informed regarding the movements of your associates," he said. "I am afraid the general is making plans to abandon his journey to Japan."

"At Honolulu?"

"What matter?" said Mr. Shima. "As a representative of the Imperial Japanese Government, I am in a position to prevent any such action. You may warn your associates, if you like. I hardly think it necessary to warn you—except, perhaps, against Mr. Larkin."

"What about Larkin?"

Mr. Shima smiled faintly. "Mr. Larkin seems to covet many of your possessions," he said. "He has already made off with your lady friend. I was wondering if he might not also want to make off with—with Item Two."

"Let me worry about that," said Frayle.

"Gladly." Mr. Shima rose. "Then I'll say good afternoon." He reached for a doorknob.

"That's not the way out," said Frayle, getting up quickly.

"So sorry," said Mr. Shima. "It's your clothes closet, isn't it? How stupid." He closed the closet, opened the door to the corridor, bowed, went out.

Frayle waited until the sound of his footsteps died away, then turned the key in the lock. He took a large jackknife from his pocket, pressed a spring release. A long blade sprang upright from one end, a screw driver from the other. He opened the closet Shima had recently shut, lifted the hem of an overcoat, ran the point of the knife under the seam. He reached one hand through the slit, withdrew a sheaf of papers from the lining.

On the white wall of the stateroom was a large notice in English, Spanish, Japanese and Chinese, instructing passengers how to adjust life-preservers and where Lifeboat No. 9 was located. The notice was neatly glassed and framed, and the frame fixed to the bulkhead by four round-headed screws. Frayle went to work with his screw driver, loosened the frame sufficiently to slip his sheaf of papers behind the notice. Then he screwed the frame tightly in place again.

He was giving a final twist to the last screw when he thought he heard someone brush against the door. He stopped, listening intently. He tiptoed to the door, listened again with his ear against the panel. He reached for the knob, was turning it quietly when there was a knock. He jerked the door open. The steward was outside, fresh towels over his arm.

"How long have you been standing there?" Frayle demanded.

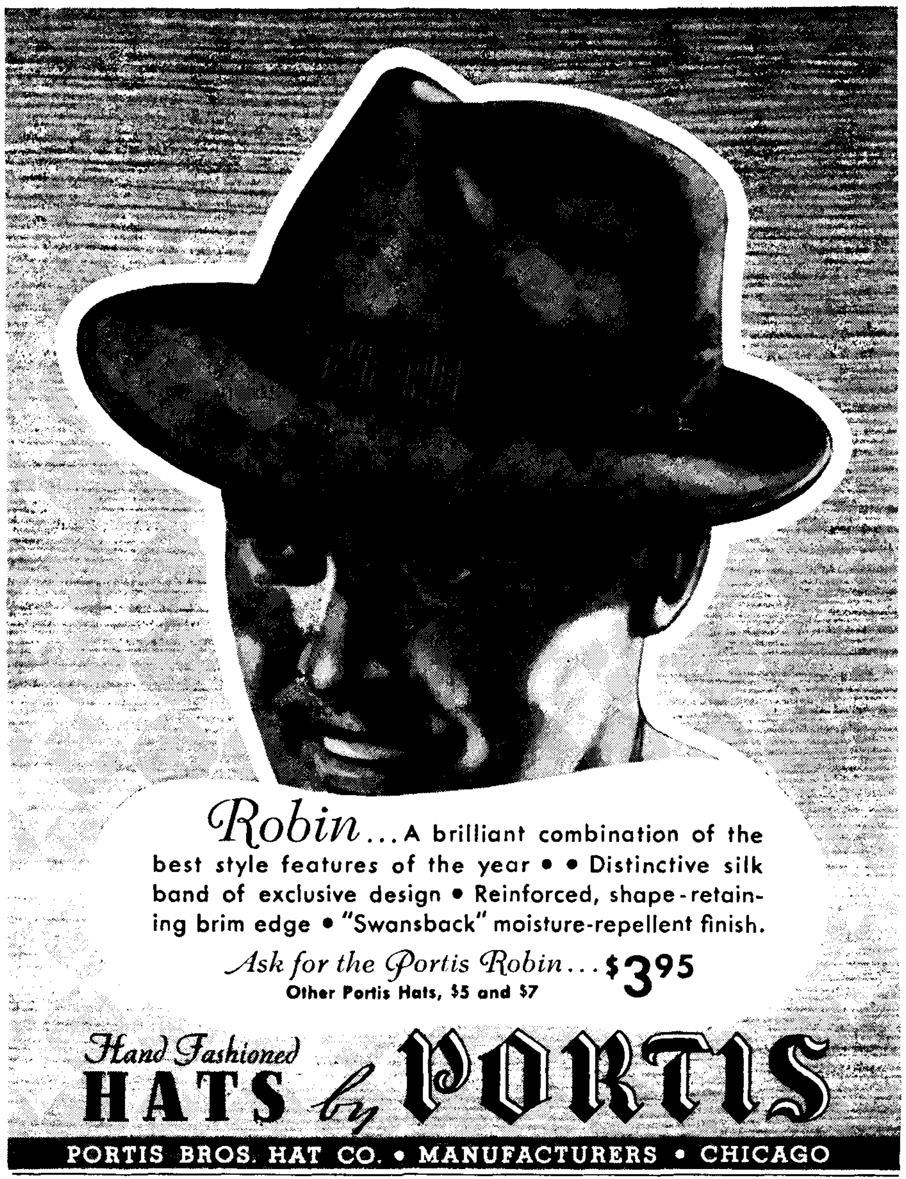
"Justo now come," said the steward. "Bringing careen towers."

He stepped briskly into the cabin, hung the towels on the rack with one efficient motion, departed without another look at Frayle.

NORTH latitude 25° 6′ 42″. . . .
North latitude 23° 19′ 51″. . . .

Then the commander's noon report failed to appear on the bulletin board. The fact did not keep Larkin awake, no more than did the hot, sticky oppressiveness of the night. He was sleeping soundly when he was jolted to consciousness by the impact of something cold on his face. He sat up in his berth, his heart pounding wildly with the half-dreaming terror of sudden awakening. The cold object slipped from his cheek, crawled slowly down his chest into the open front of his pajama jacket. Full consciousness returned with a spasm of panic, and he grabbed the thing. It was soft and clammy in his fingers. He flung it from him. It struck the deck with a faint, damp slap.

Larkin lunged through the darkness, reaching for the electric switch. He found it on the second stab. The fa-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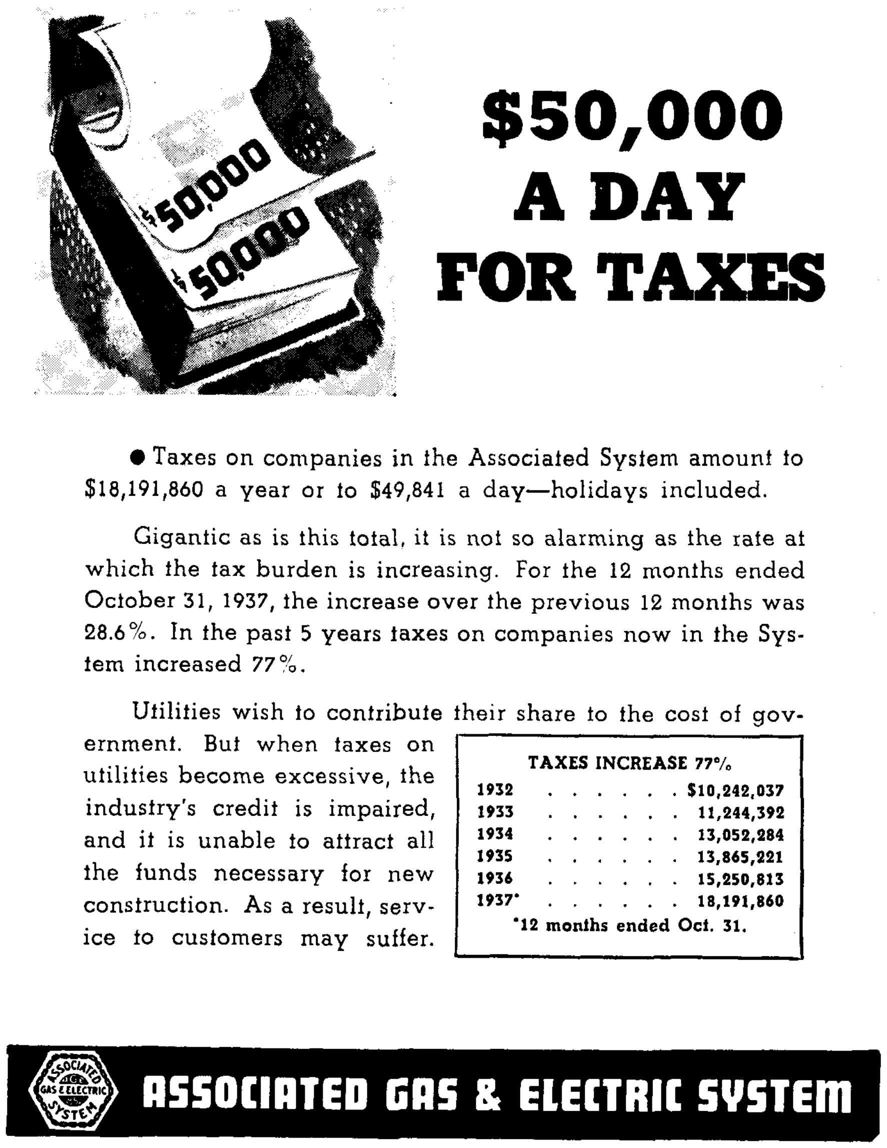
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1934	13,052,284
1935	13,865,221
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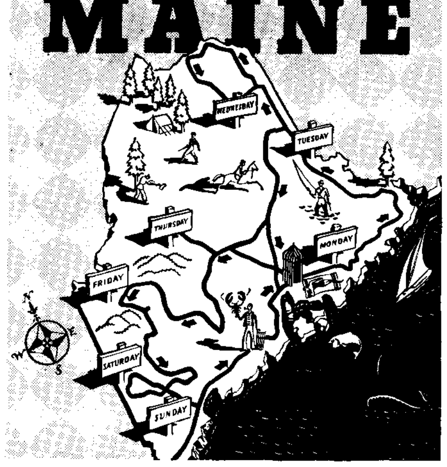

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miliar details of the stateroom seemed ridiculously calm and commonplace in the flood of brightness. The thing—whatever it was—had either bounced or crawled out of sight. General Rodriguez turned in his sleep, muttering uneasily. His bandages had slipped up over his whiskers and he uttered a single, curiously strangled snore. The stateroom door was locked, but the porthole was open—a futile attempt to catch a few lungfuls of the warm, following breeze. Larkin stuck his head cautiously through the port. There was no one in sight.

Larkin got out of bed. Almost at his feet he saw a four-inch square of *tofu*—the whitish, opaque, gelatinous bean-curd that the misguided Japanese seemed to regard not only as legitimate food but as a delicacy. He picked up the rubbery slab, vaguely wondering if it had come through the porthole or whether he would be justified in kneading it well into General Rodriguez's whiskers. Then he noticed a corner of paper protruding from a slit in the square of *tofu*. He plucked out the paper, unfolded it, read the moisture-blurred command:

"Mr. Larkin—Come at once to the chain lockers."

Larkin frowned at the immature, malformed script. Who, he wondered, had used this highly original and strictly personal means of delivering a message? It occurred to him that he had never seen Dorothy Bonner's handwriting. And in the next half second it also occurred to him that he was a damned fool to be thinking of Dorothy at this moment. What would Dorothy be doing in the chain locker? He glanced at his watch. It was quarter past one.

QUICKLY Larkin pulled on a pair of trousers, stepped into his shoes, slipped on a coat over his pajama jacket. Into his coat pocket he dropped his .38 revolver, which Cuttle, surprisingly enough, had not confiscated. He had no idea of whom he was going to meet, or why—but he was determined to find out.

General Rodriguez was snoring short, descending fragments of the chromatic scale when he unlocked the door.

It was warm and still on deck. The whisper of the side wash and the throb of the ship's engines seemed magnified by the stillness of the night. Far aft the smoke from the lone funnel rose in a straight dark pillar in the following wind, blurring the hot, golden stars.

Larkin knew that the chain locker must be far forward and between decks. He climbed down into steerage, walked softly through the dim tiers of sleeping specters, moved constantly forward. The door in the forward bulkhead was open tonight. Larkin passed through, continued his general direction, climbed a short ladder, followed a crooked corridor, found himself facing another open door. He knew he was looking into the chain locker, because a faint shaft of starlight was shining through the hawsepipes and he could see it gleaming on great links of the anchor chain still flecked with mud and seaweed. He reached his hand into his right coat pocket until his fingers felt the reassuring touch of steel. Then he stepped boldly in.

Almost instantly the door clicked shut behind him.

He whirled. His scalp tingled. His revolver in his fist, he froze into immobility, staring into the darkness.

"Larkin?" The whisper was high-pitched, fearful, questioning.

Larkin made no sound. His thumb slipped off the safety. He stood motionless, facing the whisper.

"It's Jeremy Hood, Mr. Larkin. Are you alone?"

"Yes," said Larkin at last. "I'm alone."

Light flooded the chain locker. At the sight of the thin, bent little man in his black, shawl-like sweater, Larkin felt slightly sheepish. He pushed his revolver into his pocket, but he did not withdraw his hand. He laughed nervously.

"I certainly didn't think it was you who sent me that spectacular note," he said.

"Note?" echoed Jeremy Hood, his tiny black eyes searching Larkin's features. "What note?"

"The note imbedded in a piece of bean cheese that dropped on my face ten minutes ago. Didn't you ask me to come here?"

"The steward arranged everything," Hood said.

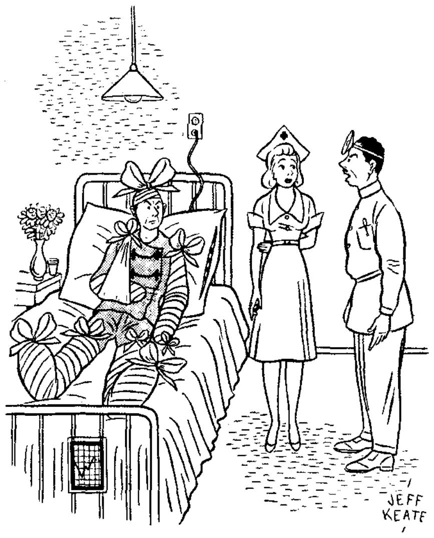
"The steward? Satō?"

"I don't know his name. Our regular steward. I told him I had to see you and offered him a bribe to let me out of that cabin Mr. Cuttle has had me locked up in. He wouldn't take any money, but he said he would arrange everything. He sneaked me out through the galley and brought me here. Then he went to get you."

A puzzled frown puckered Larkin's forehead.

"Well, I'm here," he said. "What do you want?"

"I heard you telling Mr. Cuttle you wanted to talk to me," Hood said, "but Cuttle won't let me talk to anyone. I thought I'd better find out what you wanted."



"Never mind how you did it in the department store, Miss Jones!"

JEFF KEATE

"I think you know what I want," Larkin said. "I want to look through your chromo-xylographs—to see if I can't identify a few prints from the P. G. Bonner collection."

Jeremy Hood gave a little sigh as he sank down on a pile of chain. He buried his gray, wizened face in his thin hands.

"I was afraid of that," he moaned. "Why did I do it? Oh, why did I do it?"

"Are you admitting," Larkin demanded, "that you killed Arthur Bonner and Dr. Bioki?"

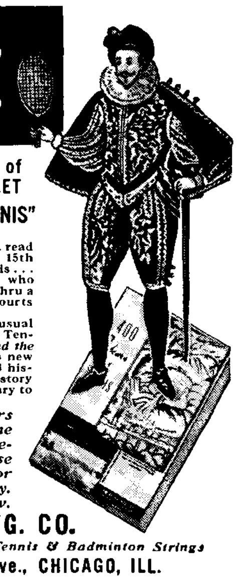
"No! No!" Hood raised his head. There was a mad light in his eyes. "No! No! I didn't kill anyone! I didn't!" He moved his bald head violently as though to shake off the accusation in Larkin's stare.

"I'm being punished," he wailed. "Justly punished! I should have known! I should have expected it! I was brought up as a God-fearing boy. I was always an honest, righteous man. I don't know why I did this—now, at my time of life. . . ."

Larkin sat down on the chains beside Hood. He lit a cigarette and waited. Finally he said: "Get it off your chest, Mr. Hood."

(To be continued next week)

TENNIS PLAYERS



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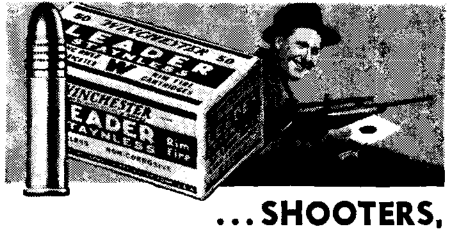

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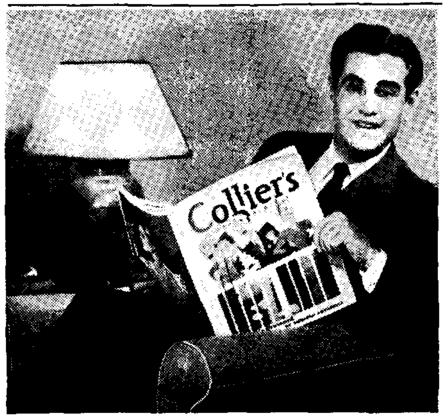

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Mr. Whiting

Continued from page 15

"Is that so?"

They drew up before their own door and their man, Hoadley, opened the car door for them.

Their home was not too large, but exquisite and right in all its appointments. It was clean, quiet and in order, for they had no children, nor even a dog to make it untidy. Few people were even aware that they had any relatives, though once a year Mr. Fenway's brother Lester and his wife Kathrine, together with their son and Mr. Fenway's mother, came to dinner. His mother lived with this brother, Lester, a ne'er-do-well. But this was not the night of the family dinner and no one was about except the maid who unobtrusively touched a match to the fire. The flame almost at once warmed the room into a pleasant glow, heightened the colors in rugs, draperies and pictures, and Mrs. Fenway slipped out of her wrap and came toward it.

"Are you cold?" Mr. Fenway asked politely. Mr. Fenway was a heavily built, shrewd-eyed man, who both looked and was successful and merciless in business.

"Yes. It was so chilly down there."

"I didn't notice. Perhaps you ought to doctor up for a cold."

"No. I'm quite all right."

"Lester touched me for money again today—wanted it for Allen's college, he said."

"Did you give it to him?"

"Give it to him? It would go up in drink! Let Allen work his way through, if he wants to go to college."

"It costs more than it used to."

"Well, plenty of boys do it still. And what does Lester do with all the money that I give toward Mother's keep? I'll wager half of that or more goes for liquor!"

She moved closer to the fire and said irrelevantly: "I'm so sick of this house!"

Mr. Fenway gave a small grunt of a laugh.

"Good heavens, Julia, it's just done!"

"That's it, perhaps . . . I wonder who vouched for that Mr. Whiting?"

"Why, I don't know. Isn't he all right?"

"I didn't like him much."

"I dare say McAlpin or Niday put him up. . . . It's the City Club for dinner tomorrow, isn't it?"

"Yes. I think the City Club's cheap since they moved."

"Cheap! Good Lord, I don't know where you see it!"

"I MEAN in tone. It was more intimate in the old building. It's no more nor less than a hotel now."

"Well, a club's not meant to be a home," he said. "I think I'll go up, Julia."

After he went out, she stood still by the fire for as long as five minutes, staring about the room with a discontented gaze.

The next day, coming home from the dinner at the City Club, she said, tiredly but vehemently: "Oh, how *dull* the Northleys are!"

"He can afford to be, with ten millions back of him."

On Thursday, which was the day of the weekly duplicate tournament, Mrs. Fenway went to Jennie's and bought herself a new dress. It was of a deep but striking blue and, with her very clear blue eyes, it made her into a vivid personality. She wore it that night.

She saw this Mr. Whiting as soon as she entered the room. He stood talking with Mr. Hesse and did not glance toward her. However, almost at once he came up to her and said rather formally: "Could I have the pleasure of playing with you again tonight, Mrs. Fenway?"

"I don't mind—we didn't do so badly last time! . . . This is my husband, Mr. Whiting."

Mr. Whiting let his pale gray eyes take in Mr. Fenway. He said: "How d'you do?" and did not put out his hand. Fenway moved on.

"This table in the corner is the quietest place," Mr. Whiting said.

"I need a quiet place," Mrs. Fenway said. "It's been a hectic week! It seems to me I've jumped from one committee meeting into another—Joint Charities to Children's Welfare, to Drama League. . . ." She stopped as if not having put a period on her sentence.

"And now to bridge," he said, in that thin voice of his.

"Oh, this is only a pleasant interlude!" she said.

"Really?" He smiled faintly. "Not only another committee meeting?"

MR. HESSE dropped boards on their table and two men sat down with them. . . . There was something almost uncanny about the way Mr. Whiting played—giving his bid with only the barest flickering glance at his cards, letting his card fall lightly to the table, not snapping it briskly as so many did, nor holding it in his fingers till the rest played. He spoke seldom. But once, being for an instant by themselves in the quiet corner, he looked at Mrs. Fenway, without leaning toward her, with an amused speculation in his pale gaze and said: "Civic Welfare luncheons—a committee on the new clubhouse—bridge for a cent a point at the A. A. C.—meet the architect to look over plans for a new place (somewhere out of Neep Park and away from the upstarts that have crept in)—it's all so familiar, Mrs. Fenway!"

She flushed faintly, but met his gaze with one as insolent.

"Well, life moves forward by committee meetings," she said.

"Life?" he said.

She gave an involuntary glance about the room. Everyone looked intelligent but of a curious sameness, despite differences of profile, hair or eyes. She gave a slight, somewhat uneasy laugh. The play went on.

A few days later Mrs. Fenway was lunching with a woman who had come on from Detroit to coach the Drama League players. Bridge was mentioned and Mrs. Fenway said: "Perhaps you'd like to run over to the Bridge Club for an hour or two? One can always pick up a game there." They did go over and found the rooms nearly empty, except for Hesse and the figure of a man in the far corner, a man with a head as bare and as bony as a skull.

Hesse said: "Shall we have a game? Mr. Whiting's here."

When they sat down, Mrs. Fenway found herself opposite Whiting.

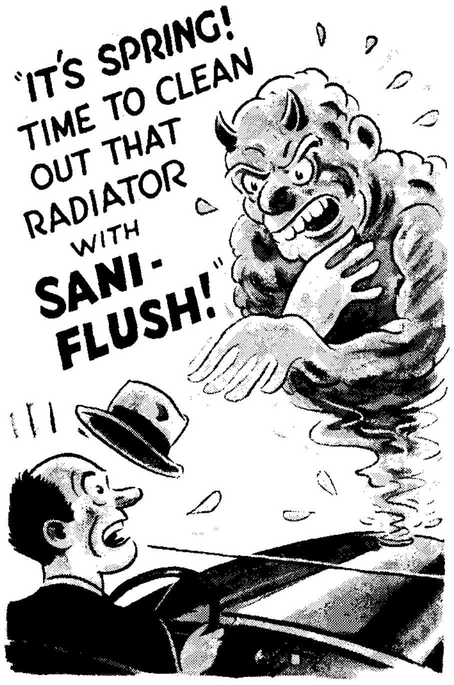
"Quarter of a cent?" Hesse said.

The Drama League woman was an eager, youngish person.

"A twentieth is usually my limit," she said. "But a quarter's all right."

Mrs. Fenway and Whiting had phenomenal luck from the start. Mrs. Fenway from time to time glanced at Miss Murray. As the hands slipped disastrously past and Miss Murray began to bid wildly against her luck, her face took on a curiously strained look.

When it was over, Miss Murray owed a little over ten dollars. "Let it go till the League's given you a check," Mrs. Fenway said. "Oh, no!" Miss Murray said and took out a suspiciously lone ten-dollar bill and some change. "I'll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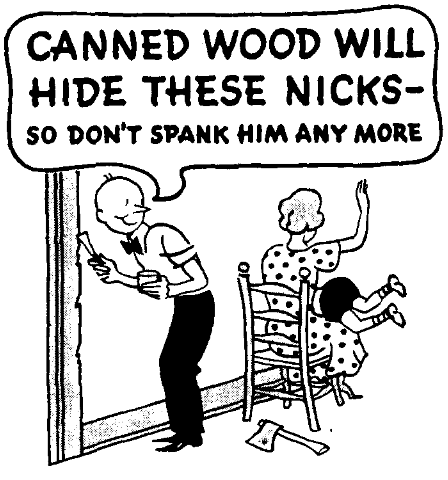
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get even some day!" But she looked frightened.

Mr. Whiting said: "I'd advise you not to try, Miss Murray. Leave bridge to Mrs. Fenway and me—it's no game for youth."

Miss Murray laughed. "I'm not a child, exactly," she said.

On Thursday night, Mrs. Fenway said with some acidity: "Well, since I have no youth and some money. . . ."

Mr. Whiting smiled his remote, humorless smile.

"I should have liked to make it more than ten," he said. "It takes more than that to frighten youth."

Mrs. Fenway raised her head angrily and said: "I don't see why you play." It was the first time she had let her voice slip from coldness into admission of some sort of intimacy.

"Why?" he said slowly. "Why, Mrs. Fenway? Surely you are not asking me to tell the story of my life?"

THAT week Mrs. Fenway had various engagements—a lecture at the Gratwick Club, a Rachmaninoff concert at the Elmwood Music Hall, a board meeting to discuss state teaching of the blind. Coming home from the concert, she said to Mr. Fenway: "I think I'll try to get a few of the old crowd together for bridge some afternoon."

"Gracie and Ann and that bunch?"

"Yes. I haven't seen them in ages!"

He laughed a little and she said sharply: "Why do you laugh? Is there any reason I shouldn't want to see my old friends?"

"None, except that you were so damned anxious to shed them in the first place!"

"Well, if I shed them, it was to keep up with you."

He laughed again.

"I'll have it Wednesday," she said.

The next morning she made out a list of old friends, ones she had once been fairly intimate with. Gracie Lambert, Ann Griswold, Carrie Penn. After she had made out the list, she sat at her desk looking at it . . . the last time she had been to see her, Gracie had been about to have a baby, her fourth. Mrs. Fenway made some remark such as: "Ed Lambert ought to be ashamed of himself—it isn't civilized, Gracie, and you're hardly over the last one!" She had whitened a little and said in a low voice: "I don't see where you've any need to talk to me about Ed's being civilized, Julia." She had meant George and, Mrs. Fenway had known even then, Gracie was only being just. She looked now at Gracie's name and presently let her long, delicate hand make a heavy mark through the word.

Ann Griswold. One Christmas Ann had given her two handkerchiefs, carefully made by hand. It had been after George's first big break and Mrs. Fenway had given Ann a copy of *Aria da Capo* bound in hand-tooled leather. Sixteen dollars. She had scarcely seen Ann since.

Carrie Penn. Carrie was head of the English department at North High. . . . George Fenway had taken Carrie home one night long ago and had told Mrs. Fenway about his advances later with a roar of laughter. "As long as he tells me," Mrs. Fenway had said to herself, "it doesn't matter." But, after considering that name, she crossed it out also. She shoved her list aside and said: "I'll do it next week. This week's too full!"

Thursday night it was snowing violently, one of those wet, off-the-lake storms that tie up traffic. Mrs. Fenway said: "It would be absurd to try to get to the bridge club!"

Mr. Fenway appeared to agree with her. They sat in the living room for a half hour, reading, speaking of this or that indifferently. Suddenly Mr. Fenway rose and said: "Good Lord, Julia, I'm not going to sit here all evening like an old man afraid of the weather!"

"It's really bad out," she said, but went for a wrap.

It was snowing so hard that Hoadley could let the car but creep along. "One would think we were addicts," Mrs. Fenway said once.

"I don't see any use in sitting at home and being bored with each other just because there's a little snow!"

There was only a handful at the club, enough for four tables of duplicate.

"Hello, Whiting," Mr. Fenway said.

"Good evening, Mr. Fenway." The words in that thin, sweet voice came with a peculiar remoteness. Mr. Fenway's heavily jowled face took on a deep flush as he moved away and he murmured: "Who the hell does he think he is, anyway?"

Mrs. Fenway said, somewhat too rapidly: "Let's play together tonight, George. No one'll mind!"

But Mr. Fenway did not seem to hear her. "There's Mrs. McAlpin!" he said, and went toward her.

Mrs. Fenway was left, by his departure, alone for an instant. Although she had experienced this moment a thousand times and had, indeed, built up a small fund in an obscure bank against the time of some more permanent departure, she now shivered slightly and when Mr. Hesse said: "Aren't you playing with Mr. Whiting tonight, Mrs. Fenway?" there was a perceptible pause before she said indifferently: "I really don't know." But then she turned almost sharply to Hesse and said, more quickly: "Who *is* this Mr. Whiting? Who recommended him, Mr. Hesse?"

Hesse looked embarrassed. He was very Teutonic and not given to impulses.

"To tell the truth, Mrs. Fenway—no one did," he said presently.

"No one?"

"HE CAME in one day and asked if this was the bridge club. I said, 'Yes.' He wondered if he could sit in on a game. There were only three of us here and I said: 'Of course.' When we were through, I said: 'Did Mr. McAlpin send you over?'—thinking that was a good guess. 'No,' he said. 'No one sent me. But I'd like very much to join.' I daresay you think it very negligent on my part, Mrs. Fenway, but the man played such a professional game of contract and had all the earmarks of being a gentleman . . . I felt somehow compelled . . ."

"I see."

"Do you? Well, it's more than I do, Mrs. Fenway. He's a queer one. But you don't find any fault with his game, do you? If there's the slightest complaint, of course. . . ."

"No," Mrs. Fenway said. "I was only curious."

"Are you tired of me as a partner, Mrs. Fenway?" Mr. Whiting's melancholy voice put in at that instant.

"No, indeed," she said. "Are they ready?"

"Nearly. We can each have a corner tonight and be quiet. A wild night, isn't it?"

"Wretched."

"The snow and the rain compel us, though, eh?"

Mrs. Fenway opened her lips as if about to say: "It was Mr. Fenway who insisted on coming tonight," when her glance met his pale gaze and she was silent. They sat down and no one joined them immediately. The snow thudded against the window at Mrs. Fenway's back and she turned her head and said: "Couldn't these curtains be drawn?"

"Yes. I'll draw them."

He did so and the corner became very quiet indeed.

"Quite gives the illusion now, doesn't it?"

"Illusion of what?" she said in a somewhat hard voice.

"Oh, of friendship—of intimacy—of belonging to someone!"

"We don't come here for that, do we?" she said coldly.

"Don't we? What do we come for, Mrs. Fenway?"

"For bridge, I supposed."

He smiled, half closing his too-seeing gray eyes.

"This wind blows the snow against the panes and we think: We will stay in tonight, stay in with a book," he said. "But if we stay in we have only ourselves to keep us company."

"I am afraid you are too cryptic for me, Mr. Whiting."

"Am I? I think not. . . . Even if we say we have no choice, we are not much comforted. But we do choose, I am afraid."

His thin voice and the wind were curiously alike.

"Choose what?" Mrs. Fenway's eyes were bright, her voice too clear.

"This shell—or this loneliness that is our lot."

Mrs. Fenway laughed, with brittleness. Her glance, not seeming to, took in George Fenway, looking at Mrs. McAlpin's throat.

"You take what you have to," she said.

"Oh, do you have to take anything?"

"Yes."

"Boards," Mr. Hesse said at their elbow. "The Turner brothers are playing you first."

BEFORE she went to bed, Mrs. Fenway went to her desk for something and saw the list of names tucked under an engagement book. She took it out and looked at it. Her eyes narrowed a little. She would, she said to herself a little defiantly, have a tea. They could talk over old times. Yes, she would, she said, ask Gracie, too.

"Lester was in this afternoon," Mr. Fenway said a couple of days after that.

"Drunk?"

"No. Sober as a judge. Mother's had another stroke. I suppose I'd better drop in there tonight."

"Is it serious?"

"Well—a second stroke. I presume so. She's a great care, Lester says. Lord, Julia, you were smart not to let us in for all that!"

She picked up her cup, put it down.

"Perhaps we ought to have had her, part of the time," she said, somewhat hesitantly.

He gave her a quick stare.

"Yes, it would have added a good deal to our pleasant *family* life!" he said with his heavy sarcasm. "Lester's glad enough to get the money we pay for her keep, you can be sure of that!"

"It must make it hard for Kathrine, though."

"Well, they offered to, didn't they? It's a little late for you to go soft on that subject, anyhow, Julia!"

"I suppose it is."

"It'd be a sweet mess, having sickness in the house. She's as helpless as a baby and she's talked all the time, up to now! . . . No, you were smart that time! Of course, if Mother were herself—well, I don't know, though—are relatives ever themselves? If you have a penny, they lick your boots for it or just help themselves—if you haven't, they don't know you."

She rose.

"Shall I go down with you?"

"No need. She wouldn't know you. Besides, I'm going on from there."

"Oh. . . . Well, I am, too. Perhaps I'd better go."

"Suit yourself."

They stood by George's mother's bed in their smart clothes while Hoadley waited outside in the snow. The old woman breathed with a repulsive loudness and one lid lay closed in her lined face. Lester's wife, Kathrine, sat tiredly by the bed and Allen stood at the bed's head. Allen nodded very briefly, his young mouth bitter as aloes.

"Is there anything we can do, Kathrine?" Mrs. Fenway said.

"No, thanks," Kathrine said. "There's nothing to do but wait."

"Well, we could wait with you."

"There's no need," Kathrine said. "And she wouldn't know."

"I'll send a nurse in, so you can get a rest," George said.

Allen laughed and Kathrine said quickly: "Mother didn't like nurses."

"Well, she won't know it."

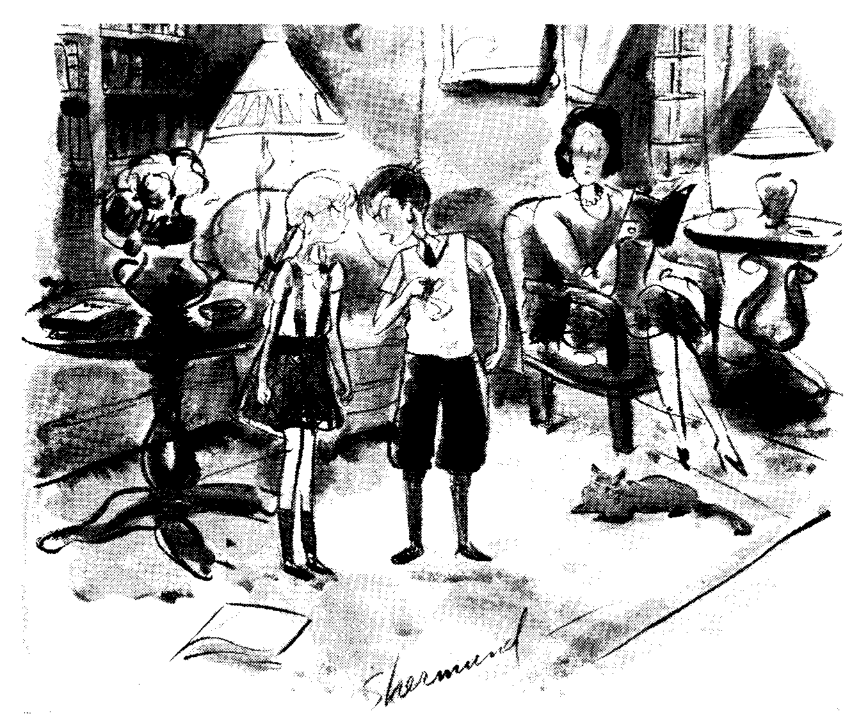
The one open eye denied that and Mr. Fenway said: "Well, if you want a nurse, just give me a ring. I'll drop in tomorrow anyway." As they went out, with Lester leading the way, Mr. Fenway said: "For Lord's sake, keep yourself out of the gutter till this is over, Les!"

Lester did not answer, only opened the door.

It was cold and still outside.

"Allen's a sullen young whippersnapper!"

"I suppose he holds it against us, not lending him the money for college."



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Fashion Plate 1938

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FREE RECIPES—RED RAVEN CORP., CHESWICK, PA.

"The Spoon is the Enemy of the High-ball"

"Why the devil should he? Why should we put him through school? Did you ever hear of a boy paying back college debts? . . . Where you going now?"

"To the Erlanger," she said, after a barely perceptible pause.

"Meeting someone?"

"Yes."

But, at the theater, she bought a ticket and went in alone.

WHEN they reached home word had been left that the old woman was dead. There was then the tedium of the funeral to be gone through with. It was all over and the little house of the Lester Fenways was clean and free of flowers on Tuesday. George wept at the funeral. Mrs. Fenway shed no tears. She looked up from snow around the grave to Allen's eyes, hating her. At the house, afterward, she said: "It'll be a weight off you, Kathrine."

Kathrine said: "I haven't minded, not till lately. She's really been rather sweet and Allen's liked having her here. Of course, I'm tired now, but I shall miss her, for all that."

Then it was Thursday.

"*I don't think* it would be out of place if we went down for bridge," Mr. Fenway said.

"I'm afraid it would."

"Heathenish—funerals! Grief, and all that! Well, let's go down, anyway. We'll come home early, not wait for the score."

"It certainly wouldn't look very well."

"Well, I've never been one to sit home and mourn and I'll be damned if I will now! My turn'll come soon enough and I don't want anyone to feel he's got to put on a long face for the event, either. . . . If we don't go down, let's have someone in."

"That would be better."

But on the next Thursday they were at the club again.

"We missed you last week," Mr. Whiting said.

"There was a death in the family," Mrs. Fenway said, with even a faint touch of humor.

"A death, eh?" he said, his thin voice quieter than ever.

"Yes. My husband's mother."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"She was very old and ill."

"She lived with you?"

"No."

"Alone?"

She said: "She lived with another son," somewhat sharply and rebukingly. He was silent and when he did speak again, it was of bridge and his voice had its usual, thin, far-off sound.

Then the door opened and a woman came in, alone. Mrs. Fenway knew this woman; indeed, everyone knew her. She was a Mrs. Mortheim, an awful old woman who would not grow old. Her heavily rouged face was nearly unlined, though she was eighty. She had lived abroad a good deal and she had been prominent in club life for countless years.

Mr. Hesse went toward her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Mortheim? Are you going to join us at bridge?"

"I thought I'd just look in. What an interesting little nook you've discovered! Quite continental, indeed!" Her clear voice sounded to all corners of the room.

"About time we had something of the sort, don't you think so, Mrs. Mortheim?"

"Rather! And there's Mr. Whiting! . . . And dear Julia Fenway!"

She swept toward their table and Mr. Whiting rose and took the hand held duchesslike toward him. He bowed and smiled slightly, but did not speak.

She moved on and Mr. Whiting sat down again. There was something about his eyes, still watching Mrs. Mortheim, that forced Mrs. Fenway to say: "You know Mrs. Mortheim?" He began to draw cards from the board, saying as he did so: "Yes, I know her."

That was the last time Mrs. Fenway ever saw Mr. Whiting.

The next day she dropped in at the residence hotel where Mrs. Mortheim had lived for many years whenever she had been in the country, called on the old woman. "Why, Julia!" Mrs. Mortheim said. "What an act of mercy—I can ask a couple more in and we can have a game. Have you time?" Mrs. Fenway looked at the clock and said: "I could play till five." As they sat waiting, Mrs. Fenway said: "Did you like our club at the Leveridge?" "Ah, yes, quite continental—quite continental!" Mrs. Mortheim repeated herself.

Then Mrs. Fenway said casually: "I noticed you and Mr. Whiting were old friends."

"Whiting? Whiting? Oh, yes—yes, indeed! I knew him in London, years ago."

"London?"

"Yes—you know, Julia, he's that Whiting from Sussex who married Alise Armstrong—of the Richmond Armstrongs. Why, of course, Julia—you *remember when she died?*"

"I don't believe I do."

"She jumped off Waterloo Bridge, or one of those bridges—I never can remember which is which. She was one of those romantic American girls—they *do* manage this marriage business better anywhere in the world than here, don't they?—thin as a ghost and about as substantial. Wrote poetry or a poetic novel, something of the sort. He never went about with her—you know, he liked his sports, his bridge and his hunts, as all *men do—and she moped over it.* Good grief, Julia, if I'd paused to cry my eyes out whenever I had to take my pleasures alone, I'd have drowned long since! But these new American girls, they have no stamina. Alise Whiting had everything to live for, *everything*—and she jumps off Waterloo Bridge! Little fool!"

The other women came and the game began.

AT FIVE, Mrs. Fenway said abruptly that she had to go. She went home, though there was nothing in particular demanding her attention till dinnertime. She sat down at her desk and restlessly began a letter to her sister, Helena, whom she had not seen in four or five years. . . . "Why don't you come for a visit, Helena?" she wrote. "We ought not to lose touch with each other. We can manage some fun—bridge, shows and what not. Do try to make it. . . ."

Helena answered her almost at once.

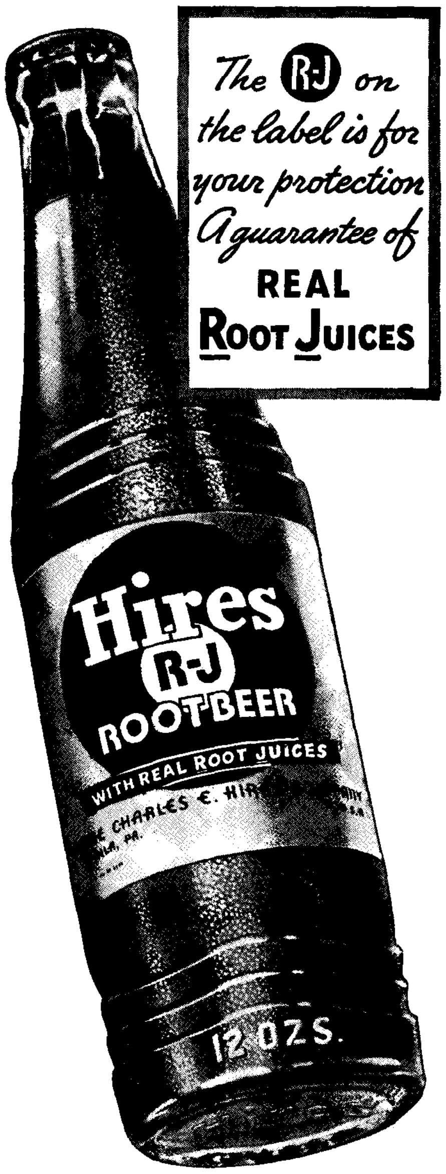
"Dear Julia," she wrote, "It was nice of you to ask me to come but there's not the slightest hope this winter, even if I could afford it, which I can't. But the twins are beginning to step out this season and though mothers are, of course, superfluous these days, I'm still useful for making sandwiches and even, it surprises me to note, occasionally for *talking things over with afterward. And* Bill's a regular baby about my going anywhere. I know it would do him good but he can't see it that way—and maybe I'd hate it if he did! But, look here, Julia, why can't you come here? You haven't anything to keep you, not really. I always think of you as being so rushed socially that you just don't have time for us—but perhaps you do. It would be heavenly if you'd come! . . ."

Mrs. Fenway read that letter through twice, put it away without answering. That night she said: "Let's get a dog, George!"

"What the hell for?"

"Oh, a Dane or a red setter'd be smart."

"Go with your spring suit, eh? No, thanks! Hairs all over the house and the car! Smelling to high heaven! Maids kicking! Never able to leave home with-



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Makers of the famous Doctor shoe, Doctor Stabilizer Authentic American shoe and Racine shoe

out taking him along! Nothing stirring."

Wednesday Mr. Fenway came in and made ready for dinner. At the table he said: "That man with a head like a skull's dead."

Mrs. Fenway looked up with a queer, blank expression.

"Dead?"

"Yes. Hesse told me so this afternoon."

"Hesse?" she repeated stupidly.

"Yes. Said he hadn't been around the club for a few days and when Hesse called up the telephone number he'd given him, someone said: 'Mr. Whiting's dead.' What's the matter? You look green!"

"I'm all right. It was just . . . why, he wasn't ill last week, or anything."

"Well, I told you—it was very sudden."

The next night she said: "I'm not going down for bridge tonight."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'd just rather not."

He gave a rather awful, leering grin. "In mourning for your partner?" he said.

"Oh, don't, George!"

"Well, I'll run down for a bit, I guess. Mrs. McAlpin'll look out for me."

"Yes, you go," she said. He went.

SHE sat alone by the fire. She picked up a book and opened it to the first page. It was very still in the room. No child murmured in its sleep somewhere; no old woman dozed, even in a wing apart; no dog lay on the hearth. All was warm, serene, beautiful.

Mrs. Fenway stared at the page of the book in her lap, but stared as if no words came to her senses.

After a quarter of an hour she put the book aside with a sharp, thrusting movement, rose, went up through the quiet house to her room, to the desk in it. She opened a small drawer and drew out a bankbook, looked at it. She reached for the phone and called her sister-in-law, Kathrine Fenway.

"Kathrine? . . . This is Julia. Are you very busy right now? . . . Could you come over to the house for a little while? I could send Hoadley . . . no, nothing's wrong. . . . All right, Kathrine. Sure you won't want Hoadley?"

She led her into the still room, asked her to sit down by the fire. Kathrine, slight and worn, was shabby in the luxurious chair, but, at the same time, pretty and alive. Mrs. Fenway did not waste words. She said: "Kathrine, does Allen still want college?"

Kathrine Fenway paled and said: "Allen is married, Julia."

"Oh! . . ." Mrs. Fenway turned the bankbook over and said: "Perhaps seven thousand dollars would see him through, even so . . . I have seven thousand dollars, Kathrine—money of my own, saved for an emergency. . . ." The shadow of a desperate need to tell someone what the emergency was went over her face, but that telling was beyond her power. "I won't need it now," she said only, "and I thought perhaps, if it weren't too late, Allen could use it."

"Julia, I don't know. To tell you the truth. . . ."

"Allen hates me? Is that what you mean? Of course. I know that. I'd thought of this: Suppose I give you a check for the whole amount. You get it in small bills, hide it in a bag or trunk of George's mother's, as if she'd hoarded it, mark it: '*For Allen.*' Would that do?"

Kathrine stood up, as if the chair would not hold her down. She pulled worn gloves through her hands as if her eagerness and hope must be put into movement.

"But it would not be a loan, then."

"No."

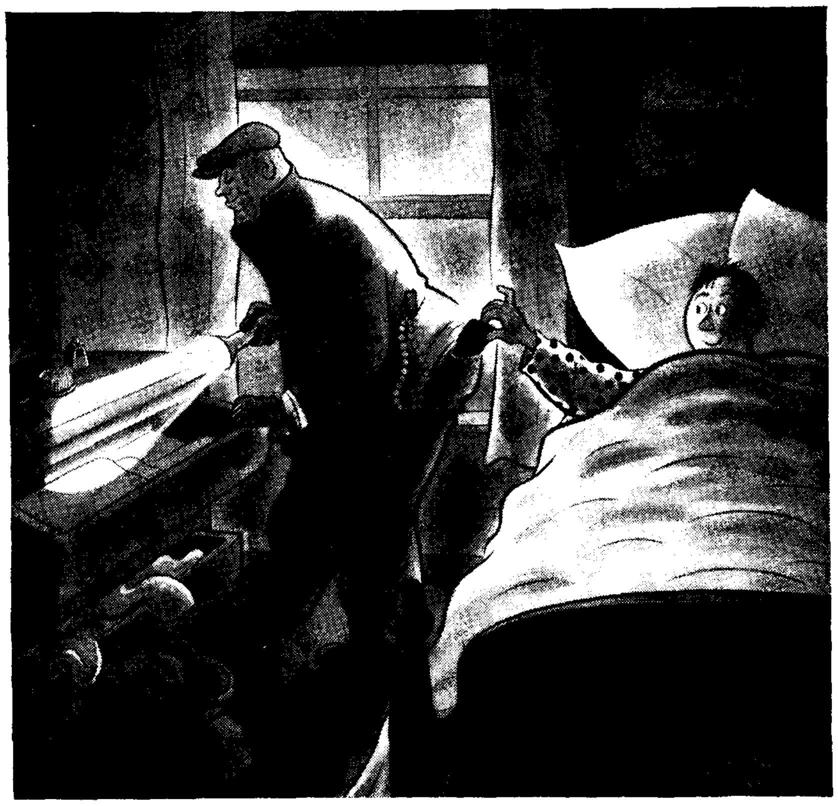
"That wouldn't be fair, Julia—for Allen to accept so much from you, not knowing, and . . ."

"And disliking me so? It would be fair enough. Kathrine, I'd rather have it so. I don't like to see anyone bound by forced gratitude."

Presently she let Kathrine out into the snowy night. Kathrine paused on the steps, put out a hand to Mrs. Fenway's arm.

"Julia," she said, her voice a little broken and quick, "it's hard to love you—you won't let folks—but I shall love you always for this."

Behind Mrs. Fenway was the warm bright room. But she stood still in the chill, open doorway while snow blew against her and past her into the hallway, and watched the slight figure in its cheap coat go down the walk to the ramshackle little car, watched the car move away eagerly through snow till its light disappeared in the night. She did not appear conscious of the cold.



FRANK BEAVEN

"Look the customer square in the eye," the book says

"What you staring at?" Mr. Guthrie asked me this morning.

"I'm practicing salesmanship, sir," I answered, surprised.

"Well, I thought it was hypnotism," he comes back.

So I just forgot the book and went on by myself.

"Mr. Guthrie, look. You use that bus of yours like a taxi—shut off the engine every time you park—"

"Sure," he says, "what do you want me to do—let it run so you can sell more gas?"

"No!" I busts out. "Let me put in Golden Shell Oil—it's made for this stop-and-go driving. When you step on your starter—ZIP—this oil starts FLOWING. It won't let your cold engine take the licking sluggish oil gives it. And you can't beat this oil to death with *hard driving*, either."

"How much a quart?" he asks.

"That's another beauty of THIS oil," I says, *"they don't nick you 35¢. This Golden Shell is a quarter, and I wouldn't use anything else in my own bus—"*

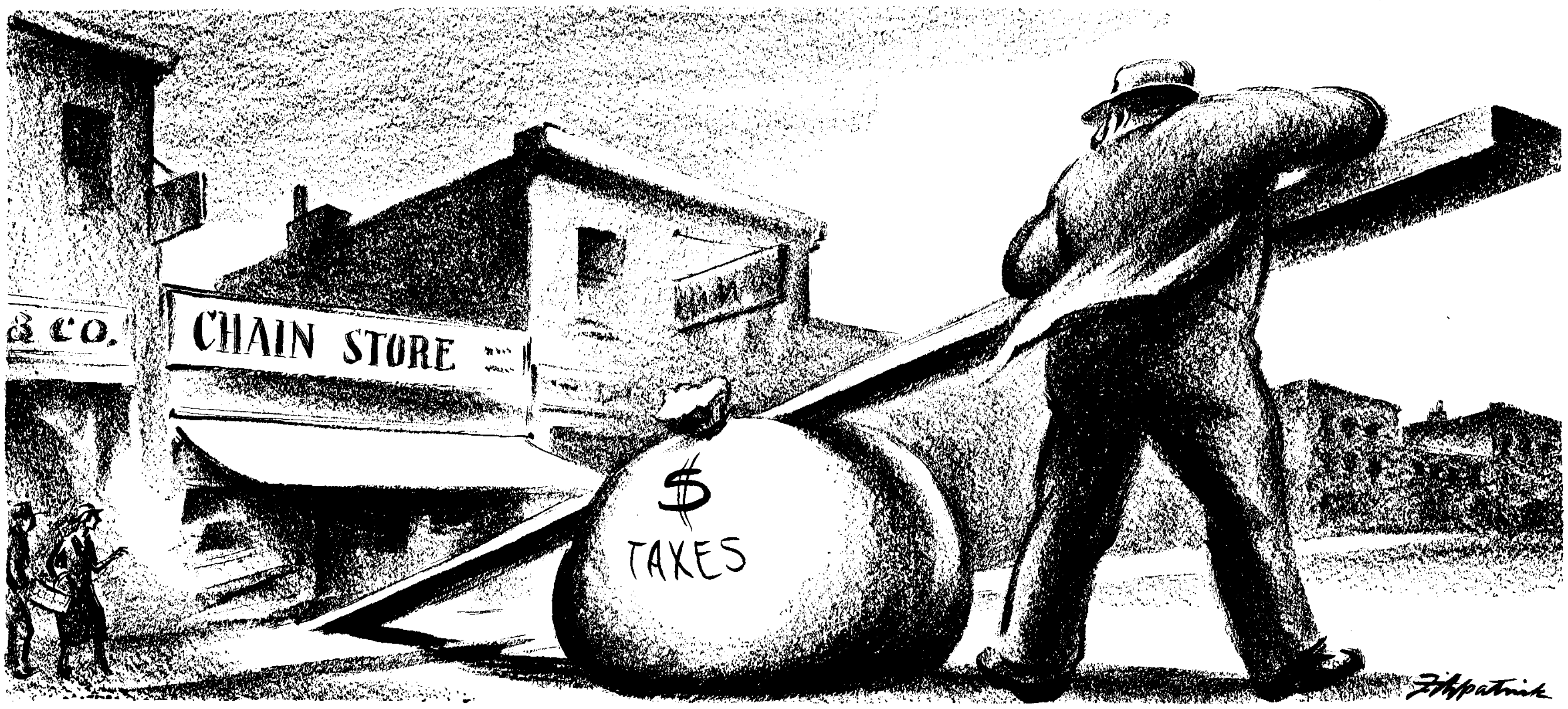
"All right, put it in," Mr. Guthrie says. "Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

* * *

Hey, do you suppose that book has made a SALESMAN out of me—or am I a NATURAL?

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



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WRIGHT PATMAN, representative from Texas, introduced in Congress a bill to levy a new tax on chain stores. Mr. Patman said that more than seventy-five congressmen have asked that their names be included as co-authors of the proposal. Evidently they think there are votes in that bill.

It is interesting to note the provisions of a measure so intrinsically popular. Mr. Patman says its purpose is "to regulate selfishness and to prevent greed." Its goal is certainly not to raise revenue, which used to be considered the object of taxation.

The actual object is to destroy the large chain-store organizations by the imposition of a confiscating tax. Mr. Patman predicted that the chains would be broken up within two years after enactment of his bill.

He proposed to exempt small chains from this new tax. A company owning only nine stores would be free from this tax. Beyond nine the rates would be piled up. A company would pay $1,000 a store for all stores in excess of 500. The tax would be increased if stores are operated in more than one state. The graduated taxes would be multiplied by the number of states in which a corporation maintained stores.

Mr. Patman's bill is another political effort to destroy national markets and to make business local rather than national. The effect of such efforts upon our standard of living is one of the vital considerations that politicians prefer to ignore. Consumers seem to be politically negligible.

Our high standard of living is made possible by big business. Consider the radio, for example. Broadcasting is only about eighteen years old. When Warren G. Harding lived in the White House, the radio fan was inclined to build his own receiver. The business was small enough. When receiving sets were offered to the public, the price was about $200. Last year the average price of a new set was $37.50.

Big business gave us the radio beyond all question just as large-scale production made possible our use of the motorcar. No other industry has ever done more to increase values and to lower prices.

Ten years ago a car buyer paid two dollars for as much horsepower as he now gets for one dollar. Comfort, safety, utility and beauty have been enormously enhanced by large corporations. Large-scale enterprise did it.

The oil industry is the classic exhibition of big business. Antitrust laws and famous court decisions have been hung upon the oil industry. The plain fact is that oil prices to consumers have moved downward and oil quality has improved because of large business. In 1921 gasoline cost 31.4 cents a gallon. This year the comparable price, without tax, is 14.3 cents. Big business did that too.

The electric industry has made great advances, which have been reflected in lower costs to the consuming public. Generally speaking, electric rates have been cut in half during the last twenty-five years. Perhaps they should have been cut lower still. However, the gains actually made are the results of large business enterprise.

The approach of Congress to proposals such as the Patman chain-store bill is purely political. Nobody in Congress pays any attention to any other consideration. Whether consumers get better service or worse service, whether prices are higher or lower under one system or the other, is distinctly outside the range of political interest.

Sometime somebody will have to do some clear thinking and plain talking if our high American standard of living is to be preserved, restored or raised. Governments can destroy what we already possess but up to now no government has raised any people's standard of living.

Government can take and, if it chooses, redistribute. Medieval kings used to take property from churches to give to favorite nobles. But redistribution does not increase production or lift any people's general level of living.

In spite of actual services, big business has taken such a beating at the hands of politicians that many lose confidence and begin to wonder if the politicians are right. It is easy to find the answer to that one.

Any system of government, big or little, is as good as its results. A high general standard of living is good. It is good to have plenty of nutritious food and comfortable clothes. It is good to have motorcars and radios and motion-picture shows.

The kind of business that can provide the great majority of American families with such luxuries as motorcars and radios does not have to be apologetic. The sort of enterprise that created in the United States the highest standard of living ever attained by any people anywhere does not have to feel inferior.

Politicians think about politics because that is their business. The rest of us have other and broader concerns. One of those concerns is to retain the good things we already have and to keep up our American standard of living. If we want to keep it or raise it, we shall have to do it ourselves. Congressmen won't do it for us. Congressmen are interested in how we vote, not in how we live.

Before we destroy, we shall do well to assure ourselves that our own standard of living won't suffer.

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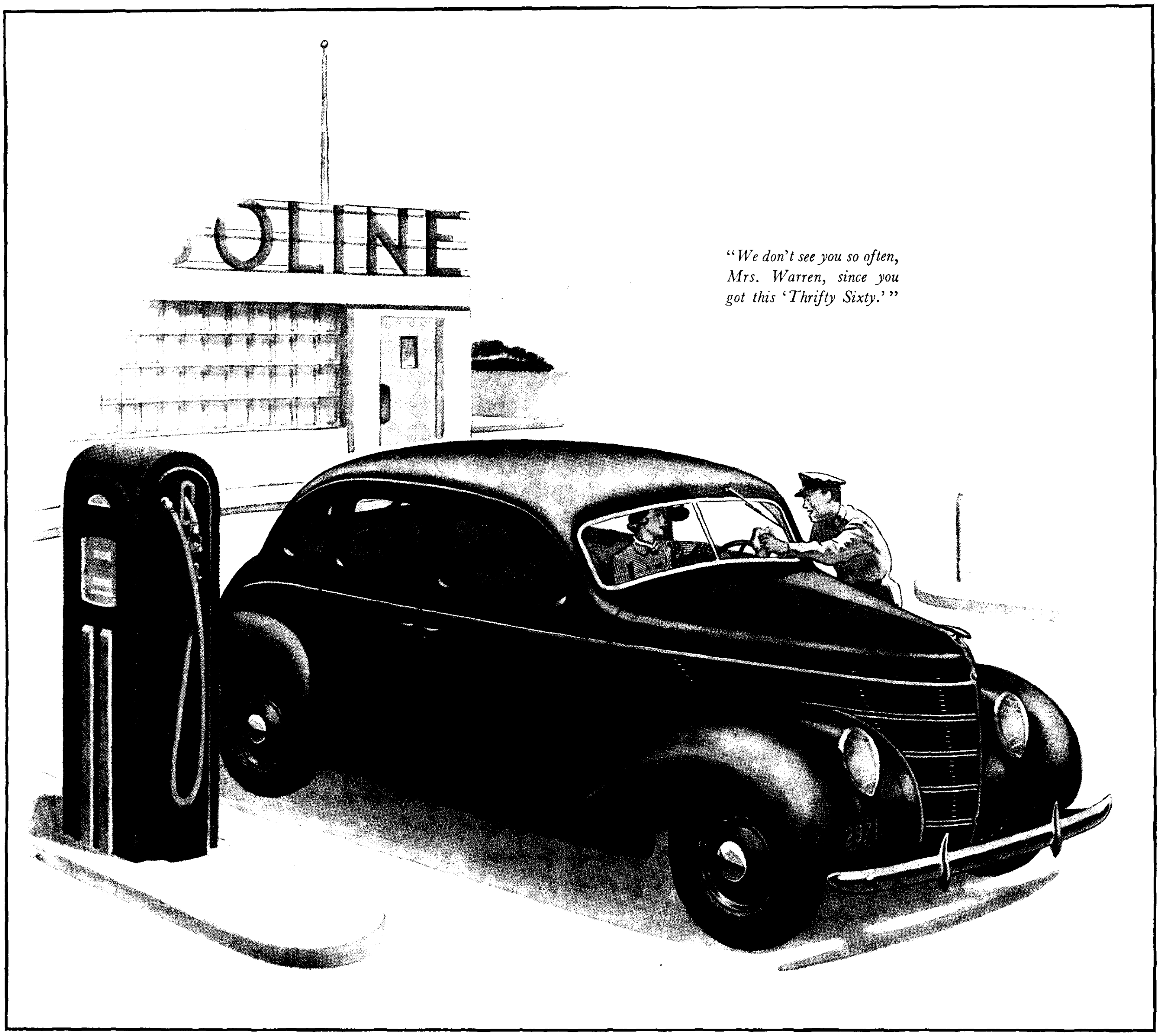


"We don't see you so often, Mrs. Warren, since you got this 'Thrifty Sixty.'"

It goes FARTHER *between filling-stations*

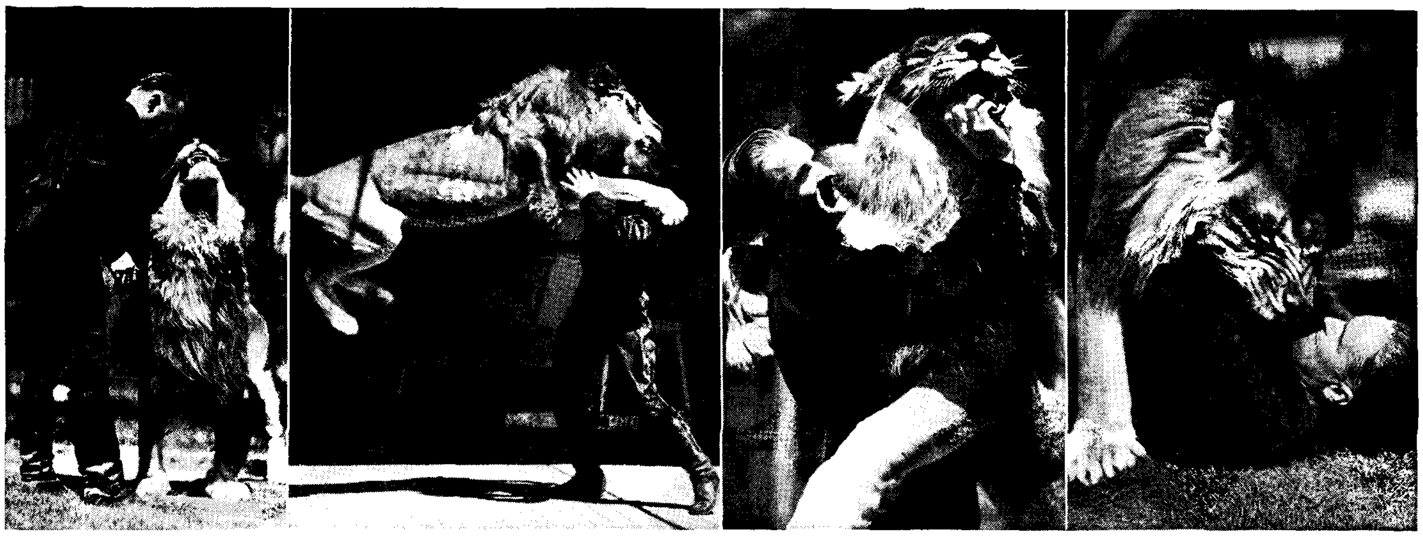
When bread and butter and gasoline all come out of the same pocketbook . . . when children, friends, and round-town errands keep you busy with your car . . . it's good to know that the "Thrifty Sixty" Ford V-8 goes farther between fillings than any Ford has ever done before.

Letters pour in from "60" owners reporting averages of 22 to 27 miles a gallon. The figures are facts—not hopes. Best of all, Ford "60" economy begins with the price tag. Its price is low and includes the equipment necessary for driving comfort.

Too often, saving money means a compromise with pride. But not in the "60." It has the same basic features as the De Luxe Ford V-8. It is pleasantly streamlined outside, nicely tailored inside. It is easy-riding, easy-driving—smooth as only 8 cylinders can be. And it means extra dollars for you.

FORD V·8
"60"
FOR 1938

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A FULL-GROWN LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs straight at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says **MEL KOONTZ to PENN PHILLIPS**

"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of other men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it... We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

"I know the kind of tobacco used for making various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Fact is, *most* planters favor Camels."

"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."

"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. And most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

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